

Ann Egerlon
Miscellany Poems,

In Two Parts.

Containing New

TRANSLATIONS

O F

{ VIRGIL'S Eclogues,
{ OVID'S Love-Elegies,

Several Parts of

{ VIRGIL'S Æneids,
| LUCRETIVS,
{ THEOCRITUS,
| HORACE, &c.

WITH SEVERAL
ORIGINAL POEMS,

Never before Printed.

By the most Eminent Hands.

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M A C K



Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
 In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute
 Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the State:
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit;
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me:

B

Sh—

Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years.

Sh—— alone, of all my Sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into sense.

Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.

Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And courstly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,

Was

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets toft.
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh*—— call,
And *Sh*—— they resound from *A*—— *Hall*.
About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
St. *Andre's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excell;
So just, so like tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villierius* more.
 Here stopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopefull boy.

All arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,
 That for anointed dullness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
 (The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
 An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
 A watch Tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
 From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd-loves, and of polluted joys.
 Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,
 Where *Queens* are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
 Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
 But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds:
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
 Here *Fleckno*, as a place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sh——*'s Throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
 That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publisht the renown,
 Of *Sh——*'s Coronation through the Town.
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almost choakt the way.
Bilk't Stationers for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*——— was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness plaid arround his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Sworn by his Syre a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*——— swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,
That he till Death true dullness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway ;
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head :
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*,
Prefage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The Syre then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness : long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God ;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood :

Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To farr *Barbadoes* on the Western main ;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.

Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.

Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ;

Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of wit,

Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,

Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;

Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,

And in their folly shew the Writers wit,

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,

And justifie their Author's want of sense.

Let 'em be all by thy own model made

Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid:

That they to future ages may be known,

Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own,

Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,

All full of thee, and differing but in name;

But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose

To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.


And

And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.
Let Father *Fleckno* fire thy mind with praise,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part;
What share have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kiss my Arse,
Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?
When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dullness, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on oneside still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A Tun of Man in thy Large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thy self to write,
Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land.
There thou maist wings display and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.

Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by A subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.



FINIS.

ABSA-

21412

ABSA

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A
POEM.

— *Si Propius stes*
Te Capiet Magis —

The Sixth Edition; Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head, in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1683.

ABSA LOM

A CHITOPHEL

A

POEM.

By Thomas Parnley
To Robert M. W.

The Sixth Edition, Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Golden-Head, in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-Street. 1683.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

T *I S not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The Design, I am sure, is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequents of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgement of less Authority against me. Tet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms;*

terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges: for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice woud allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealths men, for Professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Fury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have

have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are always the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Error; and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely mercifull; and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices
C by

by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR

Of this
EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as Earnest of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vast, your Versedivinely good:
Where, thô the Nine their beauteous stroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, so Just, refin'd,
Like Angels love to Humane Seed enclin'd,
It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minuture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World woud be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raise,
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise.

As if a *Milton* from the dead arose,
 Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.
 Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,
 Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.
 'Tis Gracious all, and Great : Push on your Theme,
 Lean your griev'd head on *David's* Diadem.
David that rebel *Israels* envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The beauties of your *Absalom* excell:
 But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
 Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn more bright,
 Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's
 Of *Annabel* the Muses dearest Theme, (Night.
 Of *Annabel* the Angel of my dream,
 Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
 And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR

Of this
ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts the tunefull Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th'informing Genius shines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.

Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse
 His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
 Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met.
 The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
 And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
 Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
 As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
 Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
 Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
 Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
 Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
 What Father else woud have refus'd to own
 So great a Son as God-like *Absalon*?

R. D.

T O

TO THE CONCEAL'D
A U T H O U R
 Of this
 INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
 The Glory of our I'le and of our Age.
 Th' inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
 The North at length teems with a Work to vie
 With *Homer's* Flame and *Virgil's* Majesty.
 While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet fought,
 (His ravisht Mind with vast *Idea's* fraught)
 Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought;
 This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro's* Mines,
 He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines;
 Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* shines.
 The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
 Her flinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide:
 Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,
 And makes the *Helicon* in which he fails.
 The Dialect, as well as sense, invents,
 And, with his Poem, a new speech presents.

Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou great Unknown,
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own!
 In vain——for ev'ry where your Praise you find,
 And not to meet it, you must shun Mankind.

Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
 And ev'n the Factious give your Verse applause,
 Whose Lightning strikes to ground their Idol Cause. }
 The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal-bloud:
 The Cause whose growth to crush, our Prelates wrote
 In vain, almost in vain our *Hero's* fought.

Yet by one Stabb of your keen Satyr dies:
 Before your Sacred Lines their Shatter'd *Dagon* lies.

Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
 The Sire, to whom this Lovely Birth we owe:
 (Deny'd our ready Homage to express,
 And can at best but thankfull be by guess:)
 This hope remains, —May *David's* God-like Mind,
 (For him 'twas wrote) the Unknown Authour find:
 And, having found, shew'r equal Favours down
 On Wit so vast as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T.

A B S A-



ABSALOM

A N D

ACHITOPHEL.

A P O E M.

IN pious Times, e'er Priest-Craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin ;
When Man on many, multipli'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, cursedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously, impart.

To

26 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.

Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungratefull to the Tiller's care:

Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.

But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.

Of all the Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, so Brave as *Absalon*:

Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust;
Or that his Conscious Destiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.

Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States alli'd to *Israel's* Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.

What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please;
His motions all accompani'd with grace;
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.

With

With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he deni'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
Where constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon's* Murther, by a specious Name,
Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be sincerely blest:
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
(Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise:)
These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

28 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

And when no rule, no president was found,
Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego;
Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:
Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruine him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But these were random Bolts: No form'd Design,
Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;
And, looking backward with a wise afright,
Saw Seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
They curst the memory of Civil Wars.

The

The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side:
 And, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebell.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The carefull Devil is still at hand with means;
 And providently Pimps for ill desires;
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And their's the Native right——
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightfull cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weakn'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:
 Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;

And,

And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like Common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatso'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest Men and wise:
For'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but dash't and brew'd with Lies,
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd;
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not Introduce these Gods;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than Perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our Authour swears it not; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
 This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
 For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Floud;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'er:

So,

32 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

So, several factions from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought
 Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise. (wise,
 Some had in Courts been Great, & thrown from thence,
 Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
 From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
 And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }
 A daring Pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high

He

He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
 Would Steer to nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd;
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needfull hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
 Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
 To Compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke. }
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
 So easie still it proves in Factious Times,
 With publick Zeal to cancell private Crimes:

34 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statseman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In *Israel's* Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress;
Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppress'd the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happines;
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arme to shake the Tree.

Now,

Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince :
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown; and sculk'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jebusite*.
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebell.
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews :
 And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as War-like *Absalon* :
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate :)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud :

36 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.

Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
And sheds his Venome, in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their second *Moss*, whose extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:
Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confess;
And, never satisf'd with seeing, bless:
Swift, unespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?

Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praise;
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our daily sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n, has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;
 And Heaven's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
 Let his successfull Youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:

38 *ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.*

Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 The joyfull People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand* :
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn :
 (Our onely blessing since his curst Return :)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes ?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews* :
 Proud *Ægypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring;
 Foment the War, but not support the King :
 Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t' assist the *Jebusite* ;
 Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.

All sorts of men, by my successfull Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
 If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r:
 And Nobler is a limited Command,
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Coelestial Seed:
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.

40 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame ;
Unwarily was led from Virtues ways ;
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise.
Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
He thus Reply'd.— And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty ?
My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right :
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight :
Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws ;
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign ?
Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain ?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose ?
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good ;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?

Let

Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
 His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,
 Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
 Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:
 The People might assert their Liberty;
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
 And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,
 Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest:
 His Lawfull Issue shall the Throne ascend;
 Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.

His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue stands posselt;
Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;
Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wise,
Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign?
Against your will your Arguments have shown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.

'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his Wit proclaim.
But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;

Which

Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,
Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold;
Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To pass your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
Succession, for the general Good design'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one suffer than a Nation grieve.

The

The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they chose,
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
 A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land:

Perhaps

46 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays:
Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who least complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law.
Leave the warm People no Considering-time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.

Prevail

Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But trie your Title while your Father lives:
 And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
 Whose Sacred Life each minute would Expose,
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controll.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:
 Like Womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd:
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
 With *Abfalom's* Mild Nature suited best ;
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition set aside,)
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with Pride.

How

48 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And blest all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
To further this *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:
Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they Crack't the Government.
The next for Int'rest sought t' embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;

And

And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
 Others thought Kings an useleſs heavy Load,
 Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
 Theſe were for laying Honelt *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Huſbandry.
 With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
 The *Solymæan* Rout; well Verſ'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
 But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;
 Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out done.
 Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie,
 Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
 Where Sanhedrin and Prielt enſlav'd the Nation,
 And juſtif'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:

50 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
 These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

Stiff

Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long;
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man and Buffoon:
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Bleft Madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual Themes;
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
 Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
 For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:
 Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.
Wits, Warriors, Common wealths-men, were the best:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.
Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:
Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who coud Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curse:
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curse, unless against the Government.

Thus

Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
 When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them.
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
 Woud free the suff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are onely made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.

If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
(Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour :)
His Business was, by Writing to persuade,
That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaste were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval Board
The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :
His Cooks, with long dispute, their Trade forgot ;
Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse ;
But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebell ;
And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot ;
Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;
Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass :

High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthy Vapours e'er they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
 A Church Vermillion and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory miraculously great,
 Coud Plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For humane Wit coud never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke:

56 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Some things like Visionary flights appear;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
 And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.
 His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well;
 And suited to the temper of the Times;
 Then groaning under *Jebusstick* Crimes.
 Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
 Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot,
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities:
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
 Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murther call;
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.

What

What others in his Evidence did join,
(The best that could be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown:
Th'admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
Few words he said; but easie those and fit,
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate;
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear Cause
 Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
 Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
 And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade.

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame:
 And brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old:
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my Right away:
 But why should he his own, and yours betray?
 He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:

No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, seldom fail:
 But Common Interest always will prevail:
 And Pity never ceases to be shown,
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain;
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous Train:
 From East to West his Glories he displays:
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land furveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God;
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode:
 But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wife *Iffachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.

This

60 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise :
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts ; distinguish Friends from Foes ;
And trie their strength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David's* life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
Oh foolish *Israel!* never warn'd by Ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of Health Imagine a Disease;
Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway?

Then

Then they are left defenceless to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy,
Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just,
And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If those who gave the Sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own Posterity,
How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
How could his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how could Heavenly Justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our Fathers Fall?
Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is mischievously seated in the Croud:
For who can be secure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Most may err, as grossly as the Few.

And

And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppression and for Tyranny.

What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy :

And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.

If they may give and take when e'er they please,
Not Kings alone, (the God-heads Images,)

But Government it self at length must fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.

Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a settled Throne woud shake?

For whatsoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.

All others Errours but disturb a Sate;

But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.

If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall,

Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;

For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.

To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tampr'ing world is subject to this Curse,
To Phylick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.

The

64 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art :
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart :
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Issue boast ;
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
 B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime :
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son ;
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line !
 By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known ;
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own :
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd :
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never coud withstand !

But

But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
 Now, free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul (Pole:
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry
 From thence thy kindred Legions maist thou bring,
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painfull flight;
 No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy Soul she should have fled before;
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
 To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on Earth another He;
 Another He would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;

66 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
To Learning and to Lyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who best coud plead, and best can judge a Cause.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
Himself a Muse: — In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David's* Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but onely try'd
The worse a while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can doe.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
In publick storms of manly stedfastness;

By

ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL*. 67

By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And joyn'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Sovereign Power is too deprest or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason Guided, and their Passion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
That as their Band was *Israel's* Tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher Charioteirs the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careirs his steady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;

While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd such powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.
These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Concessions from the Throne woud please;
But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
 And long revolving in his carefull Breast
 Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd,
 Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awfull fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd.
 My wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
 So much the Father did the King assuage.
 But now so far my Clemency they flight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear:
 Though Manly tempers can the Longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by Force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
 Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:

70 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight :
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall :
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live !
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive !
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son !
 Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his Frame could bear :
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn :
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince ;
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool ;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause ?
 His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace :
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint !
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint :

Woud

Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 A King's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Infers a Right the Present to Depose:
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
 But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
 But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unsatiated as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.
 What then is left, but with a Jealous Eye
 To guard the Small Remains of Royalty?
 The Law shall still direct my peacefull Sway,
 And the Same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r controul,
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
 Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they Prove:

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care exprefs,
Still to defend their Servants in diftrefs.

Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!

Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againft my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?

Must I at length the Sword of Juftice draw?

Oh, curs'd Effects of neceffary Law!

How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,

Beware the Fury of a Patient Man,

Law they require, let Law then fhew her Face;

They could not be content to look on Grace

Her Hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye

To tempt the terrour of her Front, and Die.

By their own Arts, 'tis Righteoufly Decreed,

Those dire Artificers of Death fhall bleed.

Againft themfelves their Witneffes will Swear,

Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:

And fuck for Nutriment that bloody gore

Which was their Principle of Life before.

Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;

Thus on my Foes, my Foes fhall doe me Right;

Nor

Nor doubt th'event : for Factious Crouds engage
In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course :
Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force :
But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled might :
For Lawfull Pow'r is still Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said. Th' Almighty nodding gave consent ;
And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Procession ran :
Once more the God-like *David* was Restor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

F I N I S.

The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

By the Author of *Abalom* and *Achitophel*.

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem
Ibat ovans; Divûmque sibi poscebat Honores.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* in
Chancery-lane, near *Fleet-street*. 1 6 8 3.

The Medall

A
SAYRE

EDITION.

of the and Bishop.

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EPISTLE

To the

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so bappy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Tet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sate

not

not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they wou'd draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to wrags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Faction's Clubs, to vilify the Government, in your
Dis

Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers;
and

and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stoln from your dead Authour's Pamphlet call'd, the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English People, is from Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murther'd Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza: or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfullness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your likeing. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly

wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whenever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe as your own Fury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New gate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me

abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the botome of your Principles, for fear they should be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am affraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhymers, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

UPON THE AUTHOUR

Of the Following

POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet-Arms, t'engage.
 The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
 Once more prepares his dreadfull Pen to wield,
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
 Yet modestly the Fight He long declin'd;
 Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
 Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
 His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
 Wak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
 Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.

With

With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc't t' engage,
 Secure of Conquest He rebates his Rage;
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
 To less infected Members gentle sound,
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.
 Such Gen'rous Grace th' ingratefull Tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
 Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
 To Snarle and Bark against the Poets King;
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before !
 On these He scarce vouchsafes a scornfull smile,
 But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
 A Style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
 The vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

TO THE UNKNOWN
 AUTHOR
 Of the Following
 POEM,

And that of
ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
 Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
 They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
 Divine effects a cause Divine bid shew;
 Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
 Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare
 Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tunefull Song
 Glides in a peacefull Majesty along;
 No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
 The easie passage of his silent wave,

So, sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
 Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
 Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
 Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love;
 How sweet does Vertue in your dress appear?
 How much more charming, when much less severe?
 Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
 With all th' allurements of your happy Style;
 Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
 And into sense th' unthinking Many cheat:
 So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
 Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
 So he the savage herd to reason drew,
 Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you:
 Oh, that you would with some such powerfull Charm,
 Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
 Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theme afford,
 Or the great Deeds of God-like *James's* Sword;
 Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
 Another Fleet might pass the subject Main;
 Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
 Or such an *Offery* as you did moan;
 While in such Numbers you, in such a strain,
 Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
 Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
 Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
 Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
 Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;

Thô each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.

In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.

Nor shalt thou move, thô Hell thy fall conspire,
Thô the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatiok Fire;
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* race,
Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.

Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too stubborn Isle!
Ah stiff-neck't *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* soyl!
Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?

Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with
(Honey flow?)

No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
In civil fury, and intestine rage;
No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast,
While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

THE



The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
 Which *English* Idiots run in crouds to see,
 The *Polish* Medall bears the prize alone:
 A Monster more the Favourite of the Town
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive:

So

So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætatur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
Five daies he fate, for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had riv'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.
A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)

Next

Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain;
The lowdest Bagpipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
There split the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack:
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r

Pow'r was his aym: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneasy in his lawfull gears.
At best as little honest as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first byass, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence those tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
 But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confess;
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate;
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway;
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle;
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
 And shews the Fiend confess'd without a vaille.
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
 That Claimes successive bear no binding force;
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course;
 Maintains the Multitude can never err;
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
 The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;
 The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes;
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
 Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute.

Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leaptst o'er all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, (way!
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
 As righteously they did those dooms repent,
 Still they were wise, what ever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then;
 But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
 And our own Worship onely true at home.
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
 A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,
Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace.
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
In equal Balances were justly cast:
But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse;
Instructs the Beast to know his native force;
To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they sought:
Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will!
That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe:
None can they doe, and must they all receive?

Help

Help Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
 Already they have lost their best defence,
 The benefit of Laws, which they dispence.
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
 And Medalls grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
 Mumbling to make the cross grain'd Thistles pass;
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
 The prickles of unpalatable Law.
 The witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on bloud,
 Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore;
 Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause;
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.

But

But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever Sense they please!
Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inspires not them; but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will stand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
Seditiōn has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band;
But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

H

Thy

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinherited Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Gospel phrase their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.

Whether

Whether the plotting Jesuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination less,
Too plain t' evade, too shamefull to confess.
But Treason is not own'd when tis descry'd;
Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.

The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd:
Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At first without, at last against their Prince.

If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,
The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun
He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.

Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:

By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal;
Chop up a Minister, at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And ease him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of the Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the last Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain:

And,

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue;
The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show;
For, in some Soils Republicques will not grow:
Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But slides between them both into the best;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.
And though the Climate, vex't with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,) }
Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call;
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all. }
Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.

But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
That preach up Thee for God; dispence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause;
Fresh Fumes of Madnes raise; and toile and sweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
That lets the World and Humane-Kind alone:
A jolly God, that passes hours too well
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
And Wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy fullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.

With-

Without a Vision Poets can fore-shew
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train

(Crane.

Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:

Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend,
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
 About their impious Merit shall contend.

The surly Commons shall respect deny;

And juttle Peerage out with Property.

Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,

And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway;

Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,

In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame;

And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;

Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,

Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:

And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,

Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast,

————— *Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis*

Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli,

T H E E N D.



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK I.

ELEGY the FIRST.

Englished By Mr. Cooper.

IN lofty Strains, said I, some mighty thing,
Of Arms and War I mean to Sing;
In equal Numbers, let the Verses meet,
Like the Action, brave and great.
But Love untoward still, and still perverse
Was seen to laugh and maim my Verse;

And

And th' latter line, thò near of that same Kind,
 Is forc'd to limp and halt behind.
 Poets the Muses should obey, not thee;
 Who gave thee then this Tyranny?
 Who did to th' cruel Boy the power permit
 Both to Command us, and our Wit?
 The pointed Spear soft *Venus* should not move;
 Nor warlike *Pallas* deal in Love;
 Upon the Mountains *Ceres* should not reign;
 Nor should *Diana* Till the plain;
 Nor should *Apollo* come to the bloody fray;
 Or *Mars* upon the Harp to play:
 Too large thy Empire, and too great thy power;
 Does thy Ambition aim at more?
 Wouldst thou the Muses too Controll, vain Boy;
 Nor let their King his Harp Enjoy?
 To loftier things, said I, my thoughts I raise
 Than Boy's or viler Woman's praise:
 In vain I strove to Sing of lofty things,
 He Lur'd me down and Clipt my Wings;
 Yet froward I, and Stubborn still remain'd,
 And struggl'd much and much Complain'd;

With

With that his Stout and well-strong Bow he bent,
From thence a mighty Arrow sent.

Strong was the fatal Bow, the Arrow fleet,
And now (vain Man!) said he now write.

Ah me! the Bow was strong, the Arrow sure,
Witness the torments I endure.

Against such force what Man can keep the Field?

I yeild, Great God, cry'd I, I yeild:

At thy Command, dread Conquerer, to Sing
Or any way, or any thing.

ELEGY the SECOND.

Englisht By Mr. Creech.

AH me! why am I so uneasie grown?
Ah why so restless on my Bed of down?
Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain?
Why am I all the tedious night in pain?
What cause is this that ease that rest denies?
And why my words break forth in gentle sighs?

Sure

Sure I should know if Love had fixt his Dart,
 Or creeps he softly in with treacherous Art,
 And then grows Tyrant there and wounds the Heart?

Tis so, the shaft sticks deep and galls my Breast,
 Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my thoughts of rest!

Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight?

I'll yield, tis patience makes a burthen light:

A shaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks arise,

But, if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dyes.

The hard mouth'd Horse smarts for his fierce disdain,

The Gentle's riden with a looser rein.

Love smoothes the Gentle, but the fierce reclaims;

He fires their Breasts, and fills their Souls with flames.

I yield, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
 Forget my Rebel thoughts, and let me live:

No need of force, I willingly obey,

And now unarm'd, shall prove no glorious Prey.

Go take thy Mothers Doves, thy myrtle Crown,

And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* shall lend his Own;

There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant pride,

And, whilst glad shouts resound on every side,

Thy gentle hands thy Mothers Doves shall Guide.

And

And there, to make thy Glorious Pomp and State,
 A Train of fighting Youths and Maids shall wait,
 Yet none Complains of an unhappy fate.

There newly conquer'd I, still fresh my wound,
 Will march along, my hands with Myrtle bound ;
 There modestly with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
 Now doubly blushing at her own disgrace ;
 There sober thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains
 Love's rule, shall feel his power and bear his chains :
 Then all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice,
To Triumphe be the publick Voice.

Thy constant Guards, soft fancy, hope, and fear,
 Anger and soft Caresses shall be there :
 By these strong Guards are Men and Gods o'erthrown,
 These Conquer for thee, Love, and these alone :
 Thy Mother from the Sky, thy Pomp shall grace,
 And scatter sweetest Roses in thy Face :
 There glorious Love shall ride, profusely drest
 With all the richest Jewels of the East :
 Rich Gemms thy Quiver and thy Wheels infold,
 And hide the poorness of the baser Gold.

Then

Then thou shalt conquer many, then thy Darts
 Shall scatter thousand wounds on tender Hearts :
 Thy shafts themselves will fly, thy neighbouring fire
 Will catch mens breasts and kindle warm desire.
 Thus conquering *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
 He drawn by Tygers, Thou by murmuring Doves.
 Well then, since I too can encrease thy train,
 Spend not thy force on me and rage in vain ;
 Look on thy Kinsman *Cæsar's* happy slaves,
 The same victorious Arm that conquers saves.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

*Instructions to his Mrs. how to behave her self
 at Supper before her Husband.*

Englisht By Sir Ch. Scrope.

Since to constrain our Joys, that ill-bred, rude,
 Familiar thing your Husband will intrude ;
 For a Just Judgment may th' unwelcome Guest
 At this Nights lucky Supper eat his last.

How

How shall I then with patience stand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy?
His wanton hands in her soft bosome warms,
And feels about her Neck his clasping Arms?
Oh torturing Sight ! but since it must be so,
Be kind and learn what tis I'de have you doe.
Come first, be sure, for thô the place may prove
Unfit for all we wish, 'twill shew your Love.
When call'd to Table you demurely go,
Gently in passing touch my hand or toe.
Mark all my Actions well, observe my Eye,
My speaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I doe ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languishingly lean.
But if your pleas'd with what I doe or say,
Steal me a smile and snatch your Eyes away.
When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
Hold modestly your Fann before your Eyes :
And when your nauseous Husband tedious grows,
Your lifted hands with scornfull anger close;
As if you call'd for vengeance from above
Upon that dull Impediment to Love.

A thou-

A thousand skilfull ways we'll find to shew
 Our mutual Love, which none but we shall know.
 I'll watch the parting Glass, when e'er you drink,
 And where your Lips have toucht it kiss the brink.
 Like still the Dish that in your reach does stand,
 Taking the Plate I so may feel your hand.
 But what he recomends to you to eat
 Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the meat;
 Nor let his Matrimonial right appear
 By any ill-tim'd household Freedom there.
 Let not his fulsome Armes imbrace your waste,
 Nor lolling head upon your bosome rest.
 One kiss would streight make all my passion known,
 And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own.
 Yet what thus pass'es will be done i'th light,
 But Oh! the Joys that may be kept from sight;
 Legs lockt in Legs, thighs pressing thighs, and all
 The wanton Spells that up Loves fury call.
 These cunning Arts which I so oft have us'd
 Make me now fear to be my self abus'd.
 To clear my doubts, so far your chair remove
 As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.

Put

Put him in mind of pledging every health,
 And let the tutor'd Page add wine by stealth;
 The Sot grown drunk we easier may retire,
 And doe as the Occasion shall inspire.

But after all, how small (alas) the gains,
 Will be, for which we take such mighty pains!
 Torn from my Arms, you must go home to bed,
 And leave your poor forsaken Lover dead;
 Cruel divorce! Enough to break my heart,
 Without you promise this, before you part.

When my blest Rival, goes to reap his Joy,
 Receive him so as may the bliss destroy:
 Let not the least kind mark of Love escape,
 But all be duly and a lawfull Rape;
 So deadly cold and void of all desire,
 That like a Charm, it may put out his fire.
 But if compell'd, you should at last comply,
 When we meet next, besure you all deny.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Englisht By Mr. Duke.

T Was Noon, when I seorch'd with the double fire
 Of the hot Sun, and my more hot desire,
 Stretcht on my downey Couch at ease was laid,
 Bigg with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
 The Curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
 Such as in Shades of thickest Groves is seen;
 Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
 Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not day.
 This light to modest Maids must be allow'd,
 Where shame may hope its guilty head to Shrowd.
 And now my Love *Corinna*, did appear,
 Loose on her Neck fell her divided hair;
 Loose as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the air.
 In such a Garb, with such a grace and mein,
 To her Rich bed came the *Afyrian* Queen.
 So *Lais* look't, when all the Youth of *Greece*
 With adoration did her charms confess.

Her

Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
 So I at last, an easie Conquest had,
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
 Gods! with what charms did she my Soul surprise?
 What Snowy Arms did I both see and feel?
 With what rich globes did her soft bosome swell?
 Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing breast,
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prest!
 What a smooth plain, was on her Belly spread?
 Where thousand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
 What Thighs! What Legs! But why strive I in vain,
 Each Limb, each grace, each feature to explain?
 One beauty did through her whole Body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
 Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to every day.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*He Curses a Bawd, for going about to
debauch his Mistress.*

Englisht By Sir Ch. Sidly.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus* Wars,
And dreadfull still with honourable scars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile supply
Sworn Foe to all degrees of Chastity.
Dypsas, who first taught Love-sick Maids the way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding day.
And then a hundred subtile tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Amorous Theft might be disguis'd:
Of Pigeons-blood, squeez'd from the panting heart,
With Surfeit-water, to contract the part,
She knows the Use: whilst the good man betray'd,
With eager Arms hugs the false bleeding Maid.
Of herbs and Spells she tries the Guilty Force,
The poyson of a Mare that goes to Horse.

Clea-

Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
 Some for a Bawd, most take her for a Witch.
 Each Morning sees her reeling to her Bed,
 Her native Blew o'ercome with drunken red.
 Her ready tongue ne'er wants an usefull lie,
 Soft moving words, nor Charming flattery.

Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* speak,
 Young *Damon's* heart wilt thou for ever break?
 He long has lov'd thee, and by me he sends
 To learn thy motions, which he still attends.
 If to the Park thou go, the Plays are ill;
 If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
 The other day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
 As he wou'd grow a Statue in the place;
 And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
 Beauty like thine strikes Wonders from afar.
 Alas, methinks thou art ill-drest to night,
 This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
 This Gown was by some botching Taylor made,
 It spoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
 Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou wantst can spare.

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.

Fair *Lucia* blusht; It is a sign of Grace,
Dypsas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.

All Lovers now by what they give are weigh'd,
And she is best belov'd that is best paid.

The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius* Reign,
Did to one man perhaps their Love restrain.

Venus in her *Æneas* City rules,
And all adore her Deity, but Fools.

Go on, ye Fair, Chaste onely let such live,
As none will ask, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.

Vertuous *Penelope* is said t' have try'd,
With a strong Bow, each lusty Lover's side.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill herself for rage,
Eut Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.

To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joyn
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.

To keep her word she dy'd-----

Life steals away, and our best hours are gone,
E'er the true Use, or worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themselves decay,
What we forbear time rudely makes his prey.
Beauty is best preserv'd by Exercise,
Nor for that Task can one or few suffice.
Wou'dst thou grow rich, thou must from many take
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poet, but new Verses give?
A Poet, the last thing that Earth does breed,
Whose Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
To give is an ingenious thing I swear.
Despise not any can a present make,
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the sound of Titles be thou caught,
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree,
The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge give me.
If any beardless Stripling ask a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual delight ;

Bid him go earn thy price among the men,
 And when he has it, come to thee again.
 Love truly none, but seem in Love with all,
 And at old friends to thy new Lover rail.
 Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
 The sharp-set Hawks will stoop to any Lure.
 Then grant again, lest he a habit get
 Of living from thee, but be sure thou let
 No empty Lover in: murmur sometimes,
 And as first hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
 Seem jealous, when thou'st been thy self to blame,
 'Twill stop his mouth, if thou the first complain.
 All thou hast done be ready to forswear,
 For Lovers Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
 Whilst he is with thee, let some Woman bring
 Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious thing;
 Which thou must say thou want'st, and he must buy,
 Though for it Six months hence in Gaol he lye,
 Thy Mother, Sister, Brother, and thy Nurse,
 Must have a pull each at thy Lover's Purse.
 Let him from Rivals never be secure,
 That hope once gone, Love will not long endure.

Shew him the presents by those Rivals sent,
 So shall his bounty thy request prevent.
 When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
 If he want money, find a trusting Friend.
 Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-glass,
 Or any thing for which his word will pass.
 Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
 I lost my Beauty e'er I got this wit.

I at that word stept from behind the door,
 And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
 Her few Grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
 And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
 Poor in a Dungeons bottom mayst thou rot,
 Dye with a blow with thy beloved Pot,
 No Brandy, and Eternal thirst thy Lot.

SEVERAL



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK II.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

To his false Mistress.

Englisbed By Sir Ch. Sidly.

Cupid, begon! who wou'd on thee rely,
And thus at every moment wish to dye?
Death is my wish, when on thy guilt I think,
(Thy faithless guilt) at which I fain wou'd wink.
False Maid, thou various torment of my life,
Thou flying pleasure, and thou lasting grief;

No

No doubtfull Letters thy lost faith accuse,
 Nor private gifts, thou mightst with ease excuse
 Such proofs, one word of thine might overcome;
 Why is my cause so good, and thou so dumb?
 Happy's the man that's handsomely deceiv'd,
 Whose *Mistress* swears and lies, and is believ'd.
 These Eyes beheld thee, when thou thoughtst me gone
 In books and signs (nor yet in those alone)
 Conveying the glad message of thy Love
 To that gay, vain, dull Fopp that sat above.
 I knew the Language soon, what could be hid
 From Lovers Eyes of all ye said or did?
 When others rose, I saw thee Dart a kiss,
 The wanton prelude to a farther bliss:
 Not such as Wives to their cold Husbands give,
 But such as hot Adulterers receive.
 Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
 And fire even wasted nature with delight.
 What art thou mad, I cry'd, before my face,
 To steal my wealth, and my new Rival grace?
 I'll rise and seize my own upon the place.

These

These soft endearments should not farther go,
 But be the secret treasure of us two,
 How comes this third in for a share I'd know?
 This, and what more my grief inspir'd, I said;
 Her face she cover'd with a Conscious red:
 Like a Cloud guilded by the rising Sun,
 Or Virgin newly by her Love undone.
 Those very blushes pleas'd, when she cast down
 Her lovely Eyes, with a disdainfull frown.
 Disdain became her, looking on the Earth,
 Sad were her looks, but Charming above mirth.
 I could have kill'd my self, or him, or her,
 Scarce did my rage her tender Cheeks forbear:
 When I beheld her Face my anger cool'd,
 I felt my self to a mere Lover fool'd.
 I, who but now so fierce, grow tame and sue,
 With such a kiss we might our Love renew.
 She smil'd and gave me one might *Jove* disarm,
 And from his hand the brandisht Thunder charm.
 'Twas worse than death, to think my Rival knew
 Such Joys as till that hour to me were new.

She gave much better kisses than I taught,
 And something strange was in each rouch me-thought.
 They pleas'd me but too well, and thou didst tongue,
 With too much art and skill, for one so young:
 Nor is this all, though I of this complain,
 Nor should I for a kiss be so in pain:
 But thine cou'd never but in Bed be taught,
 I fear how dear thou hast thy Knowledge bought.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

A Las, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* talker dyes!
 Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obsequies*.
 Go Birds, and beat your Breasts, your Faces tear,
 And pluck your gaudy plumes, instead of hair.
 Let dolefull Tunes the frighted Forests wound,
 And your sad Notes supply the Trumpets sound.

Why

Why *Philomel* dost mourn, the *Thracian* rage?
 It is enough, thy Grief at last assuage;
 His *Crimson* faults are now grown white with Age.
 Now mourn this Bird, the Cause of all thy woe
 Was great 'tis true, but it was long ago.
 Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 But you, my *Turtle*, take the greatest share!
 You two liv'd constant Friends, and free from strife,
 Your kindness was intire, and long as life.
 What *Pylades* to his *Orestes* vow'd,
 To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* shew'd,
 And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
 But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes and Tail,
 And what thy pretty Speaking-art avail?
 And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miss,
 Since now the Birds unhappy Glory dyes?
 A lovely *verdant* Green grac't every Quill,
 The deepest *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
 In speaking thou didst every Bird excell,
 None prated, and none lisp't the words so well.

'Twas envy onely sent this fierce Disease,
 Thou wert averse to War, and liv'dst in peace,
 A talking harmless thing, and lov'dst thine Ease.
 The fighting Quails still live midst all their strife,
 And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
 Thy Meat was little, and thy prating tongue
 Would ne'er permit thee make thy Dinner long:
 Plain Fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
 And Nut, and Poppy-seed, were all thy Food.
 The preying *Vultures*, and the Kites remain,
 And the unlucky *Crow* still caws for Rain.
 The *Chough* still lives, midst fierce *Minerva's* hate,
 And scarce nine hundred years conclude her Fate.
 But my poor *Poll* now hangs his sickly head,
 My *Poll*, my present from the East, is dead.
 Best things are soonest snatcht by covetous Fate,
 To worse she freely gives a longer date.
Thersites brave *Achilles* Fate surviv'd;
 And *Hector* fell, whilst all his Brothers liv'd.
 Why should I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
 How oft she beg'd thy Life, how oft she pray'd?

The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin,
 To end the thread, they had no more to Spin.
 Yet still he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
 His last breath said, *Corinna*, now Adieu.
 There is a shady Cypress Grove below,
 And thither (if such doubtfull things we know)
 The Ghosts of pious Birds departed go.
 'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
 And Birds obscene do never enter there:
 There harmless *Swans* securely take their rest,
 And there the single *Phœnix* builds her nest.
 Proud *Peacocks* there display their gaudy Train,
 And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the plain.
 To these dark shades my *Parrot's* soul shall go,
 And with his Talk divert the Birds below.
 Whilst here his bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
 A little Marble and an Epitaph:

In talking I did every Bird excell,
And my Tomb proves my Mistress lov'd me well.

ELEGY the SEVENTH.

*He protests that he had never any thing to
doe with the Chamber-maid.*

Englisht By Mr. Creech.

ANd must I still be guilty, still untrue, (new?
And when old crimes are purg'd still charg'd with
What tho' at last my Cause I clearly gain?
Yet I'm asham'd to strive so oft in vain,
And when the Prize will scarce reward the pain,
If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit,
And with a squinting Eye glöte o'er the pit,
Or View the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fancies streight some Rival Beauty there;
If any looks on me, you think you spy
A private Affignation in her Eye,
A silent soft discourse in every Grace,
And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.

If I praise any one, you tear your hair,
 Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Despair.
 If discommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
 I strive to Cloak my Passion by the Cheat:
 If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
 Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
 If weak my voice, if pale my Looks appear,
 O then I languish for another Fair.

Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain,
 For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
 'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the pain.

But sure fond Fancies now such heats engage,
 Your credulous peevish humour spoils your Rage;
 In frequent Chidings I no force can see,
 You frown too often to prevail with me:

The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant blow
 Beats off his briskness, and he moves but slow.

But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
 And *Moll* forsooth supplies her Lady's place!
 Kind Love forbid that I should stoop so low,
 What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?

A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high,
My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.

Fy, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her hands of Iron, and her sides of Steel?

'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind
To feel those knubs the Lash hath left behind.

Besides she dresses well, with lovely grace,

She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;

Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,

And make me more enamour'd of my Love:

Then why should I tempt her? and why betray

Thy usefull Slave, and have her turn'd away?

I swear by *Venus*, by Love's darts and Bow,

A desperate Oath, you must believe me now;

I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*Englisht By Mr. Creech.**To Corinna's Chamber-maid.*

Dear skillfull *Betty*, who dost far excell
 My Lady's other Maids in dressing well:
 Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
 To *Juno's* Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
 Gentile, well bred, not rustically coy,
 Not easie to deny desired Joy.
 Through whose soft Eyes still secret wishes shine,
 Fit for thy Mistress Use, but more for mine;
 Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
 Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
 Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
 Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
 Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
 The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
 Not that I think it a disgrace to prove
 Stolen sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.

Achilles

Achilles wanton'd in *Briseis* Armes;

Atrides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.

Sure I am less than these, then what can bring
Disgrace to me, that so became a King?

But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout defence,
I swore, and lookt as bold as Innocence:

Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;

Kind *Venus*, do not hear my perjury,

Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.

Now, *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?

Come prethee lets compound for more delight,

Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.

What! Start at the proposal? how! deny?

Retend fond Fears of a Discovery?

Refuse lest some sad Chance the thing betray?

Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging way?

Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll swear no more,

Orinna now shall know thou art a Whore;

I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,

How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY the EIGHTH,

*Englisbed By Another Hand.**To his Mistress's Maid.*

THou to whom ev'ry Artfull dress is known,
 Fit to attend on Goddesses alone,
 Whom I in stoln delights have found so free,
 Fit for your Mistress, but more fit for Me;
 Tell me, O tell the false Discoverers
 Of our past Joys, and all our tender hours.
 Yet did I blush? Or did my Language move
 The least Suspicion of our conscious Love?
 What thô I tax'd the man with want of sense,
 Whose generous Love cou'd with the Maid dispence?
 Did not *Achilles* fair *Briseis* love,
 And *Greece's* King his Captive's Vassal prove?
 Am I then greater than brave *Peleus* Son,
 That I should scorn the thing which Kings have done?
 But when on you she fix't her angry Eyes,
 Your Cheeks confess the Crime your Tongue denies.

While

While my more settl'd Soul the Fact disproves,
 And makes the Gods the Patrons of our Loves.
 (But O ye Gods forgive the Injury,
 And spare so sweet, so harmless Perjury.)
 Then what Reward is to such Service due ?
 Be kind, my Dear, and let's our Joys renew.
 Ingratefull Maid ! can you here feign delay ?
 More than my Passion, shall her Anger sway ?
 Should your nice Folly still deny Access,
 I'll turn Informer, and my self confess ;
 E'en where we were, how oft, and what was done,
 Both to your Mistress, and the World I'll own.

ELEGY the NINTH.

Englisht By the late Earl of Rochester.

To Love.

O Love how cold and slow to take my part,
 Thou idle wanderer about my heart ?
 Why thy old faithfull Souldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own Tents ? they murder me.

Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy friends,
Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.

Achilles Sword would certainly bestow

A cure as certain, as it gave the blow.

Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er

When the prey's caught, hopes still lead on before.

We thine own slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows,

Whilst thy tame hand's unmov'd against thy foes.

On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?

And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

Millions of dull men live, and scornfull Maids;

We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.

Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch't

A Laurel, or 't had been to this day thatcht,

But the old Souldier has his resting place,

And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.

The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a wretch to please,

Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease.

For me then who have truly spent my blood

(Love) in thy service and so boldly stood

In *Celia's* trenches, wer't not wisely done

E'en to retire and live at peace at home.

No.

No — might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
 When e'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind;
 Headlong I'm hurld like horsemen, who in vain
 Their (fury flaming) Coursers would restrain;
 As Ships just when the harbour they attain
 Are snatcht by sudden blasts to Sea again;
 So Loves fantastick storms reduce my heart
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his dart.
 Strike here, this undefended bosome wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
 Fool — is not sleep the Image of pale Death,
 There's time for rest, when Fate hath stopt your breath.
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
 I'm happy in my hopes while I believe;

Now

Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtfull steps the God of War does move,
 By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
 Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy slaves request,
 Fix an eternal Empire in my breast:
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose wilfull scorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal world is then thy own.

ELEGY the TWELVTH.
Englisht By Mr. Creech.

Triumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
 I'm *Victor* now, my dear *Corinna's* mine.
 As she was hard to get, a carefull spy,
 A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
 Long time preserv'd her troublesome Chastity,

Now

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
 And won my Prey without a drop of Bloud :
 'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Bars,
 (Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;) *As most have done*
 No 'twas a Whore, a lovely Whore I took,
 I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
 When Ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how small his share of Fame?
 But none pretends a part in what I won,
 The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.
 I in this Conquest was the General,
 The Souldier, Engine, Horse and Foot, and all.
 Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
 Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
 I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
 For *Helen*, *Europe*, and all *Asia* strove:
 The Centaures rudely threw their Tables o'er,
 And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
 The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
 Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy;
 The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
 And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.

For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls engage,
 Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their rage,
 Ev'n I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
 As most men are, must be his Souldier too.
 Yet I no bloody Conquerer shall prove,
 My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

ELEGY the NINETEENTH.

Englished By Mr. Dryden.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
 Watch her for me that I may love her more ;
 What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
 Who but a Sot wou'd scorn to love with leave?
 With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher,
 Make me despair, and then I can desire.
 Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind,
 Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,
 Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still new:

She

She, that next night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
 Or some pretence to lye alone wou'd take,
 When e'er she pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake:
 Till having won me to the highest strain,
 She took occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
 How every kifs was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd.
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
 Make me lye rough on Bunks each other Night.
 These are the Arts that best secure thy reign,
 And this the Food that must my Fires maintain.
 Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall,
 In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
 Had *Danae* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
 When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Jo's* Shape,
 The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.

Let him who loves an easie Whetstone Whore,
 Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore,
 The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest blow,
 A truth which I by sad Experience know.
 The kind poor constant Creature we despise,
 Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,
 Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
 If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
 Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there;
 An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad,
 Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
 In short be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
 And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
 I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the blow.
 Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
 I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
 I have been patient and forbore thee long,
 In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy wrong:

If no Affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy House and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those occasions thou hast ta'ne away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?
Doe somewhat I may wish thee at the Devil.
For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,
A Pimping Husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker.

SEVERAL



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK III.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

To A Man that lockt up his Wife.

Englisbed By Sir Ch. Sedley.

VEx not thy self and her, vain Man, since all
By their own Vice, or Vertue stand or fall.
She's truly chaste and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the shame:
And that vile Woman whom restraint keeps in
Though she forbear the Act, has done the Sin.

She,

Spies, Locks and Bolts may keep her brutal part,
 But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her heart.
 They that have Freedom use it least, and so
 The power of ill does the design o'erthrow.
 Provoke not Vice by a too harsh restraint;
 Sick men long most to drink, who know they may not.
 The fiery Courser, whom no Art can stay
 Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey.
 And he that did the rudest Arms disdain,
 Submits with Quiet to the looser rein.
 An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
 One silly Maid did all those Eyes beguile.
Danae though shut within a brazen Tower,
 Felt the Male virtue of the Golden shower!
 But chaste *Penelope*, left to her own will
 And free disposal, never thought of ill;
 She to her absent Lord preserv'd her truth,
 For all th' Addresses of the smoother Youth.
 What's rarely seen our fancy magnifies,
 Permitted pleasure who does not despise?
 Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
 Men strive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.

L

They're

They're wondrous charms we think, and long to know,
 That in a Wife inchant a Husband so:
 Rage, Swear and Curse, no matter, shee alone
 Pleases who sighs and cryes I am undone;
 But could thy Spies say we have kept her chaste?
 Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou hast.
 Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
 Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
 Where it is monstrous to be fair and Chaste,
 And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
 Wouldst thou be happy? with her ways comply,
 And in her Case lay poynts of honour by:
 The Friendship she begins wisely improve,
 And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
 So shalt thou welcome be to Every treat,
 Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Ovid's *Dream*.

T Was night, and sleep had clos'd my wearied eyes
 When dreadfull Visions did my Soul surprize!
 Under an open Hill I dreamt there stood
 A stately visionary Oaken Wood;
 Which flocks of Birds continually receives
 In to the Shady Covert of its leaves:
 Beyond a Meadow lay to sleeping view,
 Which murmuring Waters constantly bedew;
 The pleasant Virdure of th' extended Plain
 Those murmuring Waters constantly maintain.
 Within the Wood I thought my self to shade
 From Heat, but Heat did even the Woods invade;
 When Lo! a Cow, imaginary white,
 Did seem to feed within my fancy's sight;
 With a promiscuous Bite she did devour
 The tender Herb mixt with the springing Flower;

The purest Fleece of silent Waters ne'er
Cou'd boast a White that cou'd with Hers compare,
When fresh, unfulli'd, on the Earth it lay,
And was not melted by too long a stay ;
Nay whiter far than Milk squeez'd from the Tett,
That seem'd to quit the Udder with regret,
Whilst murmuring Bubbles wrinkle its smooth Face,
Being rudely forc'd to leave its native place.
By Her a Bull, her happy Lover, fed,
And they together made the Earth their Bed ;
But as He lay and recall'd herbs did eat,
And feast on his before digested meat,
The Lover seem'd with heavy sleep oppress'd,
And did incline his horney Head to rest :
Mean time a Crow, that cut the yielding air,
Th' Occasion took, and thither did repair ;
By the white Cow the wing'd Ill-Omen stood,
And with new Passion fir'd her wanton blood :
Thrice with his saucy Beak her breast did gore,
And from her Neck her silver Hair he tore ;
She seem'd her Mate and Pasture loath to leave,
(Yet on her Breast a spot I did perceive)

And

And when far off she grazing did espy
Another Herd, I'm sure they graz'd not nigh,
To them she went, thinking relief might be
In fresher Pasture, and fresh Company.
Tell me, O tell me, ye that can reveal
The fatal Truths that boding Dreams conceal,
What's thus obscurely to my Fancy brought
In Hieroglyphicks made of sleeping Thought?
So I. So did th' experienc'd Augur say,
Who did each Circumstance exactly weigh.
The scorching Heat that you so vainly strove
T' exclude with Leaves, was your prevailing Love.
The Cow your Mistress was; for what cou'd be
By such a lovely Creature meant but She?
The Bull her happy Yoke-fellow, and Mate,
Did figure you in your unrival'd state.
The Crow that seem'd the Heifers Breast to gore
Was a damn'd Bawd that urg'd her to turn Whore,
Your Mistress as she left you did bemoan
You in a Widow'd Bed left cold, alone.
The Spot on her white Breast, I fear, will be
A sign of violated Chastity.

Thus spake the wise Interpreter, when I,
 Pale with Despair and Grief, resolv'd to dye:
 Had not the Vision, that did wound my Sight,
 Kindly dissolv'd into the shades of Night.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

To a River, as he was going to his Mistress.

Englisht By Mr. Rimer.

THy course, thy noble course a while forbear,
 I am in haste now going to my Dear:
 Thy banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy praise!
 Alas my haste! sweet River, let me pass.
 No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
 Or Rope to hawl me to the farther shoar?
 I have remembered thee a little one,
 Who now with all this flood com'st blundering down.
 Did I refuse my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
 To spurr along, and must I here attend?
 No art to help me to my Journeys end!

Ye *Lapland* powers, make me so far a Witch,
 I may a-stride get over on a switch.
 Oh for some Griffin, or that flying Horse,
 Or any Monster to assist my Course:
 I wish his art that mounted to the Moon,
 In shorter journey wou'd my job be done.
 Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards devise,
 Or name their lewd unconscionable lyes?
 Good River, let me find thy courtesie,
 Keep within bounds, and mayst thou ne'er be dry.
 Thou can'st not think it such a mighty boast,
 A Torrent has a gentle Lover crost.
 Rivers shou'd rather take the Lovers side;
 Rivers themselves Love's wondrous power have try'd,
 'Twas on this score *Inachus*, pale and wan,
 Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
 Long before *Troy* the ten-years siege did fear,
 Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neara*'s chains didst wear,
 Ask *Achelöus* who his horns did drub,
 Streight he complains of *Hercules*'s club.
 For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
 Was then contested such outrageous fray?

(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deianira, it was all for thee.
 E'en *Nile* so rich, that rowls through seven wide doors,
 And uppish over all his Country scowrs;
 For *Afop's* Daughter did such flame contract,
 As not by all that stock of waters slack't,
 I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
 But must not pass by thee, immortal *Thame*;
 E'er thou could'st *Iss* to thy bosome take,
 How did'st thou wind, and wander for her sake?
 The lusty ——— with broad *Humber* strove,
 Was it for Fame? I say, it was for Love.
 What makes the noble *Onz* up from the main
 With hideous roar come bristling back again?
 He thinks his dearest *Derwent* left behind,
 Or fears her false, in new Embraces joyn'd.
 Thee also some small Girl has warm'd, we guess,
 Tho' woods and forests now hide thy soft place.
 Whilst this I speak, it swells, and broader grows,
 And o'er the highest banks impetuous flows.
 Dog-floud what art to me? Or why dost check
 Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my journey break?

What

What wou'dst, if thee indeed some noble race,
 Or high descent, and glorious name did grace?
 When of no ancient house, or certain feat
 (Nor, known before this time untimely, great)
 Rais'd by some sudden Thaw thus high and proud,
 No holding thee, ill-manner'd upstart Floud.
 Not my Love-*tales* can make thee stay thy course,
 Thou——Zounds, thou art a——River for a horse.
 Thou hadst no Fountain, but from Bears wer't pift,
 From Snows and Thaws, or *Scotch* unfavoury mist.
 Thou crawlst along, in Winter foul and poor,
 In Summer pudd'd like a Common-shore.
 In all thy days when didst a courtesie?
 Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee.
 Thee bane to Cattel, to the Meadows worse,
 For something, all, I, for my sufferings, curse.
 To such unworthy wretch, how am I sham'd,
 That I the generous amorous Rivers nam'd?
 When *Nile*, and *Achelous* I display'd,
 And *Thame*, and *Ouz*, what worm was in my head?
 For thy reward, discourteous River, I
 With, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.

ELEGY the NINTH

*Upon the Death of Tibullus.**Englisht By Mr. Stepny.*

IF *Memnon's* fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
 Does, with the Day, his Mothers grief renew;
 If her Son's death mov'd tender *Thetis* mind
 To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
 If mighty Gods can Mortals sorrow know,
 And be the humble partners of our woe.
 Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of Fame
 Lives now, rich fuell on the trembling flame.
 Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring hearts,
 Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
 Eases his useless Bows from idle strings:
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.

He

He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, rest ;
 And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
 Those gracefull Curles which wantonly did flow,
 The whiter rivals of the falling Snow,
 Forget their beauty, and in disorder lye
 Drunk with rhe fountain from his melting Eye.
 Not more *Aeneas* los the Boy did move,
 Like passions for them both prove Equal love.
Tibullus Death grieves the fair Goddess more,
 More swells her eyes, than when the savage Bore
 Her beautifull, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heaven's noblest stamps do bear
 (Poets the watchfull Angels darling care)

Yet Death (Blind Archer) that no diff'rence knows,
 Without respect his, roving Arrows throws.

Nor *Phæbus*, nor the Muses Queen could give,
 Their Son, their own prerogative, do Live.

Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents skill,

Tam'd wondring beasts, not Deaths more cruel will.

Linus sad strings on the dumb Lute do lie,

In silence forc't to let their Master die.

Homer (the spring, to whom We Poets owe
Our little All, does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal onely in his Fame,
His Works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay.
Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and stops the Praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And dragg you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go, frantick Poet, with delusions fed,
Think Laurels guard your Consecrated head,
Now the sweet Master of your art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, Great Man.
The bold, rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair e'en in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His

His Mother weeping doth his eye-lids close,
 And on his Urn Tears, her last gift, bestows.
 His Sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her Mothers Nature and her Tears.

With these two fair, two mournfull Rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his Tomb:
 Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
 And both contend which reap the Greater bliss.
 Thus *Delia* spoke, (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
 " When Youth with Vigour did for joy combine,
 " I was *Tibullus* life, *Tibullus* mine;
 " I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
 " And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
 To her then *Nemesis* (when groans gave leave)
 " As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;
 " Spare your vain tears, *Tibullus* heart was mine,
 " About my Neck his dying arms did twine;
 " I snatcht his Soul, which true to me did prove;
 " Age ended Yours, Death onely stopt my Love.

If any poor remains survive the flames
 Except thin shadows, and more empty names;

Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
 Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
 There shall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays impart
 To his far dearer Friend his open heart.
 There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our Poets blest Companions be,
 And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
 But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict commands,
 Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious hands.
 Thou, Earth, *Tibullus* Ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easie as his Muse.

ELEGY

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*To his Mistress, desiring her that (if she will
be false to him) she wou'd manage her In-
trigues with Secresie.*

Englisht By Mr. Tate.

I Can allow such charmes, Inconstancy;
But prethee hide your am'rous Thefts from me.
I never meant your pleasures to confine,
Jilt privately, and I shall ne'er repine.
She's Innocent that can her Crime deny,
And makes no fault till the discovery:
'Tis madness your own frailty to betray,
And what you stole by Night confess by Day:
What shameless trading Punk of this lewd Age,
But will secure the Door e'er she Engage?
Yet thou tak'st pride to publish thy own shame,
Unjust to me, but falser to thy fame.
Be wiser, and if chaste thou canst not grow,
Pretend at least, and I'll believe thee so.

Doe what thou do'st, but still forswear it all,
 And from thy Tongue let modest language fall.
 You have your *Grotto*, your convenient shade.
 A place for Loves most free Enjoyments made.
 (Remov'd from thence a modest Carriage take,
 And with your Bed your loose desires forsake,
 But there undress thee in thy Lover's sight,
 And Sally naked to the wanton fight;
 Fast wreath'd in your Embraces let him lye;
 And in your Bosoms sweet transported Dye;
 Your softest Language, tenderest sighs, employ;
 And let the trembling Bed confess your Joy:
 But grow reserv'd when the loose Scene is done,
 And with your Robes a modest Meek put on;
 Impose upon the Crowd, impose on me,
 Whilst Ignorant, I shall not Injur'd be.
 Why do I see your Billets come and go?
 Your Pallet prest, your Bed disorder'd too?
 Your loose and ruffled Hair each Morning seems,
 T' imply a busie Night, and more than dreams;
 The am'rous warmth still glowing on the cheeks,
 And prints of eager kisses on your Neck,

At

At least I wou'd not an Eye-witness be:

Spare if thou canst thy Fame, if not spare me!

When by your self your loose Intrigues are told,

My sense forsakes me, and my blood grows cold!

'Tis then I rage by fits with Love and State,

And madly wish on both a sudden Fate.

Pursue your Trade, but let me never see't,

And I shall ne'er enquire what Fops you meet ;

" If you with Wheedles or with Cullies sleep ;

" What Terms you've made ; whether you're kept or
Easie thy Conquest is, when but to say (keep.

I have not don't, takes all my rage away :

Thus still thy Cause shall for its merit speed,

Or by the favour of thy Judge, Succeed.

M

ELEGY

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*He desires his Mistress if she does Cuckold
him not to let him know it.*

Englisht By another Hand.

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
Since your a woman and a fair one too.
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A stiff denial will attenuate
That Crime which your confession would make great:
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent night.
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
E'er she begins, will shut the Chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem vertuous, and tho' false it be,
Say you are honest and I'll credit thee.

Conceal

Conceal your Actions, and while I am by
 Let modest words your looser Thoughts bely.
 When to your private Chamber you retire,
 Unmask your lust, and vent each warm desire.
 Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
 The bold intruder between thee and love:
 Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
 In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
 There without Blushes you may naked lye
 Clasping his Body with your tender Thigh;
 Shoot your moist Dart into his mouth to show
 The Sense you have of what he Acts below.
 Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies Twine
 In folds more strange than those of *Arctine*:
 With melting looks fierce Joys you may Excite,
 And with thick dying Accents urge delight.
 But when you're dress'd then look as Innocent,
 As if you knew not what such matters meant:
 And tho' just now a perfect fiend you were,
 Hide the true woman and a Saint appear.
 Cozen the prying Town, and put a cheat
 On it and me, I'll favour the deceit.

False as thou art why must I daily see
 Th' Intriguing Billet Deux he sends to thee?
 The wanton Sonnet or soft Elegy?
 Why does your Bed all tumbled seem to say,
 See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay?
 Why do your Locks and rumpled Head-cloaths shew
 'Twas more than usual sleep that made 'em so?
 Why are the kisses which he gave betray'd,
 By the Impression which his teeth had made?
 Yet say your chaste and I'll be still deceiv'd,
 What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd.
 But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
 My blood grows cold and freezes at my heart.
 Then do I curse thee and thy Crimes reprove,
 But Curse in vain, for still I find I love,
 Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
 Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd dye.
 I will not see your Maid to let me know
 Who visits you, where and with whom you go.
 Nor by your lodging send my Boy to scout,
 And bring me word who passes in and out.

Enjoy

Enjoy the pleasure of the present times,
 But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
 Do you forswear't tho' in the Act you're caught,
 I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY the FIRST

Of the Second Book.

That He can write of nothing but Love.

Englisbed By Mr. Adams.

THis too I sing (this Love commanded too)
 I who thus kindly my own lewdness show;
 Hence the unfashionably vertuous Maid,
 Such Scenes must not on such a Stage be play'd;
 Me the brisk Wife by her dull Husband reade,
 I'll raise their fancy, and Improve their breed:
 Me the raw Youth whose Breast first flames do move,
 Unknown to care, and unexpert of Love.
 The more experienc't who my Wounds have known,
 Here in my sufferings may discern their own.

Then wondring say, how could this Poet tell
The several chances of my Love so well!

Once I remember in a Nobler strain
I rais'd my Voice, nor did I sing in vain:
I sung of Gyants, and of Wars above,
How Impious *Earth* reveng'd her self on *Jove*;
While her Vile off-spring in Rebellion rise,
And Mountains heapt on Mountains storm'd the skyes;
And now I would describe the War, and now
I'd shew what *Jove* could for his Heaven doe.
When the lov'd Maid, who did with trembling hear
The sounding Numbers, shut me out for fear,
Jove and his Thunder soon away I threw,
Jove and his Thunder here could little doe;
I chose soft Measures such as Love inspire,
And warn the wishing Maid into desire:
Sweet Elegy my own my faithfull Arms,
And soon the door grew softer to my Charms;
Charms w^a from Heav'n forced down the bloody Moon,
And stop the Coursers of the Sun at Noon;
Charms which the swelling Serpent burst in twain,
And turn the Rivers to their Springs again.

Should

Should my great Theme some mighty Hero be,
 What could that mighty Hero doe for me?
 But when the Beauties of some lovely Maid
 In my just lines are faithfully display'd;
 She kindly, she the Poet's Pains regards,
 And oft her praises with her self rewards;
 Ah who! who would not be rewarded so!
 Farewell ye Hero's, I am not for you:
 Let every Charming Maid to me repair,
 'Tis I, know best how to oblige the Fair;
 Here Loves kind heat each tender breast shall move
 In Gentle Verse, Verse dictated by Love.

ELEGY the FIFTEENTH

Of the Second Book.

On a Ring sent to his Mistress.

Englisht By Mr. Adams.

THou that the finger of my Fair shalt bind,
 In whom the Giver's Love she'll onely find,
 Go, but accepted be, accepted so
 That on her Joynt thou presently may'st go;

Fit her as well as I am us'd to do,
 When round her Waste, my Circling Armes I throw.
 By my *Corinna* thou'lt oft handled be,
 Ah happy Ring! how do I envy thee?
 O that my Guift I quickly might be made,
 By some strange Witchcraft, or some Magick aid;
 Then would I wish her swelling breasts she'd feel,
 While from her lovely hand I'de flyely steal,
 Off would I drop, tho' sticking fast before,
 And kiss the Snowey Bosome I adore;
 Then would I wish I might her Signet be,
 And that the Wax from sticking might be free;
 From her fair mouth I'de humid kisses steal,
 And every Letter bite my Rival's seal:
 But most I'de wish she would me with her bear,
 When to the Bath she'd secretly repair;
 Yet Then! O Then! I should my self betray
 While I her Naked Armes her Breasts survey,
 While my devouring Eye would wander lower,
 I should rise Man and be a Ring no more.
 In Vain I wish, go, little Present, go,
 By thee my Love, my Faith by thee she'll know.

PART OF
VIRGIL'S
IV. *GEORGICK.*

Englisht By the E. of M.

TIs not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown,
The wretched *Orpheus* brings these judgments
Whose wife avoiding to become thy prey, (down;)
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to pass,
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the grass:
A mournfull noise the spacious Vally fills,
With echoing cries from all the Neighbouring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

All

All o'er the lonely sands did wildly stray,
 And with sad Songs begin and end the day.
 At last to Hell a frightfull journey made,
 Pass'd the wide gaping Gulph and dismal shade;
 Visits the Ghosts, and to that King repairs,
 Whose heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
 Hell seems astonish'd with so sweet a Song,
 Light Souls, and airie Spirits slide along
 In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
 Driv'n home by night or some tempestuous wind;
 Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
 And mighty Heroes more majestick Shades;
 Sons burnt before their mournfull Parents face,
 Styx does all these in narrow bounds embrace
 Nine times with loathsome mud, and noysome weeds,
 And all the filth which standing water breeds:
 Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
 The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
 Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
 And the great Dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.
 Now safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
 His Spouse restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,

Following,

Following, for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd,
 A sudden rage th'unwary Lover seiz'd ;
 He when the first bright glimps of daylight shin'd,
 Unmindfull, and impatient, look't behind,
 A fault of Love, could Hell compassion find.
 A dreadfull noise thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
 His hopes now fled, and all his labour lost.
 Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me?
 What madness this? Again I'm snatch't from thee,
 She faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
 Surround my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
 But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
 No more allow'd to behold him or day;
 Then from his sight like smoak she slipp'd away.
 Much he would fain have spoke, but Fate, alas,
 Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
 Thus twice undone, what course now could he take
 To redeem her already pass'd the Lake?
 How bear his loss? what tears procure him ease?
 Or with what vows the angry Powers appease?

'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
 On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss,
 While languishing he Sung his Fatal flame,
 He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
 So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
 By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
 Bewails her loss under a Poplar shade,
 Weeps all the night, in murmurs wafts the day;
 Her sorrow does a mournfull pleasure yield,
 And melancholly musick fills the Field.
 Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
 But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
 Shivering on *Tanaïs* Snowey banks remain'd,
 Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
 As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
 Kill'd the poor Youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
 His Head torn off from the fair body swims,
 Down that swift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
 And still his Tongue in dolefull accents goes;
 Ah, poor *Euridice*, in dying cry'd,
Euridice resounds from every side.

THE
PARTING
OF
SIRENO and DIANA.

Englished By Sir C. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno and Diana having lov'd each other with a most violent passion, Sireno is compell'd, upon the Account of his Master's service, to go for some time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following Eclogue.

CLOSE by a stream, whose flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no Cause to grieve,
The sad *Sireno* late, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;

Since

Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
 From her dear Sight, who long had Charm'd his heart.
 Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
 That gave him first what this must take away ;
 Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
 And nought forgot that might increase his pain.
 Then with a sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
 Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies ;
 Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
 But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place :
 Thither he came to take her last Farewell,
 Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
 Under a Neighbouring Tree they sat 'em down,
 Whose shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun ;
 Each took the other by the willing hand,
 Striving to speak, but could no word Command :
 With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
 The much they had to say had made 'em dumb.
 There many a time they two had met before,
 But met, alas ! upon a happier score ;
 Cruel reverse of Fate, which all the Joy
 Their mutual presence us'd to bring destroys.

Sirens

Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
 And wanted strength the parting pang to bear;
 All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
 And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd;
 Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
 And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

S I R E N O.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
 That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
 Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
 That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee?
 Thy Charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispell,
 Let but *Diana* smile, and all was well.
 Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
 And yet, alas! I dye to see thee now.

D I A N A.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
 While all her frame a blushing Maid betrays;
 For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
 My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal;
 Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking doe me good,
 And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.

O Shep-

O Shepherd think how wretched I shall be,
 When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
 When sitting all alone within this shade,
 Which thou so oft thy tender Choice hast made,
 I reade my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
 Of our past Love the kind affecting mark;
 Then my despairing Soul to death must fly,
 And must thou be content to let me dye?
 Why dost thou weep? Alas! those Tears are vain,
 Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
 By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
 For were thy sorrow true, thou wou'dst not go.

S I R E N O.

Cease, cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease,
 And let the poor Sireno dye in peace.
 Witness ye Everlasting Powers above
 That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
 With thee I wish 't had been my happy doom.
 With thee alone to spend my Life to come;
 That we are part is by no Fault of mine,
 Nor yet, my dearest Shepherdess, of thine;

For as no Faith did ever mine excell,
 So never any Nymph deserv'd so well.
 But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
 'Tis his Command that forces me away;
 What ever he ordains none dare refuse,
 I must my Joy, or else my Honour loose:
 Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
 Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

D I A N A.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
 How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
 Who such Excuses for himself pretends
 Will eas'ly bear the absence he defends.
 A little time, I fear, will quite deface
 Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
 Fool that I was my weakness to betray,
 To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
 Go, cruel Man, imbarck when e'er you please,
 But take this with you as you pass the Seas;
 Tho' with the fiercest Winds the Waves should roar,
 That Tempest will be less than mine on Shore.

S I R E N O.

'Tis hard unjust suspicions to abide,
 But who can such obliging Anger chide?
 Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
 My heart to this degree without thy Love:
 For 'tis thy tender sense of my sad Fate,
 That does my sharpest, deadly 'st pain create.
 Ah fear not, to what place so'er I go,
 That I shall ever break my sacred Vow:
 When for another I abandon thee,
 May Heav'n, for such a Crime, abandon me.

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest Swain deceive,
 Or violate the Faith that here I give:
 When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
 May the fresh Grass still wither where they tread;
 And may this River, when I come to drink,
 Dry up as soon as I approach the brink.
 Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
 And when for me thou canst a minute spare,
 Remember this poor pledge was once a part
 Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.

Where

Where e'er thou go'st may Fortune deal with thee
 Better than thou, alas! hast dealt with me.
 Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to say
 No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
 These weeping Eyes may once enjoy the sight,
 Before they close in Deaths eternal Night.

S I R E N O.

Then let *Sireno* banish all his fears,
 Heaven cannot long resist such pious Tears.

The Righteous Gods, from whom our passion came,
 Will pity (sure) so innocent a Flame;
 Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
 And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
 I shall again my Charming Nymph behold,
 And never part, but in her Armes grow old:
 That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
 And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

THE
STORY of *LUCRETIA*
OUT OF
Ovid *de Fastis*. Book II.
Englisht By Mr. Creech.

NOW *Tarquin* the last King did Govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, thô fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, some he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit ;
For of his Three brave Youths his youngest Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child Outright pretends a flight,
And came amidst the Enemies by Night ;
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now he said,
My Father will rejoyce to see me dead :
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)

The mengrow mild, they sheath their threatning swords
 And view his wounds, and those confirm his words :
 Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs resents
 And begs to side with them, and he consents.
 Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in Trust,
 The first occasion sought to be unjust,
 And the unthinking *Gabin's* Town betray,
 Consults his Father for the surest way.
 There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
 A little Spring ran through the pleasant Bowers,
 The soft retreat of *Tarquin's* thinking hours. }
 There when the message came he chanc't to stand,
 And lopt the tallest Lilies with his wand :
 With that the Messenger return'd, and said,
 I saw your Father crop the lofty head
 Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
 Well, says the Son, I know what I must doe,
 And streight the Nobles kill'd ; When those were gone
 He soon betray'd the poor defenceless Town,
 When lo (a wond'rous sight) a Serpent came,
 And snatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;

Phœbus advis'd, and thus the Answer ran
 He that shall kiss (for so the Fates ordain)
 His Mother first shall be the greatest man.
 Then streight with eager haste th' unthinking Crowd
 Their Mothers kiss't, nor understood the God.
 But wiser *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
 Lest *Tarquin* should suspect his rising Soul,
 Fell down, as if't had been a Casual fall,
 And kiss't his Mother Earth before them all.
 Now *Ardea* was besieg'd, the Town was strong,
 The men resolv'd, and so the Leaguer long:
 And whilst the Enemy did the War delay,
 Dissolv'd in Ease the careless Souldiers lay,
 And spent the vacant time in sport and play.
 Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feasts,
 The Captains treats, and thus bespeaks his Guests;
 Whilst we lye singring in a tedious War,
 And far from Conquest tired out with Care,
 How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
 And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
 Each speaks for his, each says I'll swear for mine,
 And thus a while they talkt, grown flush't with Wine;

At

At last *Young Collatine* starts up and cryes,
 What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
 Away to *Rome*, for that's the safest Course,
 They all agree, so each man mounts his Horse.
 First to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
 No Watchmen there, and all the Gates unbar'd;
 Young *Tarquin's* Wife, her hair disorder'd lay
 And loose, was sitting there at Wine and play.
 Thence to *Lucretia's*, She a lovely Soul
 Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
 Sate midst her Maids, and as they wrought she said,
 Make haste, 'tis for my Lord as soon as made;
 Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
 How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
 Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
 Is rash, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
 Ah when I fantasie that I see him fight,
 I swoon and almost perish with the fright.
 Then wept, and leaving her unfinished thread
 Upon her bosome lean'd her lovely head:
 All this became, gracefull her grief appears,
 And she, chaste Soul, lookt beauteous in her tears.

Her Face lookt well, by Natures art design'd,
 All charming fair, and fit for such a mind.
 I come, says *Collatine*, discard thy Fear,
 At that she streight reviv'd, and oh my Dear,
 She claspt his neck, and hung a welcome burthen there.
 Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers lustfull Fire,
 He burns and rages with a wild Desire;
 Her Shape, her Lillie-white, and Yellow hair,
 Her natural Beauty, and her gracefull Air,
 Her words, her voice, and every thing does please,
 And all agree to heighten the disease;
 That she was Chast doth raise his wishes higher,
 The less his hopes, the greater his Desire.
 But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
 Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
 His working Powers her absent Form restore,
 The more he minds her, still he loves the more;
 'Twas thus she fate, thus spun, and thus was drest,
 And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her Breast;
 Such was her Mein, and such each Air and Grace,
 And such the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious storm is now blown o'er
 The Sea's still troubl'd, and the Waters roar
 And curle upon the Winds that blew before.
 So he thô gone the pleasing form retains
 The Fire her present Beauty rais'd remains ;
 He burns, and hurry'd by resistless Charms,
 Resolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
 I'll venture, let whatever fates attend,
 The daring bold have fortune for their friend ;
 By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome ;
 This said, he takes his Horse, and speeds for *Rome* :
 The Sun was setting when he reach't the place,
 With more than Evening Blushes in his Face ;
 A Guest in shew, an Enemy in design
 He reach't the stately Court of *Collatine*,
 And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly Kin.
 How much are we deceiv'd ? She makes a Feast,
 And treats her Enemy as a Welcome Guest ;
 Now Supper's done, and sleep invites to Bed,
 And all was hush'd, as Natures self lay dead.
 The Lamps put out, and all for rest design'd,
 No Fire in all the House, but in his mind :

He

He rose, and drew his Sword, with lustfull speed
 Away he goes to chaste *Lucretia's* Bed;
 And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
 For look, *Lucretia*, hear's my naked Sword;
 My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
 The King's young Son, his best beloved Son.
 Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
 As harmless Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
 Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an easie prey.
 Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
 She trembled, and she breath'd, and that was all:
 What could she doe? ah! could she strive? with whom?
 A Man! a Woman's easily o'ercome.
 Should she cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
 His violent Sword had quickly stopt her tongue.
 What should she strive to fly? that hope was gone,
 Young *Tarquin* held her fast, and kept her down.
 He prest her Bosome with a lustfull hand,
 That Chast, that Charming Breast then first prophan'd.
 The Loving Foe still sues, resolv'd to gain
 With promise, threats, and Bribes: but all in vain.

At last 'tis Folly to resist, he cry'd,
 My Love will rise to Rage, if long deny'd;
 For I'll accuse thee of unlawfull Lust,
 Kill thee, and swear, tho' false, thy Death was Just.
 I'll stab a Slave, and what's the worst of harms,
 Black Fame shall say I caught thee in his Arms.
 This Art prevail'd, she fear'd an injur'd name,
 And liv'd and suffer'd, to secure her Fame.
 Why dost thou smile, Triumphant Ravisher?
 This shamefull Victory shall cost thee dear.
 Thy ruine pay for this thy forc't delight,
 How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
 The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
 She blusht, and rose, and double Mourning wears,
 As for her onely Son, she sits in Tears.
 And for her Father, and her Husband sends,
 Each quickly hears the message, and attends.
 But when they came, and saw her drown'd in Tears,
 Amaz'd they askt the Cause, what violent Fears,
 What real ill did wound her tender mind;
 What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief design'd?

But

But she sate silent still, still sadly cry'd,
 And hid her blushing Face, and wept, and sigh'd.
 Both strive to Comfort, both lament her Fate,
 And fear some deadly Ill, they know not what.
 Thrice she would speak, thrice stopt, again she tries
 To speak her wrong, yet durst not raise her Eyes:
 This too on *Tarquin's* score, she cry'd, I place;
 I'll speak, I'll speak, ah me! my own disgrace,
 And what they could her modest words exprest,
 The last remain'd, her Blushes spoke the rest.
 Both weep, and both the forc't Offence forgive,
 In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
 The pity you bestow, nor can I live,
 This said, her fatal Dagger pierc't her side,
 And at her Father's feet she fell and dy'd.
 Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above }
 As white, and Innocent as a Virgin Dove, }
 Not spotted with one thought of Lawless Love. }
 Yet as she fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
 The fall as modestly as she had liv'd.
 The Father o'er the Corpse, and Husband fall,
 And mourn, and both the common loss bewail.

While

While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came
 And shew'd his Soul ill suited with his Name.
 He graspt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
 And as he held it thus devoutly swore;
 By thee, by this thy Chast and Innocent Bloud,
 And by thy Ghost, which I'll esteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race shall be expell'd,
 My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
 At that she rais'd her Eyes, she seem'd to bow
 Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
 The Pomp appears, and as it passes by
 The gaping Wound expos'd to publick view,
 Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and Justly drew
 Curses from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.
 Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,
 And tells them they endure the King too long:
 The King's expell'd, and Consuls they create,
 And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. Dryden's

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

BEgone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing Sense,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Must be an Angel; But what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the *Pope* too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
That

That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine ;
 Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine :
 What then have honest thinking men to doe,
 But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two ?

Nor can the *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame a Muse,
 Which for his firmness does his heat Excuse ;
 What ever Counsels have approv'd his Creed,
 The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed.
 Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll say,) }
 'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha* ; }
 And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (so little understood)
 Whose *Darling* attribute is being good,
 From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
 Yet leave his *Favorite*, *Man*, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are ?

O! how much happier and more safe are they ?
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey

To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
 In that sad place from whence is no return,
 For unbelief in one they never knew,
 Or for not doing what they could not doe !

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
 (And so do all their followers that Rebell)
 If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
 Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the way ?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding Day
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)
 Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity profusely shown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!

I'll err at least on the securer side,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

O

T O

To Mr. Dryden on his

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn'd in Verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of Talk when they did to such Beings pray.
Nay They that taught Religion first, thought fit
In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit:
So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By these few Precedents we plainly see
The Primitive Design of Poetry;
Which by restoring to its Native use,
You generously have rescu'd from Abuse.

Whilst

Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,
 She vindicates her God, and God-like King.
 Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose,
 (God and the King have always the same Foes.)
 Legions of Verse you raise in their defence,
 And write the Factious to Obedience.
 You the bold *Arian* to Arms desie,
 A conquering Champion for the Deity
 Against the Whigs first Parents, Who did dare
 To disinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
 And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* first began
 Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
 Who still Associates to keep God a Man.
 But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
 To assert the Rights of God's, and Charles his Throne.
 Whilst vulgar Poets purchase vulgar Fame
 By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phyllis* Name;
 Whose Reputation shall last as long,
 As Fops and Ladies sing the amorous Song.
 A Nobler Subject wisely they refuse,
 The Mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.

So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a Deity ;
And He, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
The Thunderer such horror did beget,
That put the frighted Artist to a stand,
And made his Pensil drop from's baff'd Hand.

T H E

THE XXII. ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.
Integer Vitæ, &c.

Vertue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The surest Guard is innocence :
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* sands or *Scythian* fnows,
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy fide
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,
A Grisly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more Portentous size,
In the *Hercinian* forest lies ;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That *Neptune's* frozen Arms Embrace ;
Where Angry *Jove* did never spare
One breath of Kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy *Africans* complain,
To see the Chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Isles
Shall hear me sing of *Cælia's* smiles,
All cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that of *Cælia's* Eyes.

Roscomon.

T H E

THE VI. ODE
OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.
Of the Corruption of the Times.

THose Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods Provoke,
And Statues fully'd yet with Sacraligious smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, gratefull Piety,
(As it rewarded their Respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let *Crassus* Ghost and *Labiennus* tell
 How twice by *Jove's* revenge our Legions fell,
 And with insulting Pride
 Shining in *Roman* spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*,
 While our Seditions took their part
 Fill'd each *Ægyptian* sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* dart,

First, those Flagitious times,
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
 Conspir'd to violate the Nuptial Bed
 From which polluted head,
 Infectious Streams of Crowding Sins began,
 And through the Spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a Ripe and Melting Maid,
 Bound Prentice to the Wanton Trade ;
Jonian Artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice,

What

What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay,
And with an Early hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And scorns the Common mean design
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or snatch in some dark place
A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the Brib'd Husband knows of all
And bids her Rise when Lovers call ;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whose tributary flame,
Pays the full price of Lust, and guilds the slighted shame,

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That Dy'd with *Punick* bloud the Conquer'd Seas,

And

And quash't the stern *Æacides*;
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
 How weak his Gold was against *Europes* steel,
 Forc't e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
 And won the long disputed World at *Zamas* fatal Field.

But Souldiers of a Rustick Mould
 Rough, hardy, season'd, Manly, bold,
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
 Or through hewn Woods their weighty strokes did
 And after the declining Sun (found.
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their Task was done
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,
 And drownd in friendly Bowles the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than Ours, next Age will see
 A Race more Profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Roscomon.

T H E

THE IV. ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE*.

COnquer'd with soft and pleasing Charmes
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his frosty arms
To free the joyfull Spring ;
Which for fresh Loves with youthfull heat do's burn ;
Warm South-winds court her, and with fruitfull showrs
Awake the drowsie flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And onely fragrant Dews now fall :
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall

To

To bask in th' Sun's much warmer beams ;
 The Plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his labr'ing Teams ;
 Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
 Nay tempted by the smiling sky
 Wreckt Merchants quit the shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The Wind and Seas Almighty power ;
 Choos'ing much rather to be dead than poor.

 Upon the flow'ry plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Shepherdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural harmonies,
 Then steal in private to the covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd loves.
 The City Dame takes this pretence
 (Weary of Husband and of innocence)
 To quit the smoak & business of the Town,
 And to her Country-house retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some brawny clown,
 Or her appointed Gallant come

To

To feed her loose desires;
Whilst the poor Cuckold by his sweat at home
Maintains her Lust and pride :
Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why should not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
And please our selves with all that's sweet;
Let's to the shady Bowers,
Where crown'd with gaudy flowers
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conquerer's death
With the same freedom snatches a King's breath.
He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.
Tho' we each day with cost repair
He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care,
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest dyes but young ;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in mists of endless Night.

Once

Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
 So many strange Romantick tales of Old,
 (In things unknown Invention's justly bold)

No more shall Mirth and Wine
 Our loves and wits refine.

No more shall your *Phyllis* have,

Phyllis so long you've priz'd:

Nay she too in the Grave

Shall lye like us despis'd.

T H E

THE IV. ODE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.

Englisht By Mr. Duke.

BLush not, my friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captives eyes do move:
Achilles once the Fierce, they Brave,
Stoopt to they Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmessa's charmes could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when success
Did all his Arms with Conquest bless;
When *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more
Than; ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.

You

You know not to what mighty line
 The lovely Maid may make you joyn ;
 See but the charmes her sorrow wears,
 No common cause could draw such tears ;
 Those streams sure that adorn her so
 For loss of Royal kindred flow :
 Oh ! think not so divine a thing
 Could from the bed of Commons spring ;
 Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
 And so averse to fordid gain,
 Was never born of any race
 That might the noblest Love disgrace.
 Her blooming Face, her snowey Armes,
 Her well shap't Leg, and all her charmes
 Of her Body and her Face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not Love the youthfull Rage
 From *Horace's* declining Age,
 But think remov'd by forty years
 All his flames and all thy fears.

THE VIII. ODE.
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.
Englisht By Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the false *Barine* swore,
False, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
I should believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the publick care,
Nor half so false as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead Mothers sacred Urn,

By Heaven and all the Stars that shine
Without, and every God within :
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does smile,
Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
Does smile, and to his Quiver run ;
Does smile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee fresh Lovers hearts.
See, all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of Slaves grows every day ;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
Tho oft they threaten to be free,
Tho oft with Vows false as thine are
Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.
Thee every carefull Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Armes.

H O R A C E

H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

T H E IX. O D E.

Englisht By Mr. Duke.

H O R A C E.

Whilst I was welcome to your heart
In which no happier youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Armes,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The onely Theme of Verse and Fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd
Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

H O R A C E,

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
And every Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L T D I A.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would dye, to save
His youth more précieux from the Grave.

H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first fires again should burn?
If *Chloe's* banish't to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

L T D I A.

Thô He is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
HORACE and *LYDIA*.
Englisht by another Hand.

H O R A C E.

While I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part;
Unrival'd while my Longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's state,
And thought my self more happy and as great.

L Y D I A.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer she
Had stoln your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine;

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet embraces fought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your place,
She Charms me with her Musick and her Face;
To save her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

L Y D I A.

Fair *Calais* now the sweet *Messenian Boy*,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my Dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we flight?
If *Chloe* with her Golden looks should yield,
And banish *Lydia* should regain the Field:

L Y D I A.

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he so kind so charming and so true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

ELEGY

THE III. ELEGY

*Of the first Book of Propertius.**Englisht By Mr. Adams.*

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
 While the deaf Winds false *Theseus* bore away;
 As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
 More sweet more fair in her first Slumber seem'd;
 Or as the no less weary *Bacchanall*
 Surpris'd by sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
 Such seem'd to Me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
 While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid
 On her fair hand reclin'd her bending Head;
 When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
 Drag'd home at Midnight my unfaithfull Feet;
 But as sh' appear'd so charming to my view,
 Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
 Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
 The Fort of Love might by surprise be gain'd;

Yet thô commanded by a double fire,
 Both by the flames of Wine, and hot desire ;
 Thô my lewd hand would naughtily have stray'd,
 And I would fain my Arms have ready made ;
 I durst not in the soft assault engage,
 Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
 But so my greedy Eyes survey'd her o'er,
 The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more ;
 Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
 And try'd how sweetly 'twould on *Cynthia's* show.
 Sometimes corrected her disorder'd Hair,
 That loosely wanton'd with the sportive Air ;
 And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
 Some frightfull Vision to my Love appear'd. (shone,
 Till the bright Moon through the wide Window
 (The Moon that would not suddenly be gon ;)
 She with her subtile rayes unclos'd Her eyes,
 When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some Tawdry Jade,
 Kick't out of doors, you're forc't into my Bed ;
 For where is it you spend my Nights ? you come
 Drawn off and Impotent at Morning home ;

I wish

I wish base man! I wish such nights you had,
 As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
 Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
 Then with my Lute my weariness relieve;
 Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
 While in some others Armes you melt away;
 Till sleeps soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
 Beguile my Sorrows and my Cares compose.

O U T O F

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fæda est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'TIS but a Short, but a filthy Pleasure,
 And we soon nauseate the enjoy'd treasure;
 Let not us then as lustfull Beasts do,
 Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
 Lest we put out Love's gentle fire,
 And he droop, and languish in impotent desire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kifs,
 Thus, thus, improve the lasting blifs !
 There is no labour here, no shame,
 The solid Pleasure's still the same,
 Never, oh, never to be done,
 Where Love is ever but begun.

E P I S T L E

To *R. D.* from *T. O.*

My much lov'd Friend,

WHen thou art from my eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise ?
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ;
 Or if e'er flumbers and my eyes agree, (thee.
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 Last

Last night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
 E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our Love;
 Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree,
 And sung their joyfull Songs of Liberty;
 While through the gladsome Choire well pleas'd we
 And of our present Valu'd State thus talkt; (walk'd,
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a Court would wait,
 Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
 That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
 Of the deceitfull, painted, poison'd Paste;
 When the wide River, he behind him sees,
 Where he may lanch to Liberty and Ease?

No

No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While underneath these shady, peacefull Bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a Thousand pleasures waste the day ;
 Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
 Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams ;
 Amidst whose current rising Fishes play,
 And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
 Perhaps, hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
 And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep :
 There we two lye, between us may be's spread
 Some Book, few understand though many read,
 Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
 How *Juno's* rage did good *Æneas* vex,
 Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
 In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd ;

He

He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his vertue in her Armes.
 Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
 Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial fire;
 We praise their valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
 And Love their Friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our Transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She,
 Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that onely can) to add delight,
 When to our little Cottage we repair,
 We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear *B---ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears
Ad---ly, honest as the Sword he wears,
W---son, professing friendship yet a Friend,
 Or *S---rt*, beyond what numbers can commend,
F---ch,

F—ch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his bloud,
 Watchfull to doe, too modest merit good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous Town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager armes, how closely then w'embrace,
 What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
 With choicest Meats at least, though not with store:
 Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
 Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain:
 Each waited on by a bright Virgin glass,
 Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lass.
 Then down we sit, while every Genius tryes
 T'improve, till he deserves his Sacrifice:
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night!
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
 Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head;
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

Till

Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
 With twining limbs, that still loves posture keep,
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet, craving love till the next night :
 Then we the drowsie Sells of sleep forsake,
 And to our Books, our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;
 While the poor under faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make Court;
 The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had,
 Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen. }
 Reason, the honest Counseller, this knows,
 And into Court with resolute vertue goes ;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!

This

This Image when it came too fiercely shook
 My Brain which its soft quiet streight forsook ;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found ;
 No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd ; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
 Gods ! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World ;
 But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
 By day what's needfull, and at night soft ease ;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the wofull'st state of Man ;
 To be by Fools mislead, to Knaves a prey,
 But make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

A LETTER

A

LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a slave,
Found a retreat within a peacefull Cave ;
Where no intruders durst his hours molest,
(But the dear Passion still inflam'd his Breast)
And where abandon'd to his restless pains,
He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
From thence——

To a dear Friend (such as are hard to find)
Known true and just, and longing to be kind,
Who always shar'd his pleasures and his pain,
In these sad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My onely Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
Your pity e'er I ask I'm sure to gain,
But cruel *Cynthia's* never must obtain.

Q

You

You are not ign'rant of Her charms I know,
 Too well by Her they're known, and thence my Woe:
 Yet must I not complain, I own the Fair
 Has justly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
 For I have long profanely laught at Love,
 And oft to make the World despise it, strove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
 With pleasures wing'd my minutes Gaily flew:
 When Beauty wounded, Wine soon freed my soul,
 My peace came swimming in the healing Bowl;
 Or if too weak the Wine against Love's charms,
 I took some Balmy Harlot to my Armes;
 Which always did the rageing pains remove,
 And cool the stings of any other Love.
 In peace and plenty, with still new delights,
 I past my Joyfull days, and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom lost I mourn,
 My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
 Too strong's my passion, as the Nymph too Fair,
 (Ah, Lovely Nymph, must I for ever bear!)

In

In your bright Eyes such Heav'nly Beauty's shine,
 You want but mercy to be all Divine;
 Lost freedom to regain I dare not try,
 That were Rebellion, and I ought to Dye.
 Why shou'd your pow'rfull Charms your pride create,
 Your pride your onely fault, my onely Fate ?

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conquest of Her eyes,
 Since first my Heart was made Her sacrifice,
 And she the panting Victim cou'd despise.
 Yet spite of all Her rigorous disdain,
 I love my Ruine, and I hugg my Chain.

Reason in vain endeavours to persuade
 That I shou'd quit this Haughty, scornfull Maid ;
 Small Passions often make our Reason yeild,
 When Love invades, it well may quit the Feild.

Your hopeless Friend thus Languishing remains,
 Enslav'd by one who will not ease his pains; (plaints
 Smiles when he weeps, and Frowns when he com-

A N
E L E G Y
B Y

The Wife of St. ALEXIAS (a Nobleman of Rome) complaining on his absence, he having left her on his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to go Visit the Christian Churches.

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond a Jesuit.

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the best Youth of Rome,
My fatal Charms sent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miserable Wife,
In tears, and in complaints, must waste my Life;
Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.

He

He leaves me to my anxious cares a Prey ;
 Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you stray,
 Whilst in my Maiden Widdow'd bed I lye,
 More wretched than the Dead, and wish to dye?
 In you were all my hopes, dear Wanderer,
 Your doubted safety now creates my Fear;
 He broak his Vows, he broak our Marriage bond,
 What dangers may a Perjur'd wretch surround, }
 At least his flight his tender Feet may wound. }
 Oh! that I knew which way his course he steers,
 T'wou'd soften much my pains, and lessen much my
 A Letter shou'd inform him of my cares, (fears:
 And he with pity sure wou'd reade my Pray'rs;
 I'd write him lines might move a senseless Stone,
 Nay his hard Heart to feel compassion.
 But, when we write, too slow are the returns,
 Too slow, for one that with my passion burns;
 Letters I wou'd not trust, my self wou'd goe,
 And from my mouth my sorrows he shou'd know.
 By stealth I'll leave my Father's House, t'was you
 Did first, alas ! the sad example shew.

My pressing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I shou'd meet.

Through Desarts I durst go (a tender Maid)

In search of you I cou'd not be afraid.

No dangers shou'd my eager steps retard,

My Innocence, and Love wou'd be my Guard.

If *Dragons* against me their crests shou'd rear,

Or shou'd I meet a *Lyon* or a *Bear*,

I never can be capable of Fear.

David (too young for Toils) a tender Boy,

Cou'd the fierce *Lyon*, and rough *Bear* destroy;

From his small Hand a Pebble cou'd confound,

And strike the Mountain Gyant to the ground.

Th' *Assyrian* General, *Bethulia's* dread,

By a chaste Woman's hand did lose his Head,

And she was by her Guardian Angel led.

Why may not my attempts successfull prove,

Assisted by Divinity, and Love?

With fearless courage I dare undertake

Amazing actions, for my Husband's sake:

Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow thee,

Whether by Land thou wander'st or by Sea ;

Whethe

Whether on Shoar or on the swelling Main,
 One House, one Boat may both of us contain :
 If your sharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
 On that *Ionian* Sea my Barque shall ride.
 If (to contemplate on the sufferings
 And cruel death of the blest King of King's,)
 A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you goe,
 I'll join in Adoration there with you.
 If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
 With you in *Palestine* I'll offer Holy Vows;
 Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
 And leave this temp'rate for that froz'n Air;
 With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
 On the cold top of the *Caucasian* Hill.
 Or shou'd you wander o'er the *Libyan* sand,
 (That vast, and wild, unhospitable Land)
 Through those parch't plains with thee (my Love) I'll
 Nor fear the hungry, Savage Beast of Prey. (stray,
 I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you sail ;
 My Love shall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
 Nothing to follow you wou'd seem a toil.

Thô to the utmost *Indies* you are driv'n,
 Till I can reach your *Armes* I'll know no Hav'n.
 Ah! let chaste Love, propitious Planets keep;
 Safe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
 Yet if my Ship by *Tempests* must be Torn,
 By Artfull stroaks above the Waters born,
 In spite of Nature I shall swim to shoar,
 For love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
 The flaming Constellations are in Love,
 And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;
 But the unsettl'd Waves, nor the inconstant Wind
 Shall ever move my faith, or shake my stedfast mind.
 But if inevitable Fates decree,
 That I must suffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
 (The onely Succour such a Fate can give)
 In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
 There let me rest, till thou shalt find that Shoar
 Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
 There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
 So in the Scaly Monster *Jonas* lay,
 Protected from the fury of the Sea;

Both

Both wondred at their lott, and both rejoyc'd,
 One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his host;
 The third Day came, and then (by Heaven's command)
 The Fish restor'd the Prophet to the Land.
 But if to me no Fish will Favour shew,
 And (dear *Alexias*) I must dye for you;
 Oh Love Divine ! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
 For thee, chaste Authour of my Funeral;
 The Sea shall take my Name, and 'mongst the Stars
 I'll be a guide to wandring Mariners:
 While they with wonder shall repeat my Name,
 A faith like mine deserves no less a Fame;
 They'll doubtless Pray that such a Wife, Above,
 May be rewarded for so chaste a Love;
 And that her Husband there may constant prove. }
 And for the Load of Waters she has born,
 Her Ashes may lye easie in their Urn.
 Alas ! I rave, with Fancies I am fed, }
 Not knowing where my dearest Husband's fled,
 I search him, dreaming in my Widow'd Bed. }
 If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or shoars, (Powers.
 From thee they've learn'd to scorn Love's mighty
 Unheard

Unhear'd, alas! I loose my Amorous groans,
The Winds and Waves refuse to hear my moanes.
Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cause your stay!
If thou hast Piety, Oh! come away:
Ah! suffer not thy absence I shou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canst not return.

A M A B Y L

A M A R Y L L I S,

Or the Third *Idyllium*

O F

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compells my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains stray :
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
In Pastures fresh, and to their watering led ;
And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head. }
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd ?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With Kisses such as set my Soul on Fire :

R 3

But

But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same,
 My heart maintains for both a double Flame.
 Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn,
 So faithfull I, and you so much forsworn!
 I dye, and Death will finish all my pain,
 Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
 What partial Judges are our Love and hate!
 Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
 How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear!
 Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;)
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd;
 And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.
 Look on me Kindly and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some God transform me by his Heavenly pow'r
 Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
 The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
 The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!

The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the tast of bloud;
 His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport!
 Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the fight!
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn!
 Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
 And let me dye contented in your Armes.
 I would not ask to live another Day,
 Might I but sweetly Kifs my Soul away!
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debar'd,
 For Kisses are but empty, when Compar'd!
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
 The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
 Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound;
 And border'd with a Rosie edging round
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
 Since I must dye, why is my Fate defer'd!

I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
 Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,
 Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from high!
 'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
 You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shoar,
 But better pleas'd, if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
 When, seeking my success in Love to know,
 I try'd th' infallible Prophetique way,
 A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
 And which was worse, If any worse cou'd prove,
 The withring leaf foresheew'd your withring Love.
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
 My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheeres;
 And told the Witch *Agreo* my defease,
 (*Agreo* that in Harvest us'd to lease;
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire;
 Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire:)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more ;
 I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore.

And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate ;
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.

A milk-white Goat for you I did provide ;

Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side,

For which the Nut-brown Lads, *Eritthacis*,

Full often offer'd many a favourable Kiss ;

Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,

What Madman would o'erstand his Market twice ?

My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,

Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,

I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.

What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move ?

She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.

Hippomenes, who ran with Noble strife

To win his Lady, or to loose his Life,

(What shift some men will make to get a Wife ?)

Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,

For all her haste she could not chuse but stay :

Renown

Renown said run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
 The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,) I
 That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed : I
 She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble Feet refuse I
 Their wonted Speed, and she took pains to loose. A
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry, I
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye.) I
 From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove I
 His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love : I
 If such another Wager shou'd be laid, I
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid. I
 Why name I Men, when Love extended finds I
 His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds ? I
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took, I
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook. I
 Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar, I
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar. I
 How blest is fair *Endymion* with his Moon, I
 Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon ! I
 What *Jafon* from *Medea's* Love possest, I
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.

My aking Head can scarce support the pain ;
 This curfed Love will surely turn my Brain :
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity,
 Nay then 'tis time to end my dolefull Ditty.
 A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep ;
 My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep :
 I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,
 The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death ;
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
 For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

R P H A R-

My strong Head can scarce support the pain;
I have not time to sleep, and yet you take no Pity.

PHARMACEUTRIA,
OR THE
ENCHANTRESS.
A charming Poem, in which my heart is all day long, as it were, in the arms of my dear Delia.
My heart's eyes are all day long, as it were, in the arms of my dear Delia.

I lay me down to sleep, my heart is all day long, as it were, in the arms of my dear Delia.

Simætha is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one Delphis, and not having seen him in Twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid Thestylis, endeavours by Charms to reduce him.

Translated from THEOCRITUS.
By Mr. William Bowles, of King's
College in Cambridge.

THe Philters, *Thestylis*, and Charms prepare,
Thy, since neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the false Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerfull, can be mov'd.

Twelve

Twelve days, an age to me alas! are past
 Since at these doors, he knock'd, or saw me last;
 Scorn'd and neglected if I live, or no,
 Inhumane as he is, he does not know.
 To some new Mistress sure he is inclin'd,
 For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
 To morrow I'll to the *Palæstra* go,
 And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
 Now to my charm: But you, bright Queen of night,
 Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
 You, mighty Goddess, I invoke; and you,
 Infernal *Hecate* ———
 (When you ascend from the pale shades below
 Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
 A sudden horrour seizes all around,
 The Dogs at your approach affrighted fly,
 Assist, and with your pow'rful aid be nigh;
 Inspire this charm, and may it prove as strong
 As *Circe's* or the bold *Medea's* song.

*Bring back the sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames : d'you stand
 Insensible, you Sot, when I command ?

Or am I scorn'd, and grown a jest to you ?

Strew Salt, and say, thus *Delphis* Bones I strew.

Bring, &c.

As *Delphis* me, so I this Laurel burn,

And as that burns, and does to ashes turn,

And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,

So may false *Delphis* burn in quicker fires.

Bring, &c.

As the Wax melts, which in the fire I cast,

So in Loves flower flames may *Delphis* waste:

And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,

Thô seeming to go on, and quit its ground,

Returns, and in its Magick Circle still is found;

So, thô averse, and fled from my embrace,

May he return, and still maintain his place.

Bring, &c.

Hail, * *Artemis*, and aid me from above; [* *Diana*

You all the stubborn Pow'rs below can move,

Th' Infernal Judges and th' infernal King:

Ring, *Thestylis*, the sounding Brass, haste, ring;

She

She comes, the Goddess comes, the dreadfull cry
Of howling Dogs gives notice she is nigh.

Bring, &c.

See! silent are the Winds, a peacefull sleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and smooth'd the Deep,
But the rough tempest, that distracts my breast,
No calm can find, and will admit no rest.

O Chastity, and violated Fame!

I burn for him whose love's my onely shame.

Bring, &c.

Thus thrice I Sacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddess, what I say:
Who e'er she be, that shares his envi'd Bed,
Proud by her conquest, and my ruine made,
Her honour lost, and she undone, as I,
Deserted and abandon'd may she lye,
As did on *Dia's* shoar the royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty betray'd.

Bring, &c.

Hippomanes but tasted rage inspires,
And with new heat the winged Coursers fires

O'er Fields and Woods, and Mountains tops they go,
 Their rage no bounds, and they no stop can know;
 Such is the plant, and oh! that I might see
 My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.

Bring, &c.

This fringe, which my lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
 This once dear relique thus enrag'd I tear:
 How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like dreins
 From my pale limbs the bloud, and empty Veins!

Bring, &c.

To Morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
 Now, *Thestylis*, this Philter spread arround
 His fatal door———

(There all my thoughts, and my lost senses dwell,
 There thô ill us'd, my Soul continues still)
 And spit and the ingratefull Man devove,
 That flights my passion, and neglects my love.

Bring, &c.

She's gone; and since I now am left alone,
 What shall I say? what first shall I bemoan?
 What was the Cause? whence sprung my ill plac't
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove; (Love?
 When

When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
 Her nuptial Vow to the chaste Goddess paid,
 With savage Beasts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
 And a fierce *Lyonesse* amidst 'em plac'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Theucharila, my Nurse, would see the show,
 She near us dwelt, and beg'd of me to go;
 Her pray'rs, and my ill fate at last prevail'd,
 There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.

Tell, &c.

There all my Ills began; for there, alas!
 I *Delphis* saw, and *Eudamippus* pass:
 Their golden Hair in careless Curls hung down,
 And brighter, (*Cynthia*,) far than you they shone.

Tell, &c.

I saw, and was undone! a subtle fire
 Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot desire;
 The shining Pomp could now no more surprize,
 A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
 When that was ended, I forgot to go,
 How I return'd, or when I did not know;

Ten days, as many restless nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce disease a prey.

Tell, &c.

My flesh all wasted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the strong poison fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou inforce?
To what Enchantress had not I recourse,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.

Tell, &c.

With Sickness wasted, and with Grief oppress'd,
Thus to my Seryant I at last confest:
Haste, *Thestylis*, thy dying Mistress sends,
My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
No remedy for Love but love is found:
In active Sports, and Wrestling he delights,
And in the bright *Palestra* often sits.

Tell, &c.

There watch your time, and softly let him know
Simætha sent you, then my Lodgings show,

She

She did, and streight his sounding feet I heard.
 Gods! but when lovely *Delphis* first appear'd!

Tell, &c.

A death-like cold seiz'd on me from my Brow,
 Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
 Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
 My dying words, when I would speak 'em, hung;
 As when imperfect sounds from Children fall,
 When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.

Tell, &c.

The cruel Man sat down upon my Bed,
 And then with eyes cast downward thus he said:
 In Love you are as far before me gone,
 As young *Philinus* lately I out-run.

Tell, &c.

Had not your kinder Message call'd me home,
 By Love's sweet Joys at night I would have come,
 Arm'd with my Friends I had beset you round,
 And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.

Tell, &c.

Had

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
 For I in swiftness, and in form excell,
 But that my vanquish'd Equals best may tell;
 Some smaller favour then I had desir'd,
 And modestly but with a Kiss retir'd;
 Had you been cruel, and your doors been barr'd,
 With Barrs and Torches for the storm I was prepar'd.

Tell, &c.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
 And next, my fair Preserver, next to you,
 She saw the burning Pain which I endure,
 And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
 For cool and gentle are all other fires
 Compar'd with those which cruel Love inspires.

Tell, &c.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
 Nor darkness them, nor danger can afright,
 Love's mighty power can the young Wife compell
 From her warm sleeping Husband's armes to steal.
 He said: And I a fond, believing Maid
 Prest, and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;

Now

Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
 Warmth to my Bloud, and colour to my Face,
 And, to be short, with mutual Kisses fir'd,
 To the last bliss we eagerly aspir'd,
 And both attain'd, what both alike desir'd.
 Now swift the hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew,
 Calm were our Passions, and no tempest knew,
 No quarrel could disturb our peacefull bed;
 But all those joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora scarce had chas'd away the Night,
 And o'er the World diffus'd her rosie Light,
Philista's mother came, (and as she still
 The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)

She told me first that *Delphis* Lov'd, but who
 She could not tell, but that he Lov'd she knew;
 All signs of some new love she said she found,
 His House adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.
 She tells me true; oh my ill boding fears!
 And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
 His Visits were more frequent, now at last,
 Since he was here twelve tedious days are past.

'Tis so: And can he then so cruel prove,
Am I so soon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to see what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to use me so,
Provokt at last a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death shall ease me of my Care.
So sure the Poison, and so strong the Draught;
The Secret was by an *Affyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the rising Sun your light resign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retar'd your course;
I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
And a sad Cure attend from my despair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the night.

THE
C Y C L O P S.

Theocritus *Idyll. 11th.*

*Englisht by Mr. Duke of Cambridge,
To Dr. Short.*

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:
Sweet to the Sense, and easie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you well know, and surely none so well,
Who both in Physick's sacred Art excell,

And

And in Wit's Orb among the brightest shine,
The Love of *Phæbus*, and the tunefull nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the *Cyclops* strove
To soften his uneasie hours of Love.

Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
And *Galatæa's* eyes kindled the raging fire,

His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;

Nor Flowers, nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to please, curl'd his neglected Hair.

His was all Rage, all Madness; To his Mind
No other Cares their wonted entrance find.

Of from the Feild his Flock return'd alone

Unheeded, unobserv'd: He on some stone,

Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea

Accusing *Galatæa's* Cruelty;

Till Night from the first dawn of opening Day,

Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.

Yet then a Cure, the onely Cure he found,

And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;

From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey

The Floud, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay.)

bna

His

His drooping head with Sorrow bent he hung.
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournfull Song:

Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? soft Love with sharp disdain
Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the sight,
Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose head
The tender Crescents but begin to spread;
Yet cruel You to harshness more incline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eyelid's seal'd with sleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when Sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye.
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they see,
I well remember the first fatal day
That made my Heart your Beauty's easie prey,
'Twas when the Froud You, with my Mother, Haste,
Of all it's brightness, all it's Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the steep Mountain's top,
Of the high Office proud, Hail'd you as God.

To Hyacinths, and Roses did you bring,
 And shew'd you all the Treasures of the Spring.
 But from that hour my Soul has known no rest,
 Soft Peace is banish'd from my tortur'd Breast,
 I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you
 Not the least sign of melting Pity shew:
 No; by the Gods that shall Revenge my pain!
 No; you the more I love the more disdain.
 Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
 Why you despise and fly the *Cyclops* so;
 Because a shaggy Brow from side to side,
 Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
 And under that one onely Eye does shine,
 And my flat Nose to my big Lip does joyn.
 Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thousand sheep,
 The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
 With sweetest Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
 And my vast stock of Cheeses never fails;
 In Summer's heat, or Winter's sharpest cold,
 My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
 With such soft Notes the shrill Pipe inspire,
 That every listning *Cyclops* does admire;

Whilst

While with it often I all night proclaim,
 Thy powerfull charms, and my succesless flame.
 For thee twelve *Does*, all big with Fawn, I feed,
 And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
 Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you shall find
 These are the smallest Gifts for thee design'd.
 Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
 And break themselves against the sounding shoar.
 How much more Pleasant would thy Slumbers be
 In the retir'd and peacefull Cave with me?
 There the streight Cypress and green Laurell joyn,
 And creeping Ivy clasps the cluster'd Vine;
 There fresh, cool Rills, from *Ætna's* purest Snow,
 Dissolv'd into Ambrosial liquor, flow.
 Who the wild Waves, and brackish Sea could chuse,
 And these still Shades, and these sweet Streams refuse?
 But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
 Without a fire defye the winter Air,
 Know I have mighty stores of Wood, and know
 Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
 My Soul, my Life it self should burn for Thee,
 And this One Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why was not I with Fins, like Fishes, made,
 That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
 Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
 And kiss your hand if you your lips deny'd.
 To thee I'd Lilies, and red Poppies bear,
 And flowers that Crown each Season of the Year.
 But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive
 Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
 That th'undiscover'd Pleasures I may know
 Which you enjoy in the deep Floud below.
 Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
 Like me that on this Rock unmindfull sit,
 (Of all things else unmindfull but of thee)
 Home to return forget, and live with me.
 With me the sweet and pleasing Labour chuse,
 To feed the Flock, and Milk the burthen'd Ewes,
 To press the Cheese, and the sharp Runnet to infuse.
 My Mother does unkindly use her Son,
 By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
 For me she never labours to prevail,
 Nor whispers in your Ear my am'rous Tale.

No;

No ; thô she knows I languish every day,
 And sees my Body waste, and strength decay.
 But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
 And of my Head, and of my Feet complain ;
 That, in her Breast if any Pity lye,
 She may be sad, and griev'd as well as I.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy Reason fled?
 If your young Lambs with new pluckt boughs you fed,
 And watch'd your Flock, would you not seem more
Milk what is next, Pursue not that which flies. (Will?
 Perhaps you may, since This proves so unkind,
 Another fairer *Galatea* find.

Me many Virgins as I pass invite
 To waste with them in Love's soft Sports the Night,
 And if I but incline my listening Ear,
 New Joys, new Smiles in all their looks appear.
 Thus We, it seems, can be belov'd ; and We,
 It seems, are Somebody as well as She.

Thus did the Cyclops far his raging fire,
 And sooth'd with gentle Verse his fierce Desire
 Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
 Than if the Riches of the World were his.

C Æ L I A.

By Mr. Duke.

Fly swift, ye Hours, ye sluggish Minutes fly,
 Bring back my Love or let her Lover dye.
 Make haste, O Sun and to my eyes once more,
 My *Celia* brighter than thy self restore.
 In spite of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,
 Her Eyes alone can the glad beams display,
 That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.
 O when will she lift up her sacred Light!
 And chase away the flying shades of Night!
 With Her how fast the flowing hours run on?
 But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?
 So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
 So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,
 Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.
 O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,
 To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!
 O how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
 And cheer my own with their reflected rays!
 How my impatient, thirsty Soul does long
 To hear the charming Musick of thy Tongue!
 Where pointed Wit with solid Judgment grows,
 And in one easie stream united flows,
 When e'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
 You call up every Soul to every Ear!

Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
 Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;
 Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
 As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.
 But Oh! when Wit and Sense with Beauty's joyn'd,
 The Woman's sweetness with the manly mind,
 When Nature with so just a hand does mix,
 The most engaging charms of either Sex;
 And out of both that thus in one combine
 Does something form not humane but Divine,

What's her command but that we all adore
The noblest work of her almighty power !
Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.
Where Nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the Liberty to Disobey.
And whensoever she does a Poet make,
She gives him Verse but for thy Beauties sake.
Had I a Pen that could at once impart
Soft *Ovid's* Nature and high *Virgil's* Art,
Then the immortal *Saccharissa's* Name
Should be but second in the list of Fame;
Each grove each shade should with thy praise be fill'd,
And the fam'd *Penshurst* to our *Windsor* yield.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

To the University of Oxon.

Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the Acting of the

Silent Woman,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

What Greece, when Learning flourish'd, only
(*Athenian Judges,*) you this day Renew.

Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,

And here Poetique prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, Crown'd with *Olives* sit,

And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.

A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,

Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: (see.

A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have wish'd to

Here they who long have known the usefull Stage,

Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.

As your Commissioners our Poets goe,
 To Cultivate the Virtue which you sow:
 In your *Lycæum*, first themselves refine,
 And Delegated thence to Humane kind.
 But as Embassadors, when long from home,
 For new Instructions to their Princes come;
 So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and Faults elsewhere by them are shown,
 But by your Manners they Correct their Own.
 Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies:
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began,
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;
 Sees Vertue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
 An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade,
 There Haughty Dunces whose unlearned Pen
 Could ne'er Spell Grammar, would be reading Men.
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,

And

And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
 To such a Fame let more Town-Wits aspire,
 And their Gay Nonsense their own Cits admire.
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* bands,
 But knows *that* Right is in this Senates hands.
 Not Impudent enough to hope your Praise,
 Low at the Muses feet, his Wreath he lays,
 And where he took it up Resigns his Bays.
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by the same.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor Dutch Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* arms
 (draw near,
 Than We with our Poetique train come down
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town ;
 Heaven

Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French Troop* first swept all things in its way,
But those *Hot Monsieurs* were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

The *Italian Merry-Andrews* took their place,
And quite Debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace,
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses Fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.

Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite Dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are Play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be Lay'd:
Art Magique is for Poetry profess'd,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *Ægyptian* Dotards once did Bow,
 Upon our *English* stage are worship'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Macbeth, the *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,
 And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
 In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,
 By you those Staple Authours worth is known,
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your Own. }
 When you, who onely can, their Scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE, to the *University of Oxford*, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

Poets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd
 T' unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's
 Whentyr'd with following Nature, you think fit (mind;
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
 And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.

SW

Here

Here free your selves, from Envie, Care and Strife,
 You view the various turns of humane Life :
 Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
 And Undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
 Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
 As in Mechanick operations wrought;
 And Man the Little world before you set,
 As once the Sphere of Chrystal, shew'd the Great :
 Blest sure are you above all Mortal kind:
 If to your Fortunes you can Suit your Mind.
 Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,
 And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know :
 With joy we bring what our dead Authours writ,
 And beg from you the value of their Wit.
 That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnson's* claim
 May be Renew'd from those, who gave them fame.
 None of our living Poets dare appear,
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here;
 That conscious of their Faults they shun the Eye,
 And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly,
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye.

We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
 Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown.
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest Judges still can Pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pit,
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
 Disdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,
 Hating themselves, what their Applause must make:
 But when to Praise from you they would Aspire
 Though they like Eagles Mount, your *Jove* is Higher.
 So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r transcends,
 As what *should* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by Mrs. Boutell.*
Written by Mr. Dryden.

O F T has our Poet wish'd, this happy Seat
 Might prove his fading Muses last retreat :
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind ;
 Which noisfull Towns, and Courts can never know,
 And onely in the shades like Laurels grow.

Youth

Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies rest,
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching ev'n you, (while the next World we show)
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Batbursi, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd,
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
 Such Ancient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests
 Such Modesty did to our sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here.

Converse so chaste, and so strict Vertue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

Prologue to the University of Oxford

Discord, and Plots which have undone our Age
 With the same ruine, have o'erwhelm'd the
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe, (Stage.
 We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
 Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder hearted,
 To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
 With bonny Blewcap there they act all night
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence hight.
 One Nymph, to whom fat *Sir John Falstaff*'s lean,
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.
 Another, with long use, and Age decay'd,
 Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a Maid.
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time,
 There strutt and swagger in Heroique rhyme:

Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget sute,
 And there's a Heroe made without dispute.
 And that which was a Capons tayl before,
 Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.
 But all his Subjects, to express the care
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
 Lac'd Linen there wou'd be a dangerous thing,
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring.
 The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.
 But why shou'd I these Renegades describe,
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe.
 Teg has been here, and to this learned Pit,
 With *Irish* action slander'd *English* Wit.
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
 As merited a second Massacre.
 Such as like *Cain* were branded with disgrace,
 And had their Country stamp't upon their Face:
 When Stroulers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse,
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place, where Wit can never sterve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

University of OXFORD:

By *Mr. Dryden.*

THo' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most.

We love the Praises of a Learned Pit,

As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.

We speak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,

Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore:

Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,

Discern how much, and why, our Poems take.

Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sence, rejoyce,

Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice.

When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly

Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: (raise,

We doubt that Scene which does their wonder

And, for their ignorance condemn their Praise.

T

Judge

Judge then, if We who Act, and They who Write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving You delight.

London likes grossly, but this nicer Pit

Examines, Fathoms all the depths of Wit:

The ready Finger lays on every Blot, (not.

Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd

Nature her self lies open to your view,

You judge by Her what draught of Her is true,

Where out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint,

Where Bunglers dawb, and where True Poets

But by the Sacred Genius of this Place, (Paint.

By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,

Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,

And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.

Our Poets hither for Adoption come,

As Nations shou'd to be made Free of *Rome*.

Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,

But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band.

~~This~~ His Ambition may those Hopes pursue,

Who with Religion loves Your Arts and You,

Oxford to Him a dearer Name shall be,
 Than His own Mother Univerſity.
Thebes did His Green, unknowing Youth ingage,
 He chuſes *Athens* in His Riper Age.

EPILOGUE

TO OXFORD:

Spoken by *Mrs. Marſhal*, Writ by *Mr. Dryden*.

O Ft has our Poet wiſh'd, This happy Seat
 Might prove His fading Muſes laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh; but now *I* find,
 He here fought quiet, and content of Mind:
 Which noiſeful Towns and Courts can never
 And only in the Shades, like Lawrels grow. (know,
 Youth, e're it ſees the World, here ſtudies reſt,
 And Age, returning thence, concludes it beſt.
 What wonder, if we court that happineſs,
 Yearly to ſhare, which Hourly You poſſeſs?

Teaching ev'n You, while the vext World we
 Your Peace to value more, and better know. (Show
 'Tis all we can return for Favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last.
 For Patronage from Him whose care presides,
 O're every Noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurst, a Name the Learn'd with Rev'rence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
 Whose Age enjoys but what His Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before He serv'd.
 His Learning and untainted Manners too,
 We find, *Athenians*, are deriv'd to You.
 Such ancient Hospitality there rests
 In Yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Brefts,
 Where Kindness was Religion to their Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As, had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of You was our Protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Vertue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.

Till

Till our Return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing and so kind.

The Prologue at OXFORD, 1680.

By *Mr. Dryden*.

T*Hespis*, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass, (Cart.
Dicitur & Plautus, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But *Escalus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned sport,
Of Tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court* ;
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,
Still to be Plotting some New Reformation;
And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here Erect his Throne.

Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,
 And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
 Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to Pot,
 For disbelieving of a Popish Plot :
 Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
 And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells* :
 Nor shou'd we scape the Sentence, to Depart,
 Ev'n in our first Original, A Cart.
 No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
 To Maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan* :
 Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,
 Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast :
Scot, Swarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
 As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown ;
 And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe,
 Some say He call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe,
 Which by some little help of Derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR:

Written by *Mr. Dryden*.

TO say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass You now.
 Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit ;
 When few Men censur'd , and when fewer Writ.
 And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this,
 As the best model of his Master-piece :
 Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;
 Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,
 He lik'd the Fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.
 But *Ben* made Nobly his, what He did mould,
 What was anothers Lead, becomes His Gold:
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror He Reigns,
 Yet Rules that well, which He unjustly gains.
 But this our Age such Authors does afford, (word:
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce Write one

Who in this Anarchy of Wit, Rob all ;
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to Prey,
 But Rob by Sunshine, in the face of Day.
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of Stand Sir, and deliver up Your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owners Face.
 Faith, if you have such Country *Tom's* abroad,
 'Tis time for all True Men to leave that Road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said
 They Strip the Living, but these Rob the Dead :
 Dare with the Mummyes of the Muses Play,
 And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way :
 Or as a Rhyming Author would have said,
 Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some part,
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreats
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand. (stand
 They

They make the benefits of others studying,
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack Pudding*,
 Whose dish to challenge, no Man has the courage,
 'Tis all his own when once h'has spit i'th' Porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault for what they do amiss.
 For They their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not Steal, unless You please to wink.
 Perhaps, You may award by Your Decree,
 They shou'd refund, but that can never be.
 For should You Letters of Reprisal Seal, (steal.
 These Men Write that which no Man else would

Prologue to *ARVIRAGUS REVIV'D*:

Spoken by Mr. *Hart*.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

With sickly Actors and an old House too, (New
 We're match'd with Glorious Theatres and
 And

And with our Alehouse Scenes, and Cloaths bare
 Can neither raise Old Plays, nor New adorn. (worn,
 If all these ills could not undo us quite,
 A Brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
 To laugh, and break your Buttons at their Play.
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
 Is fal'n from some incomparable Plume ;
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.
 We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French*.
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
 Neither to Hear nor See, but show their Breeding.
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
 To make it seem they understood the Jest :
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To teach Us *English* where to Clap the Play :
 Civil *Isad* : Our Hospitable Land,
 Bears all the charge for them to understand :

Mean

Mean time we Languish, and neglected lye,
 Like Wives, while You keep better Company;
 And wish for our own sakes, without a Satyr,
 You'd less good Breeding, or had more good Nature.

Prologue Spoken the first day of
 the King's House Acting after
 the Fire.

Writ by Mr. Dryden.

SO Shipwrackt Passengers escape to Land, (stand
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o're,
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.

From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
 Our Stage does Humane Chance present to view,
 But ne're before was seen so sadly true.

You are chang'd too, and Your pretence to see,
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.

Your

Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts, (guests,
 While You the Founders make your selves the
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
 'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and Fair.
 You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you mourn,
 Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn,
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
 But as our new built City rises higher,
 So from Old Theatres may New aspire,
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
 Our Great Metropolis does far surpass
 What e're is now, and equals all that was :
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit Excel,
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
 Talk high, and Entertain You in a Shed :
 Your Prefence here (for which we humbly Sue)
 Will Grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

Prologue

Prologue for the Women, when
they Acted at the Old THEATRE
in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

W Here none of you Gallants e're driven so ^{(hard,}
As when the poor kind Soul was under
And couldnot do't at home, in some by-street, (guard
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Case, We can't appoint our House,
The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvouz.
But hither to this trusty Nook remove,
The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug
Is stoln in Garrets on the humble Rugg.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midst may Sit.
And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Masque, and o're the Benches stride:

Here

Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
 For those that make the most triumphant show,
 All that keep Coaches must not Sit below.
 There Gallants, You betwixt the Acts retire,
 And at dull Plays have something to admire :
 We who look up, can Your Addresses mark ;
 And see the Creatures Coupled in the Ark :
 So we expect the *Lovers, Braves, and Wits,*
 The Gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for *Citts.*

A Prologue spoken at the Opening of
 the NEW HOUSE, *Mar. 26. 1674.*

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

A Plain Built House after so long a stay,
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away ;
 When, fal'n from your expected Pomp, you find
 A bare convenience only is design'd.
 You who each day can Theatres behold,
 Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,

Our

Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.

Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
And a plain Sute (since we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry known. }

They who are by Your Favours wealthy made,
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade :

We, broken Banquers, half destroy'd by Fire,
With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire,
Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire. }

For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,

We yield in both, and only beg to Live.

Unable to support their vast Expence,

Who Build, and Treat with such Magnificence ;

That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,

They give the Law to our Provincial Stage :

Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,

While they impose their Splendor on the less.

But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,

Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,

The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat. }

Yet

Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud :
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,
 What e're He's pleas'd to own, can need no show :
 That Sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest Mettals pass.
 Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise, Plays.
 To build a Play-House while You throw down
 Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
 And for the Pencil You the Pen disdain.
 While Troops of famisht *Frenchmen* hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live :
 Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place
 To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race ;
 More tamely, than your Fathers You submit,
 You'r now grown Vassals to 'em in your wit :
 Mark, when they Play, how our fine Fops advance,
 The mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,
 Keep Time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence : }

VVell,

Well please your selves, but sure 'tis understood,
 That *French* Machines have ne'r done *England*
 I wou'd not prophesie our Houses Fate : (good :
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
 Tis to be fear'd——
 That as a Fire the former House o'rethrew,
 Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

Epilogue by the same Author.

(true,
THough what our Prologue said was sadly
 Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
 A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, You.
 A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
 Tho' She's no Lady, you may think her such,
 A strong imagination may do much.
 But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
 Criticks in Plume and white vallancy Wig,
 Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
 And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)

Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you
 Yet you like him, have neither heat nor Soul; (roul,
 So may your Hats your Foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress ;
 So may you slowly to Old Age advance,
 And have th' excuse of Youth for Ignorance.
 So may Pop corner full of noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive train ;
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to Love;
 So may not *France* your Warlike Hands recall,
 But leave you by each others Swords to fall :
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
 When sober, rail and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the Wits we can some merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
 Of ill pay'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights ;
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
 Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.

The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
 Of Rhyme, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their Wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will Play;
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way }
 To please, we'l find you Abler Men who may.
 If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed }
 A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed :
 (You know the *French* sure cards at time of need.) }

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WEre you but half so Wise as y'are Severe,
 Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear.
 To his green Years your Censures you would suit,
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.
 The Sex that best does pleasure understand;
 Will always chuse to err on t'other hand.

V 2

They

They check not him that's awkward in delight,
 But Clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him
 Thus heart'nd well-andflesh'd upon his prey, (right.
 The Yonth may prove a Man another day.

Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight
 Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.

But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each were guilty of some *sighted Maid*. }

Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore* :
 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,

All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

A slender Poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.

Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,
 But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.

Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise.

That

That he may get more bulk before he dyes,
 He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
 Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to Write, and you to Judge.

An Epilogue for the KINGS HOUSE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

WE A&t by fits and starts, like drowning Men,
 But just peep up, and then dop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked, change their sence,
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken Citts, nor a Vacation Whore.
 Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
 So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* cou'd Divine,
 He might have spar'd his dream of 7 Lean Kine,
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.

The *Comet*, that they say portends a Dearth,
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Playhouse* Earth.
 Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third days*,
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
 For then the Printers Press would suffer more.
 Their Pamphleteers each day their venom spit,
 They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.
Looking above. Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
 Four Farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?
 Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heracitus*.
 Such are the Authors who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
 Yet these are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhymes,
 Y'abuse your selves more dully than the Times.
 Scandal, the Glory of the *English* Nation,
 Is worn to Raggs, and scribbl'd out of fashion.
 Such harmless thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife,
 They had agreed their Play before their prize:

Faith,

Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows
 'Tis just like Children when they Box with pillows.
 Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
 Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
 Throw down his Pen, and give Her as He can,
 The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princess of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
 I long to whisper something in your Ear :
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.
 A Man that's false to Love, that Vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets !
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very Bawd.
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast,
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest ;

None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive,
 Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
 Their *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
 To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear;
 Now tho' we Lye, w're too well bred to Swear.
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too. ('em,
 And when found out excuse themselves, Pox cant
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
 I'm not Book Learn'd to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
 I'me sure I never heard that Schritchow! hollow'd
 In my poor ears, but Separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd Villains e're be Saved,
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.
 With Vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new Face Ride out a padding.

Yet?

Yet, by their favour when they have bin Kissing,
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing :
 Well ! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they'r at Renouncing, 'tis our parts,
 To trump their Diamonds, as they trump our Hearts

Epilogue to the Princess of *Cleves*,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men !
 We Women Love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
 By growling, squaling, and a hideous noise.
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying, I
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying;
 The prodigal of Love gives each her part,
 And squandring shows, at least, a noble Heart.
 I've heard of Men, who in some lew'd Lampoon,
 Have hir'd a Friend, to make their valour known.

That

That Accufation ftraight, this queftion brings,
 What is the Man that does fuch naughty things ?
 The Spaniel Lover, like a Sneaking Fop,
 Lyes at our Feet. He's fcarce worth taking up ;
 'Tis true, fuch Hero's in a Play go far,
 But Chamber practice, is not like the Bar.
 When Men fuch vile, fuch faint Petitions make,
 We fear to give, becaufe they fear to take ;
 Since Modesty's the Vertue of our kind,
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
 When Men ufurp it from the Female Nation,
 'Tis but a work of Supererrogation. ———
 We fhould a Princefs in the Play. 'Tis true,
 Who gave her *Cæfar* more than all his due.
 Told her own Faults, but I fhould much abhor,
 To choofe a Husband for my Confeflor.
 You fee what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
 Had ſhe Confefs't as much to him ſhe lov'd.

True

True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

Spoken, To the *Queen* in *Trinity-
College New-Court* in *Cambridge*.

Written by Mr. D U K E.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That ma'k't a Crown sit soft on *Charles's*
Head ;
In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat ;
Meekness with Power, and Piety with State ;
Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame ; (claim
Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,
And only Useless is on such a King ;
See, Mighty Princess, see how every Brest,
With Joy and Wonder, is at once possess'd :
Such was the Joy, which the first Mortals knew,
When Gods descended to the peoples view,
Such

Such devout Wonder did it then afford,
 To see those Pow'rs they had unseen ador'd,
 But they were Feign'd: Nor if they had been true,
 Could shed more Blessings on the Earth than you.
 Our Courts enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
 To make Reception for so great a Train;
 Here may your Sacred Brest rejoyce to see,
 Your own Age strive with Ancient Piety,
 Soon now, since Blest by your Auspicious Eyes,
 To full Perfection shall our Fabrick rise.

Less powerful Charms than Yours of old could
 call,

The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
 And Ours which Now its rise to You shall owe,
 More fam'd than that by Your great Name shall
 (grow,

Floriana,

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL upon the Death
of her Grace the Dutcheſs of
Southampton.

By Mr. D U K E.

Damon.

Tell me my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine
Eyes,

Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? let 'em for ever ſtray: (may
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now She ſmil'd:

Alas!

Alas ! She smil'd ; for to the lovely Maid
 None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd :
 Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
 As long as thou art true, and She is kind,
 A Grief so great, as may prevail above
 Even *Damon's* Friendship, or *Dorinda's* Love ?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrs.* But, *Damon*
 (there may be :

What if the charming *Floriana* die ?

Damon. Far be the Omen ! *Thyrs.* But suppose it
 (true.

Damon. Then should I grieve my *Thyrsis*, more
 (than you :

She is — *Thyrs.* Alas ! She was, but is no more ;
 Now, *Damon*, now, let thy swollen eyes run o're :
 Here to this Turf by thy sad *Thyrsis* grow,
 And when my streams of Grief too shallow flow,
 Let in thy Tide to raise the Torrent high,
 Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon

Damon. Then that to this wilst height the Floud
 (might swell,
Friend, I will tell thee. Th. Friend, I thee will tell,
 How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.
 Oh ! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
 Blessing their Babes when first they see the Day.
 Beauty and She were one ; for in her Face
 Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace ;
 Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudest aw,
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
 The Humblest, and to both give equal Law.
 How was She wondred at by every Swain ?
 The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain :
 On all She shin'd, and spreading glories cast
 Diffusive of her self, where 're She past,
 There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow
 From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow :
 Even me sometimes She with a Smile would grace,
 Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.

Nor

Nor did *Dorinda* barr me the Delight
 Of feasting on her Eyes my longing Sight :
 But to a Being so sublime, so pure,
 Spar'd my devotion, of my Love secure.

Damon. Her Beauty such: but Nature did design }
 That only as an answerable Shrine }
 To the Divinity that's lodg'd within. }

Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so
 (bright,

As Clouds are guilt by the Sun's piercing Light.

In her smooth Forehead we might read exprest

The even Calmness of her gentle Breast :

And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ

The active vigour of her youthful Wit.

Each Beauty of the Body or the Face

Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.

Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,

As Innocence could make it, was her Mind ;

Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,

Like those, who being dull, would grave appear ;

Who

Who out of guilt do Chearfulness despise;
And being fullen, hope men think 'em wise.
How would the listning Shepherds round her
(throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming
(Tongue!
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whose powerful Hand sustains,
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the
(Plains,
Of all his Cares made her the tender'st part;
And great *Lovisa* lodg'd her in her Heart.
Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourn-
(ing keep,
When *Pan* himself, and fair *Lovisa* weep?
When those blest Eyes by the kind gods design'd
To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April* drops upon the Springing Flowers;
X Such

Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,
 When at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead ;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her *Cestus*, and unyoakt her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa*
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb ; (come,
 And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
 Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
 With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours
 About her last obscure and silent Bed ; (shed
 Still praying as you gently move your feet,
 Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers sweet.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely
 (Train,
 As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain :

Lovisa mournful far above the rest,
 In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dress'd :
 Just are her Tears, when She reflects how soon
 A Beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourish'd, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone! }

Damon.

Damon. O She is gone! gone like a new-born
 (flower,
 That deck'd some Virgin-Queens delicious Bowers;
 Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,
 And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast :
 But flow'rs return, and coming Springs disclose,
 The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose ;
 But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,
 And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

Thyrsis. O She is set ! set like the falling Sun ;
 Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone !
 Alas ! the Sun that's set, again will rise,
 And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies :
 But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
 When its short glory to the West declines,
 O there's no hope of the returning Light ;
 But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of AMYNTA, for the Death of DAMON.

By Mr. Dryden.

S O N G.

ON a bank, beside a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:

From the chearless Dawn of Morning

Till the Dew's of Night returning

Singing thus she made her mone:

Hope is banish'd

Joys are vanish'd;

Damon, my belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to discover

Such a Youth, and such a Lover,

Oh so true, so kind was he!

Damon

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me :

Melting Kiffes

Murmuring Bliffes,

Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

3.

Never shall we curse the Morning,

Never bless the Night returning,

Sweet Embraces to restore :

Never shall we both ly dying

Nature failing, Love supplying

All the Joyes he drain'd before :

Death, come end me !

To befriend me ;

Loye and *Damon* are no more.

X 3

The

The Praises of *Italy* out of *Virgil's*
Second GEORGIC.

By Mr. *Cheerwood*.

Sed neque Medorum Sylvaë, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whose happy soyl
With choicest Fruits prevents the labourers
Nor *Ganges* streams blessing his fertile land (toyl,
Nor *Hermus* self rolling on golden sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the prize contest,
Less gay the glorious Kingdoms of the East, (blest.)
Nor *Araby*, with all her gums and spice, is half so
No Hydra's she, or monstrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Nostrils blast the Air;
Nor Dragons teeth sown in the wondring field
Do short-liv'd Harvests of arm'd brethren yield;
But vital fruits she brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And fairest Cattel do her Meads adorn.

The

Her warlike Horse is of the noblest Race,
 Who proudly prances o're his native Place.
 And where thy Magic streams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
 The flocks are white as the fresh falling snow.
 Heaven do's so much those sacred Victims prize
 'Twill give a *Conquest* for a *Sacrifice*.

As in the North 'tis Winter makes the year,
 The Spring and Autumn are the seasons here,
 Cattel breed twice, & twice the *restless* furrows
 (bear.)

But Heav'n has banish'd hence rough beasts of
 No hungry Lions on the Mountains stray, (prey,
 Nor monstrous snakes make insecure the fear-
 (ful travellers way.

Nature did this; but Industry and Art
 To the rich mass did nobler forms impart.
 Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities rise, (skies.
 Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the
 Here, pleasant seats by which clear streams do pass
 Gaze on their shadows in the liquid Glass:

There

There, big with story, ancient Walls do show
 Their reverend heads ; beneath fam'd rivers flow.
 The Sea, which would *surround* the happy place,
 Do's it on both sides with his arms embrace :
 And stately Galleys which the *Adria* ride,
 Bring the world's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
 The spacious Lakes with level prospect please,
 Or swell, an imitation of the Seas.
 What shou'd I tell how Art cou'd undertake
 To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake ?
 The Rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
 Whilst angry Surges spend their rage in vain.
 As *Cæsar's* Arms all Nations can subdue,
 So *Cæsar's* Works can conquer Nature too.
 Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
 And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold ;
 But her chief Treasures without which the rest are
 Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. (vain,
 She bred the *Marſian* who ne're knew to yield,
 And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field :

Trium-

Triumphant Cottagers, whose frugal hand
 Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command :
Decii devoted for the publick good,
 Compounding for whole Armies with their blood :
Camillus saviour of the sinking State,
 Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman Eagles* bore so far,
 And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
 You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green years did more
 Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.

You towards th' East your glorious course do
India forgets now to adore the Sun. (run,
 Hail ! happy soil, Learning and Empires Seat,
 Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat.
 To you I Græcian Arts in Triumph bring,
 And your just Praise in lasting numbers sing.

The

The Ninth ODE of the Fourth Book of HORACE.

By Mr. Stepney.

VErſes Immortal (as my Bays) I Sing,
 When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
 When by ſtrange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
 To make one pleaſant Harmony.
 All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
 (For none e're had the ſacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-plac'd Lawrel from his aged head;)
 Yet *Pindars* rolling Dithyrambique Tide,
 Hath ſtill this Praise, that none preſume to fly
 Like Him, but flagg too low, or ſoar too high.
 Still does *Stefichorus* his Tongue
 Sing ſweeter than the Bird which on it hung.

Anacreon

Anacreon ne're too Old can grow,
 Love from every Verse does flow :
 Still *Sappho's* strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her Sex to Love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
 More than *Hellen* did insnare ;
 Others a Princes Grandeur did admire,
 And wondring, melted to desire.
 Not only skilful *Tencer* knew
 To direct Arrows from the bended Ewgh.
Troy more than once did fall,
 Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.
 Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
 A Subject fit for lasting Poetry ?
 Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
 Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own ?

Was

Was only He so brave to dare his Fate,
 And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
 No, Others buried in Oblivion lye,
 As silent as their Grave,
 Because no charitable Poet gave
 Their well-deserved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
 Are level'd in th' Impartial Grave,
 If they no Poet have.

But I will lay my Musick by,
 And bid the mournful strings in silence lye;
 Unless my Songs begin and end with You,
 To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
 No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.

Should Fortune change your happy state,
 You could Admire, yet Envy not, the Great.

Your

Your equal Hand holds an unbyas'd Scale,
 Where no rich Vices, guilded Baits prevail.
 You with a gen'rous Honesty despise,
 What all the meaner World so dearly prize.

Nor does Your Virtue disappear,
 With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year.
 Others, like Comets, visit and away ;
 Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

4.

We barbarously call those Blest,
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,
 Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owners rest.

More truly Happy those ! who can
 Govern the little Empire, Man :
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
 Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill.
 Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Who

Who in a fixt unalterable state,

Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,

And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate.

Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,

Loth to purchase Life so dear :

But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,

And seal their Countries Love with their departing
(breath.

H O R. O D E 15. Lib. 2. Imitated.

Jam pauca aratro jugera,

In sui seculi luxnriam.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Then this unweildy Factionous Town,

To such prodigious bulk is grown,

It on whole Counties stands, and now

Land will be wanting for the *Plow*.

Those remnants too the *Boors* forsake,

Frish must the Nation undertake.

As

As in a *Plague* the Fields shall *desart* lye,
 Whilst all men to the mighty *Pesthouse* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be seen,
 'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green.
 Lime-trees, and Plane, for *pleasure* made,
 Which for their *Fruit* bear only *Shade*.
 Such as do Female Men content,
 With *useless* shew and *barren* scent.
 The *British Oak* will shortly be as rare,
 As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure
 Your Fathers did those Lands procure.
 They preferr'd Use to empty shew,
 No softning *French* refinements knew.

Them-

Themselves, their House, their Table, plain,
 Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
 And *Labour* crown'd hard beds with easie sleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
 Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest store.
 They did adorn their Native Place
 With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
 They in large Palaces did dwell,
 Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
 Stately Cathedrals they did Found,
 Whose Ruines now deform the ground.
 Churches and Colledges endow'd with Lands,
 Whose *poor Remains* fear *Sacrilegious Hands*.

The

The sixteenth O D E
Of the second Book
O F
H O R A C E.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.

Y

Since

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Or from the Monarchs roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little blest
Of what his Father left possest ;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend ?
From shore to shore why should we run
When none his tiresome self can shun ?

For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,
'Twill dodge the Great mans train behind,
Out run the *Roe*, out flie the wind.

If then thy soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
Another's lingring death comes slow ;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does Best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

The

The First E P O D.

O F

H O R A C E.

I.

Then you, *Mæcenas*, with your train,
 Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
 Expose your self to the rough Main,
 And *Cæsars* threatening danger meet.
 Whilst in ignoble ease I am left behind,
 And shall I call you cruel, or too kind?

2.

Pastimes and Wine, which verse inspire,
 Are tasteless all now you are gone,
 Untun'd is both my mind, and Lyre,
 And in full Courts I seem alone.
 The relish you to my enjoyments give,
 And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly live.

Then

3.

Then should I a young Seaman grow,

And take a Cutlace in my hand ?

Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,

Or tread scorch'd *Afric's* treacherous sand.

And I perhaps could fight, or such as I,

At least, instead of better men cou'd die.

4.

You'll say, what are my pains to you ?

I'm not for War, and action made :

Bid me my humble care pursue,

Seek Winter Sun, and Summer shade.

Whilst both your great example, and Commands

Require more active, and experienc'd hands.

5.

If you say this, you never knew

Friendship, the noblest part of love ;

What for her Fawn can the old One do

Or for her young the timorous Dove ?

They'r

They'r more at ease, tho helpless, being near,
And absence, even in safety, causes fear.

6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I wou'd take.

- But don't whats sayd on *vertues* score,
For *servile* flattery mistake.

No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I seek, nor aim so low as to be Great.

7.

I never lik'd those restless minds,
Which by mean arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Wind*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.

Kind heav'n assures me I shall ne're be poor,
And Os-----n be damn'd to encrease his store.

*EPILOGUE intended to have been spoken
by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth
when Calisto was acted at Court.*

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love,
A glorious burden, which the Wise remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not sue nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God Command;
No *Jove* could e're the force of these withstand.
Tis here that Sovereign Pow'r admits dispute,
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen *Catoes*, whatsoe're they say,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more easie make
And gracefully what all must suffer take.

Above

Above those forms the Grave affect to wear ;
For'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful Triumphs with your cares you
(bought;
And from the midst of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot brains despise;
You knew its worth, and made it early prize :
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity.
Two glorious Nymphs of your one Godlike line,
Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and
(shine:
Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

Virgils

VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

TRANSLATED
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



Printed in the Year, 1684.

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T H E
First Eclogue.

By JOHN CARYLL Esq;

THe Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the Name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general Calamity of his Mantuan Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Souldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of Cremona; who in the Civil Wars, joyned with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melibeus; as also by Amarillis, the City of Rome, by Galatea, that of Mantua are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God; and the better to set this off, he brings in Melibeus, viz. B^h Mantuan

A 2

tuan Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men, Virgil shadws over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And because Slaves did not commonly use to be infanchist, till Age had made them useles for Labour, to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old man, as by the Candidior barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently appears; though in reality, Virgil at that time was young, and then first made known to Augustus, by the recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends, Varus, and Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oakes diffuse,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.

We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITY-

TITRVS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)

O *Melibeus* ! did this Grace bestow.

The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed :

He every Blessing on his Creatures brings ;

By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-

(man sings.

MELIBEVS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate, (State.

Which thus exempts you from our wretched
Look on my Goats that browze, my Kids that

(play,

Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,

And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,

(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair !)

Has left 'em in yond brakes, beside the way,

Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of prey.

Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,

This dire Calamity I had divin'd.

'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudest voice,
 Rending our tallest Oakes with dismal noise :
 Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
 And long from hollow tree were heard to grone.
 But say : What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd ?

T I T Y R U S.

The Place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd,
 Was like our *Mantua*, where on Market-days,
 We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds
(praise ;)

So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,
 And so the Great I measur'd by the less.

But other Towns when you to her compare,
 They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

M E L I B E U S.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

T I T Y R U S.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come :
 She came not till cold Winter did begin,
 And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin ;

Nor

Nor then, till *Galatea* I forsook,
 For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look.
 No hope for Liberty, I must confess,
 No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,
 Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain :
 For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,
 Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,
 Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,
 Yet still with empty hands I trotted home.

M E L I B E U S.

I wonder'd (*Galatea* !) whence should come,
 Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long
 Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung?
 Absent was *Tityrus* ! Thee every Dale,
 Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call !

T I T T R U S.

What should I do ? I could not here be free,
 And only in that place could hope to see
 A God propitious to my Liberty,

There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold,
 Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold,
 My loaded Altars never shall be cold.

He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed
 In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

M E L I B E U S.

Happy old Man ! thy Farm untoucht remains,
 And large enough ; though it may ask thy pains,
 To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains.
 Thy teeming Ews will no strange Pastures try,
 No murrain fear from tainted Company.

Thrice happy Swain ! guarded from *Sirian* beams,
 By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
 Look on that bordering Fence, whose Osier Trees
 Are fraught with flowers , whose flowers are
 (fraught with Bees :

How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
 (Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare !

At

At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
The Wood-man joyns with these his rustick

(Songs :

Stock-doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note. (Throat

TITRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall Dwellers change,
Fish on dry ground, Stags shall on water range :
The *Parthians* shall commute their bounds with

(Franks,

Those shall on *Soan*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,
E're I his God-like Image from my heart,
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we must come to Parts remote, unknown,
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone :

These frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* those,
Cretan Oasis others must inclose :

Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,
Doom'd to an Isle, from all the world disjoyn'd.

Ah!

Ah ! must I never more my Country see,
 But in strange Lands an endless Exile be ?
 Is my eternal Banishment decreed, (Reed ?
 From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and
 Must impious Souldiers all these grounds possess,
 My fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes ?
 Did I for these *Barbarians* plow and sowe ?
 What dire effects from Civil Discord flow !
 Graft Pears (O *Melibæus* !) plant the Vine !
 The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine. }
 Farewel my Goats ! a happy Herd, when mine ! }
 No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
 Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
 Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
 The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
 I part with every Joy, parting from you ;
 Then farewel all the World ! Verses and Pipe,
 (adieu !

TITR.

TITRVS.

At least this Night with me forget your care ;
 Chefnuts, and well-prest Cheese shall be your Fare ;
 For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
 And curling smoak from Village tops ascends.

THE
 Second Eclogue.

Englished by Mr. TATE.

A Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,
 The lov'd *Alexis* was his Masters Joy.
 No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
 But daily walk'd where shady Bechees grew :
 Where stretcht on Earth, alone he thus com-
 (plains,
 And in these accents tells the Groves his pains.
 Cruel

Cruel *Alexis* ! hast thou no remorse ?

Must I expire, and have my Songs no force ?

'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.

The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.

While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and

Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,

Heat only known to Locusts and to me.

Oh was it not much better to sustain,

The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign ?

Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway,

Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more

(fair than Day.

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,

The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm :

Thou both disdainst my Person and my Flame,

Without so much as asking who I am !

How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,

Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies

(flow.

A

A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,
 And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.
 Besides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I sing,
 That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.
 Nor am I so deform'd; for to other day,
 When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
 As on the Clifts, above the Sea I stood,
 I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
 And if I look as handsome all the year,
 To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear.
 Ah wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,
 And love like me, to wound the Stag in flight!
 Where wholesome Mallows grow our Kids to
 (drive,
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
 From *Pan* the Reeds first use the Shepherd knew,
 'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
 Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
 Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.

What

What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
 For half the Noble Skill I offer you ?
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave ;
 And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine ;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine :
 Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
 With streak of lovely white enamel'd o're ;
 Who drein the bagging Udder twice a day,
 And both at home for thy acceptance stay.
 Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
 Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts
 (and me.
 Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
 The richest Presents that the Spring can make.
 See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee ;
 Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she.
 With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
 A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd.

My self with downy Peaches will appear,
And Chestnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear :
Ple crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
Together bound, because their sweets agree.
Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won :
Nor canst thou hope, if guifts his mind cou'd fway,
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my
(Streams.
Whom flyst thou ? Gods themselves have had
In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboard,
Let Pallas in the Towns she built, reside,
To me a Grove's worth all the World beside :
Lyons chafe Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,
That very Kid seeks Heaths of flowring time,
While *Corydon* pursues with equal flame ;
Alexis, thee ; each has his several Game.

See

See how the Ox unyokt brings home the Plow,
The Shades increas'ing as the Sun goes low.

Blest Fields reliev'd by Night's approach so soon,
Love has no Night ! 'tis always raging Noon !

Ah *Corydon* ! what frenzy fills thy breast ?

Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.

Luxurious sprouts shut out their ripening Ray,

The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away,

Recal thy senses, and to work with speed,

Of many Utensils thou stand'st in need.

Fall to thy Labour, quit the peevish Boy ;

Time, or some new desire shall this destroy.

THE

THE Second Eclogue.

Englified by Mr. CREECH.

*The Shepherd Corydon woe's Alexis, but finding
he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Af-
fairs, and forget his Passion.*

ALEXIS.

Young Corydon (hard Fate) an humble
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain; (Swain)
 He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
 Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,
 And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
 Cruel *Alexis* ! can't my Verses move !
 Hast thou not pitty ? must I dye for Love ?
 Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,
 And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:

Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,
 And brings their Meat, their Onions & their Leeks :
 And whilst I trace thy steps in every Tree
 And every Bush, poor Insects sigh with Me :
 And had it not been better to have born
 The peevish *Amarylli's* Frowns and Scorn,
 Or else *Menalcas*, than this deep despair ?
 Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair !
 Ah charming Beauty ! 'tis a fading Grace,
 Trust not too much, sweet Youth, to that fair face :
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,
 We gather Black-berries when we scorn the white.
 Thou dost despise me, Thou dost scorn my flame,
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am :
 A thousand tender Lambs, a thousand Kine,
 A thousand Goats I feed, and all are mine :
 My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
 Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.
 I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains ;

Nor

Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,
 And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
 And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,
 As fair as *Daphni's*, if that glass be true.
 Oh that with me, the humble Plains would please
 The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
 Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
 Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling Snare!
 Then you & I would sing like *Pan* in shady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep, and harmless Shepherd loves.
 Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,
 To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
 I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd;
 Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
 He said, here, take it for a Legacy,
 Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
 He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me:
 Besides, I found two wanton Kids at Play
 In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,

Young sportive creatures, and of spotted hue,
 Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you :
 These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
 But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain :
 Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
 With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
 The Rose, and thousand other fragrant flowers,
 To please thy Senses in thy softest hours ;
 These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
 Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
 I'll seek for Chestnuts too in every Grove,
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
 The glossie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
 Delightful All, and many a pretty thing :
 The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree, }
 Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree (thee. }
 And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to
 Ah *Corydon* ! Thou art a foolish Swain,
 And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts disdain ;

Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could woe,
Iolas can present him more than you.

What doth the Madman mean ? He idly brings
 Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.

Ah ! whom dost thou avoid ? whom fly ? the Gods
 And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods :

Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,
 Live there, let us delight in Woods alone :

The Boar, the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,
 The Kid her Thyme, as fast as to'ther do's,

Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,

Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own :

Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
 The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now :

And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,
 Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love !

Ah *Corydon* ! what fury's this of thine !

On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine :

Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare

Thy harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,

Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE
Third Eclogue.

Or *PALEMON*.

Englified by Mr. *CREECH*.

Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager; Palemon coming that way by chance, is chosen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controversie.

MENALCAS.

TELL me *Dametas*, tell whose Sheep these
DAMETAS. (are?)

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

MENAL.

MENALCAS.

Whilst he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,
 And fears that I shall prove the happier Swain.
 Poor Sheep ! whilst he his hopeless Love pursues,
 Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ews :
 The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins swig the Teat,
 But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
 And you know what, for I remember well ;
 I know when, where, and what the Fool design'd,
 And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

(Clown,
 'Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the
 Spoil *Myco's* Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where those old Beeches grow,
 You broke young *Daphni's* Arrows and his Bow,
 You saw them given to the lovely Boy,
 I natur'd you, and envy'd at his joy ,

But hopes of sweet revenge thy Life supply'd,
And hadst thou not done mischief thou hadst dy'd:

MENALCAS.

VVhat will not Master Shepherds dare to do,
VVhen their base slaves pretend so much as you?
Did not I see, not I, you pilfering Sot,
VVhen you lay close, and snapt rich *Damon's* Goat?
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, see,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,
VVe two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he lost.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadst a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under hedges to the long ear'd rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a schreeching Note:

DAME-

MENALCAS.

It

It doth my eyes, and all my friends delight,
 I'm sure your mouth must water at the sight :
 Within two figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't ? that made the Sphear,
 And shew'd the various Seasons of the year
 What time to shear our Sheep, what time to plow,
 'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

DAME TAS.

Alcimedon too made me two beechen Pots,
 And round the handles wrought smooth Ivy-knots;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around
 With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.
 I never us'd them, never brought them forth ;
 But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

MENALCAS.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
 And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by ;
 See, 'tis *Palemon* ; come, I'll ne'r give o're,
 Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

DAME-

D A M E T A S.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st Swain,
 I scorn to turn my back for any man;
 I know my self; but pray judicious Friend,
 ('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

P A L E M O N.

Since we have chosen a convenient place,
 Since Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields
 (with Grass;
 The Trees with Fruit, the Year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next *Menalca* play,
 By turns, for Verse the Muses love by turns.

D A M E T A S.

My Muse begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
 The God loves me, and doth my Verses love.

M E N A L C A S.

And *Phæbus* mine: on *Phæbus* I'll bestow,
 The blushing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

D A M E-

D A M E T A S.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o're the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

M E N A L C A S.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Passion tell,
Our Dogs scarce know my *Delia* half so well.

D A M E T A S.

I'll have a Gift for *Phyllis*-ere be long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their
(young.

M E N A L C A S.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I sent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

D A M E T A S.

(Love!
What things my Nymph did speak ; what tales of
Winds bear their Musick to the Gods above.

M E N A L C A S.

What boot's it Boy, you not contemn my flame ?
Since whilst I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

D A M E.

D A M E T A S.

My Birth-day comes, fend *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing time, *Iolas* come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She sigh'd, farewell, dear Youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

(blown,
VVolves ruin Flocks, VVind Trees, when newly
Storms Corn, and me my *Amarylli's* Frown.

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the Corn, Kids browse the tender
The Goats love fallow; fair *Amyntas* me. (Tree,

D A M E T A S.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a rustick Song,
Muse feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,
Muse feed the Bulls that push, and spurn the sand.

DAME-

D A M E T A S.

Let *Pollio* have what e're thy with provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

M E N A L C A S.

He that loves *Bavins* Songs, may fancy thine,
The same may couple Wolves, and shear his Swine.

D A M E T A S.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a Sting.

M E N A L C A S.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

D A M E T A S.

Kids from the River drive, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

M E N A L C A S.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk maid stroaks an empty Teat.

DAME-

D A M E T A S.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field !
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

M E N A L C A S.

Sure these feel none of Loves devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, & yet they drain their Dams : }
Ah me ! what Sorcerers has bewitch'd my Lambs ! }

D A M E T A S.

Tell me where Heaven is just three inches broad,
And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God :

M E N A L C A S.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* shall be yours.

P A L E M O N.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both ; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love :
But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk
enough.

Eclogue

THE Fourth Eclogue.

POLLIO.

Englished by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.

Sicilian Musè begin a loftier strain! (the Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's care.
The last great Age foretold by sacred Rhymes,
Renews its finish'd Course, Saturnian times

Rowl

Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends ;
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends ;
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mothers pains,
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo*
 (reigns !

The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace ;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their
 (appointed Race.

The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore, (more.
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be (see.
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal Virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring) }
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.

The Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward
(speed,

And lowing Herds, secure from ; Lyons feed.

His Cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;

The Serpents Brood shall die : the sacred ground

Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,

Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.

But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,

And form it to Hereditary Praise ;

Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,

And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.

The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,

And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold

(shall creep.

Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,

The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :

Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round ;

And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground.

Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,

Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore

Shall

Shall land the chosen Chiefs:

Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate :

And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan*

But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,

The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego ;

No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware ;

For every Soil shall every Product bear.

The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn, (Vine :

No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the }
 Nor wooll shall in dissembled colours shine.

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,

With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat :

And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,

Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to awful Honours move,

O of Coelestial Stem ! O foster Son of *Jove* !

See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain

The nodding frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;

See to their Base restor'd; Earth, Seas, and Air,
 And joyful Ages from behind, stand crowding to
 (appear.

To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;

Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Layes,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:

Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phæbus* tune the
 (Lyre.

Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about (single out;
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and
 (Travail to requite.

Then smile; the frowning Infants Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless
 (the Bed.

THE

T H E

Fifth Eclogue.

D A P H N I S.

Englified by Mr. D U K E.

M E N A L C A S, M O P S U S.

M E N A L C A S.

M*Opfus*, since chance does us together bring,
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
Why sit we not beneath this secret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

M O P S U S.

Your Age commands Respect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copse will stay,

Where western Winds the bending Branches shake,
 And in their play the Shades uncertain make :
 Or whether to that silent Cave you go,
 The better choice ! see how the wild Vines grow,
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
 And in the Cave their purple clusters shed !

MENALCAS.

Amintas only dares contend with you.

MOPSVS.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too ?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame
 Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcons* fame,
 Or *Codrus*'s Brawls thy willing Muse provoke ;
 Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSVS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,
 That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
 And set to sweetest Notes ; yes, I'll begin,
 And after that, bid you *Amintas* sing.

MENAL-

M E N A L C A S.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,
 Yields to the beautiful Blushes of the Rose,
 Or bending Osiers to the Olive-Tree;
 So much, I judge, *Amintas* yields to thee.

M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Discourse, here put an end,
 This is the Cave, fit and my Verse attend.

M O P S U S.

When the sad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
 The pitying Nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
 Witness, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
 Witness, you Floods, swoln with their weeping
 The mournful Mother (on his body cast) (Eyes.
 The sad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
 And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
 The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
 Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
 Nor thirsty Herds to the cool River drive;

The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his
And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed. (head,

Daphnis, thy death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,
And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.

Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceness broke,
And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke :

Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain

The Revels of his consecrated Train ;

The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
And their long Spears with clustered branches
bound.

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,

As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn ;

Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all

That glori'd to be thine : since thy sad Fall,

No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,

And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.

Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,

Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow ;

And

And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,
 The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.
 Come Shepherds strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd
 (ground,

The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround ;
Daphnis these Rites requires : to *Daphni's* praise
 Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,

*Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis lye ;
 Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.*

M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse ;
 As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass,
 As freshest Springs that through green Meadows
 (pass

To one that's parch'd with thirst & summers heat,
 In thee thy Master does his equal meet :
 Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
 Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed !

Yet

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing :
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
 Will raise ; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire ?
 For neither can there be a subject higher,
 Nor, if the praise of *Stimichon* be true,
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you ?

M E N A L C A S.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious show,
 Through Heavens bright Pavement does triumph-
 (phant go,
 And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt stars
 (below : }

Therefore new joys make glad the Woods, the
 (Plains,
Pan and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.

The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay,
 No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray, }
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and nature
 (does obey.

Hark !

Hark ! the glad Mountains raise to Heaven their
(Voice !

Hark ! the hard Rocks in mystick tunes rejoyce !

Hark ! through the Thickets wondrous Songs
(resound.

A God ! A God ! *Menalcas*, he is Crown'd !

O be propitious ! O be good to thine !

See ! here four hallow'd Altars we design,

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,

To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise :

Sacred to Thee they each returning year

Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl shall bear :

Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise

Thy Votaries exalted thoughts to raise,

Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,

And give a taste of *Nectar* here below.

Dametas shall with *Liétian Ægon* joyn,

To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.

Alphesibæus with a reeling Gate,

Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.

When

When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
 When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,
 These Honours ever shall be Thine ; The Bore
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more ;
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,
 E're *Daphnis* we forget our songs to Thee :
 Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,
 Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.

To Thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are
 (not paid.

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse, can *Mopsus* find ?
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern Wind }
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind ; }
 Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
 Nor Rivers that through stony Valleys glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take : and 'tis the same
 That play'd poor *Corydons* unhappy Flame : *Ecl.* 2.

The same that taught me *Melibæus's* Sheep. *Ecl. 3.*

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with Brals, which I have oft deni'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
And who wou'd think he then in vain could sue?
Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

T H E

T H E
Sixth Eclogue.

S I L E N T I U S.

Englished by the Earl of ROSCOMON.

My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latine, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.

I First of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among ¹*Sicilian* Swains,
When my *Thalia* ²rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phæbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

A

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks should feed,
 And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises *Varus*³, and thy Wars)
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,
 And every Grove and every Eccho ring. |
Phæbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
 And none who under that protection came, }
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muse.

4 Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*, chanc'd to stray,
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boyl in each extended vein ;

His

His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use ;
 Drop'd from his head, a Wreath lay on the ground ;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound ;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his Instructive Song :
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest *Nais* of the Flood,
 With a Vermilion-dye his Temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd ?
 Loose me, he cry'd ; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
 (She shall be satisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
 The knotty Oaks their listning branches bow'd,
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd ;

For lo ! he sung the Worlds stupendious Birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
 And purer Fire, through universal night,
 And empty space did fruitfully unite,
 From whence th' innumerable race of things,
 By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere
 Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;
 How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
 While from above adorn'd with radiant light,
 A new born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight ;
 How Vapors turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
 And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply ;
 How the first Forest rais'd its shady head,
 Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown
 (Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,

D

And

And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire
 Rival'd the Sun⁸ with his own heavenly fire)
 Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endless Prey,
 Severely pays for animating Clay. tell ?
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
 Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas*⁹ fell ;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with compassion told *Pasiphae*'s fault,
 Ah ! wretched Queen ! whence came that guilty
 (thought ?
 The Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
 And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat. (fray,
 Ah ! wretched Queen ! while you on Mountains
 He on soft Flowers his snowy side does lay ;
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love :
 Surround my Nymphs, she crys, surround the Grove ;
 Perhaps

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the Clay,
 Will to my Love direct our wandering way;
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I rove,
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,
 And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,
 While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd
 All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
 And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will
 Guide wandring ¹¹ *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
 (Which place the God for solemn Meetings chose)
 With deep respect the learned Senate rose,
 And ¹² *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)
 The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expres'd:
 This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,
 To this, the Muses Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song;

Charm'd by these strings Trees starting from the
 (Ground,
 Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound,
 Thus consecrated thy ¹³ *Grynæan* Grove
 Shall have no equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why should I speak of the ¹⁴ *Megarian* Maid,
 For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd ?
 And her, ¹⁵ who round with barking Monsters arm'd,
 The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd ;
 Whose ¹⁶ only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
 While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd shape,
 And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
 Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
 While loth to leave the Palace to well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her
 (own.
 What-

17

Whatever near *Eurotas's* happy stream
 With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,
Silenus sings ; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
 And send his Mystick numbers through the sky,
 Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
 And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale ;
 The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing shades the murmuring world
 (resign'd,

D 3

POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

1. **S**icilian——*Virgil* in his *Eclogue*, imitates *Theocritus* a Sicilian Poet.
2. *Tbalia*——The name of the Rural Muse.
3. *Varus*——A great Favourite of *Augustus*, the same that was kill'd in *Germany*, and lost the Roman Legions.
4. *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*——Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
5. *They bound*——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
6. *Nais*——The Latin word for a water Nymph.
7. *Vermilion Dye*——The Colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd best.
8. *Rival'd the Sun*——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Industry of *Prometheus* (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Qu. 2. M.*
9. *Hylas*——Favorite of *Hercules* who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole

stole him away : I use the word *resounds* (in the Present Tense) because *Strabo* (who lived at the same time as *Virgil*) seems to intimate, that the *Prussians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of Argos*——Daughters of *Prætis* King of *Argos*, who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they prefer'd it to *Juno's*, who in revenge, struck them with such a Madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reason, Black Hellebore is called *Melampodion*.

11. *Gallus*——an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil*, he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same *Gallus* you read of in the last Eclogue : And *Suidas* says, that *Virgil* means him by *Aristeus*, in the divine Conclusion of his *Georgicks*.

12. *Linus* Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.

13. *The Grynean Grove*——Consecrated to *Apollo* ; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*.

14. *The Megarian Maid*——*Sylla* daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.

15. *Her who round*——another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and she, in despair, flung her self into the Sea.
16. *Whose only Hope*——*Ulysses's* Ships were not lost, though *Scylla* devoured several of his Men.
17. *Eurotas*—— a River in Greece, whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.

THE

THE Seventh Eclogue.

Englisht by Mr. A D A M S.

*This Eclogue is wholly Pastoral; and consists of the
Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrsis and Co-
ridon, to the hearing of which, Melibæus was in-
vited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.*

M E L I B Æ U S.

WHile Daphnis fate beneath a whisp'ring
(shade;
Thyrsis and Coriden together fed (wooll
Their mingling Flocks ; his Sheep with softest
Where cloath'd his Goats of sweetest Milk were
(full.

Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of blest Arcadia both ;

D 5

Each

Each with like Art, his tuneful voice cou'd raise,
 Each answer readily in rural Lays ;
 Hither the father of my Flock had stray'd,
 While Shelters I for my young Myrtles made ;
 Here I fair *Daphnis* saw ; when me he spy'd,
 Come hither quickly, gentle Youth ! he cry'd.
 Your Goat and Kids are safe, O seek not those,
 But if you've leisure in this Shade repose :
 Hither to water, the full Heifers tend, scend,
 When length'ning Shadows from the Hills de-
Mincius with reeds here interweaves his bounds,
 And from that sacred Oak, a busie swarm resounds.
 What should I do ? nor was *Alcippe* there,
 Nor *Phillis*, who might of my Lambs take care ;
 Yet to my business, I their sports prefer,
 For the two Swains with great Ambition strove,
 Who best could tune his Reed, or best could sing
 (his Love ;

Al.

Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose ;
 In Verse alternate each quick fancy flows ;
 These sang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrsis* those.

C O R I D O N.

Ye much lov'd Muses ! such a Verse bestow,
 As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,
 Or if all can't obtain the Gift divine,
 My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

T H Y R S I S.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
 Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spite be torn ;
 Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
 Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

C O R I D O N.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars head,
 By little *Mycon*'s, on thy Altar laid,
 If this continue *Delia* ! thou shalt stand
 Of smoothest Marble by the skilful'st hand.

T H Y R

THYRSIS.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus* every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
Thou'rt Marble now, but if more land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea* ! sweet as *Hyblas* Thyme (Prime-
White as, more White, then Swans are in their
Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if ere thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harsh as bitterest herbs appear
Rough as wild Myrtles, vile as Sea-Weeds are ;
If years seem longer then this tedious day,
Hast home my Glutton Herd, hast hast away.

CORIDON.

Ye Mossie springs ! ye Pastures ! softer far
Then thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,
Ye Shades ! protect my Flock, the Heats are near ;
On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

THYR-

T H T R S I S.

Here on my hearth a constant flame does play,
 And the fat vapour paints the roof each day,
 Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
 As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number mind.

C O R I D O N.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
 While their ripe fruit lies scatter'd on each side ;
 All nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay
 From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away,

T H T R S I S.

The dying grass, with sickly air does fade,
 No field's unparcht, no vines our Hills do shade ;
 But if my *Phillis* come all sprouts again,
 And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly rain.

C O R I D O N.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phæbus* loves,
 Fair *Venus* cherishes the myrtle Groves, (Tree,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that
 Myrtles and Lawrels of less fame shall be.

T H T R-

THYRSIS.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
 The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods ;
 If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou see,
 To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

These I remember well
 While vanquisht *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,
 Thence *Coridon* young *Coridon* does reign
 The best the sweetest on our wondring Plain.

The

THE
Eighth Eclogue.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

Englished by Mr. STAFFORD.

S Ad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Muse
 I sing : to hear whose notes the Herds refuse
 Their needful food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,
 And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise. }
 I sing sad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Layes ;
 And Thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
 The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
 Smile on my Verse : is there in fate an hour
 To swell my numbers with my Emperour ?
 There is, and to the world there shall be known
 A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.

Amidst

Amidst the Laurels on thy Front divine
 Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine: (thine.
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be }
 Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,
 And well pleas'd Herds yet rowl'd upon the dew;
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
 And sung, rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
 Rise, rise, while *Nisa's* falshood I deplore,
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and Me. (mony.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

On *Menalus* stand ever-echoing Groves,
 Still trusted with the harmless Shepherds loves:
 Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and
 (Verse agree.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your
 (harmony.

Mopsus is *Nisa's* choice; how just are Lovers fears?
 Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years
 Shall

Shall see the Hound and Dear drink at a Spring.
 O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, & fling
 Thy Nuts, see modest *Hesper* quits the Sky. (mony.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

O happy Nymph, blest in a wondrous choice,
 For *Mopsus* you contemn'd my Verse and Voice :
 For him my Beard was shaggy in your eye ;
 For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. (mony. }
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

VWhen first I saw thee young and charming too,
 'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
 My thirteenth year was downy on my chin, (win;
 And hardly could my hands the lowest branches
 How did I gaze? how did I gazing dye? (ny.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes & Muse tune all your harmo-

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
 And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed :

Hard

Hard foul'd, and not of humane Progeny. (mony
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
 Her hands in blood : 'twas Love her Children slew:
 Was she more cruel, or more impious he ?
 An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your
 (harmony.)

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
 Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose ;
 From Reeds and Thistles Balm and Amber Spring,
 And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to sing :
 Let *Tityrus* in woods with *Orpheus* vie,
 And soft *Arion* on the Waves defie ; (harmony.)
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods :
 From yon high Cliff, I'll plunge into the Floods,

O *Nisa* take this dismal Legacy ; (harmony.
Now cease my Pipes and Muse, cease all your

Thus He, *Alphesibæus* song rehearse :
Ye sacred Nine above my rural Verse ;
Bring water, Altars bind with mystick bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, & lift high the Wands;
We'll mutter sacred magick till it warms
My icie Swain ; 'tis Verse we want ; my charms, }
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

(descends,
By charms compel'd the trembling Moon
And *Circe* chang'd, by Charms, *Ulysses*'s friends ;
By charms the Serpent burst : ye pow'rful Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.
Unequal numbers please the Gods : my Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

There

Three knots of treble colour'd silk we tye ;
 Haste *Amaryllis*, knit e'm instantly :
 And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains ; my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Just as before this fire the Wax and Clay
 One melts, one hardens, let him waſt away. }
 Strew Corn and Salt, and burn thoſe leaves of Bay.
 I burn theſe Leaves, but he burns me : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage, as when the bellowing Kind,
 Mad with deſire, run round the Woods to find
 Their Mates ; when tir'd, their tremblings limbs
 (they lay
 Near ſome cool Stream, nor mind the ſetting day :
 Thus let him rage, unpitied too : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Theſe Garments once were my perfidious Swain's,
 Which to the Earth I caſt : ah dear remains !
 Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Mæries

Mæris himself these Herbs from *Pantus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poyson fought ;
 Aided by these, he now a VVolf becomes,
 Now draws the Buried stalking from their tombs,
 The Corn from field to field transports : my Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Cast o're your head the ashes in the Brook,
 Cast backwark o're your head, nor turn your look.
 I strive, but Gods and Art he flights : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold new flames from the dead ashes rise,
 Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies,
 For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our eyes?
 Or do we Lovers dream ? cease, cease, my Charms,
 My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my
 (arms.

The

The same ECLOGUE,

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Love's recite,
 The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight :
 Whom as they strove, the listening Heifers stood,
 Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food ;
 They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves and led
 The wondering Rivers from their wonted Bed.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
 The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,
 As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
 Whether you with victorious Troops pass o're
Timavus Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore ;
 Shall I beginning with these Rural lays,
 Ever my Muse to such perfection raise,
 As without rashness to attempt your praise?

And

And thro' the subject World your Deeds rehearse,
 Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse!
 My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring
 You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.
 Mean while among your Laurel Wreaths allow
 This Ivy Branch to shade your Conquering Brow!

Scarce had the Sun dispell'd the shades of Night,
 Whilst dewy browze the Cattel does invite;
 When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan
 The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thou drowsie Star of Morning, come away;
 Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day;
 Whilst I by *Nisa* baffl'd and betray'd,
 Dying to Heaven accuse the perjur'd Maid.
 But Prayers are all lost Breath; the Powers above
 Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a most blessed place, that *Arcady* !

And Shepherds blest'd, who in those Coverts lye !

Musick and Love is all their business there,

Pan doth himself part in those Consorts bear :

The vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,

To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,

As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopsus does *Nisa*, a cheap conquest gain,

Presented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain,

What hour secure, what respite to his Mind

In this false World can a poor Lover find ?

Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles woo,

And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs pursue,

These may indeed subject of wonder prove,

But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.

Mopsus buy Torches, *Hymen* you must joyn ;

Bespeak our *Bride-cake*, *Hesperus* all is thine.

Begin

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match, and just reward of Pride,
Whilst you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor smooth enough my Face;
And with my Person, you my Flocks disgrace.
There are revenging Gods, proud Nymphs, there
And injur'd Love is Heav'ns peculiar care. (are,
Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought }
(Your Mother you into our Garden brought) }
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges fought ; }
The fairest Fruit, and glittering with the Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you :
I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away, (astray.
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute lead

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know Thee, for my self too late :
 But Shepherds take you warning by my Fate.
 Trust not his flattering Voice, or smiling Face,
 A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
 Not one of us, nor like the *British* Race,
 Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mischief is all his Sport, at his Commands,
 In her Sons Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands ;
 She Wolves gave Suck to the pernicious Boy,
 The Shepherds he, they do the Flocks destroy.
 A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,
 But Love, that Cruelty she learn'd of you.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
 Now into all Extravagance will run :
 The Tamarisk bright Amber shall distil :
 And the course Alder bear soft Daffadil.
 Shortly the Owl, with her ill boading Throat,
 The Swans shall Rival in their dying note,
Shadwell and *Ogleby* the Bays shall claim,
 And equal *Drydens* and *Roscomon's* Fame.
 Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the World sink with me, farewell ye Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and Conscious of my Loves :
 Down from this Precipice my self I'll cast
 Accept this present *Nisa* --- 'tis my last.

Then cease my Flute, for ever cease thy strains,
 Bid a sad silence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

T H E Ninth Eclogue.

When Virgil by the Favour of Augustus had recovered his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those Lands were assigned by the Emperor in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Eclogue therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage ; and the persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil and his Friend.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO *Maeris* ! whither on thy way so fast ?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in a furly tone
 Cries out, pack up ye Rascals and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,
 And these two Kids, to' appease his angry Mood }
 I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

L Y C I D A S,

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
 That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale,
 And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas fav'd his Fortune with a Song.

M O E R I S.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs & Rhimes
 Prevail, as much in these hard iron times,
 As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak
 Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,
 To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
 And *Moeris* not surviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend ! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the sacred Muses to assail ?

Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother Verse !

Or *Amaryllis* praise that heavenly lay,

That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way ;

O *Tityrus*, tend my herd and see them fed ;

To Morning pastures Evening waters led :

And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting head.

M O E R I S.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read ;

Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs (Tow'rs

Preserve our plains, and shield the *Mantuan*

Obnoxious by *Cremonas* neighb'ring Crime,)

The wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd

(Rhyme,

Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above

Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

L Y C I D A S.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,
 So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
 So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend
 And Trees to Goats their willing branches bend;
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
 At least the Shepherds seem to like my lays,
 But I discern their flattery from their praise:
 I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire;
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like
 (quire,

M O E R I S.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
 Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar kind.
 Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake,
 What pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse
 (murmurs make?

See on the Shore inhabits purple spring;
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick ditty sing;
 See

I cou'd have once sung down a Summers Sun,
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
 My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the Notes decay,
 As if the Wolves had seen me first to day.
 But these, and more then I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

L T C I D A S.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more ;
 And now the Waves roul silent to the shore.
 Hush! winds the topmost branches scarcely bend
 As if thy tuneful Song they did attend :
 Already we have half our way o'recome ;
 Far off I can discern *Bianors* Tomb ; (Bowr
 Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a
 Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've day before us, yet to reach the Town :
 Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating storm to bear.

And

And that thou maist not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy Load.

M O E R I S.

Cease to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.

When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a voice.

T H E
Tenth Eclogue.
G A L L U S.

Englisht by Mr. STAFFORD.

S *Scilian* Nymph, assist my mournful strains;
The last I sing in rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verse so tender and so true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a verse to Grief and Gallus due?

So,

So, when thy VVaters pass beneath the Tide,
 Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
 Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapless Vows ;
 VVhile, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browse ;
 Nothing is deaf ; Woods listen, while we sing,
 And ecchoing Groves resound and Mountains ring.
 Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
 When to unpit'd flames he was betray'd ?
 Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
 Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay :
 The Bays, whose honours he so long had kept,
 The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
 When stretcht beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,
 The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,
 And cold *Lyceus* wept from every stone.
 His Flock surrounded him : nor think thy fame
 Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name ;
 E're thou and I our sheep to Pastures led,
 His Flocks the Goddess lov'd *Adonis* fed.

The Shepherds came ; the sluggish Neat-herd

(Swains,

And Swine-herds reeking from their Mast and

(Grains.

All askt from whence this frenzy ? *Phæbus* came

To see his Poet, *Phæbus* askt the same :

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,

Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare

The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms
of War.

Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore ;

A Wreath of Lillies on his head he wore.

Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,

His skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue :

He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue ?

Nor satisfy'd with dew the grass appears

With browse the Kids, nor cruel Love with tears.

When thus (and sorrow melted in his eyes)

Gallus to his *Arcadian* friends replies :

Ye

Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,
 (For you *Arcadian* Swains shou'd sing alone :)
 How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,
 If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?
 O that your birth and business had been mine,
 To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine !
 Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been
 My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,
 (What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair ?)
 Secure in that unenvied state, among
 The Poplars, I my careless limbs had flung ;
Phillis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* sung. }
 Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country
 (yields
 The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the
 (laughing Fields.
 Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see :
 Where I could melt away my years with Thee.

But

But furious Love denies me soft repose,
 And hurls me on the pointed spears of foes.
 While thou (but ah ! that I should find it so,
 Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, dost go
 Thro' all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
 Yet, flying me, no hardship maist thou meet ;
 Nor Snow nor Ice offend those tender feet.
 But let me run to desarts , and rehearse
 Oh my *Sicilian* reeds *Euphorions* Verse ;
 Ev'n in the Dens of Monsters let me lye,
 Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.
 On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe ;
 And as the rinds encrease, the love shall grow.
 Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* resort,
 I'll make the Boar my danger and my sport.
 When, from the Vales the jolly cry resounds,
 What rain or cold shall keep me from my Hounds ?
 Methinks my ears the sprightly consort fills ;
 I seem to bound thro' Woods and mount o're Hills.

My Arm of a *Cydonian* Javelin seiz'd,
 As if by this my madness cou'd be eas'd ;
 Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
 My frenzy changes now ; and Nymphs and Verse
 (I hate,
 And Woods ; for ah, what toil can stubborn
 (Love abate !

Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
 And shiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
 Or to the swarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,
 Parcht all below, and burning all above,
 Ev'n there wou'd Love o'recome ; then, let us
 yield to Love.

Let this sad Lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,
 VVhile bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd :
 My rural Numbers, in their homely guise
Gallus, because they came from me, will prize :
Gallus, whose growing Love my breast does rend,
 As shooting Trees the bursting Bark distend.

Now rise, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
 And *Juniper* is an unwholesome shade:
 Blasts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with
 (Mildew fade.)

Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar; away
 My Kids, for you have had a feast to day.

T H E Last Eclogue.

Translated, or rather Imitated,
 In the Year 1666.

O Ne labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield
 Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
 Some Verses to my *Gallus* e're we part,
 Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
 As she did his, who can refuse a Song,
 To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!

So

So may'st thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,
 When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.
 Begin, and sing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
 Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires
 Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
 An answer comes from every trembling leaf.
 What Woods, what Forrests had intic'd your stay?
 Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?
 When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnassus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
 To stop your course; nor could your hasty flight
 Be stay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
 Him the fresh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath
 Bewail'd with dewy tears; his parting breath
 Made lofty *Mænalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
 Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,
 His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
 As he on love; such kind and gentle Sheep,
 Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.

There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
 Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Frost and Winds,
 All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love,
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
 Why *Gallus* ? why so fond, he says, thy flame,
 Thy care, *Licoris*, is anothers game ;
 For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues
 Thorough the mid-day heats and morning-dews ;
 Over the snowy Cliffs and frozen streams,
 Through noisy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams,
 She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
 Hanging his mournful head, *Phæbus* in vain
 Offers his Herbs, imploy his Counsel here ;
 'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear. (Trees
 What shakes the Branches ! what makes all the
 Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees ?
 Oh ! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his mossie Beard
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
 Of Wood-born Satyrs ; see ! he shakes his Spear,
 A Green young Oak, the tallest of the year.

Pan the *Arcadian* God forsook the Plains,
 Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.
 We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
 Painted with Berries-juice; we saw him stand
 And gaze upon his shepherds bathing eyes;
 And what, no end, no end of grief he cries !
 Love, little minds all thy consuming care,
 Or restless thoughts, they are his dayly fare.
 Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs,
 Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
 Are ever fatisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
 And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod :
 He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
 But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,
 To think that in these Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
 When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
 Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd
 By *Phæbus* ; Oh ! how gently shall these tir'd
 And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,
 Whilst your sweet Notes my love immortal keep !
 Would

Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
 Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
 Or weild a Hook, or prune a branching Vine;
 And known no other Love, but *Phillis* thine;
 Or thine *Amintas*; what though both are brown
 So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
 Amongst the Vines the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amintas* sings.
 No cruel absence calls my love away,
 Further then Bleeting Sheep can go astray,
 Here my *Licoris*, here are shady Groves,
 Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our loves
 And lives may here together wear and end:
 O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend!
 I now am hurried by severe Commands,
 Into remotest Parts, among the Bands
 Of armed Troops; there by my foes pursu'd;
 Here by my friends; but still by love subdu'd.
 Thou far from home, and me, art wandering o're
 The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,
The

The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet
 Ah, gently, gently, leaft thy tender feet
 Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely arms ;
 The Northern cold relents not at their charms :
 Away I'll go into fome shady Bowers,
 And fing the Songs I made in happier hours,
 And charm my woes. How can I better chufe,
 Then amongft wildeft Woods my felf to lofe,
 And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees,
 There they will thrive ? See how my love agrees,
 With the young Plants : look how they grow
 (together,
 In fpite of Abfence, and in fpite of Weather.
 Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o're
 Yon wooddy Hill ; I'll chafe the grizly Boar,
 I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs refort ;
 No Frofts, no Storms, fhall flack my eager Sport.
 Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
 And hollow founding Woods : look how my Locks

Are

Are torn with Boughs & Thorns; my Shafts are gone
My legs are tir'd, and all my sport is done.

Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;

Nor can our toils that angry God appease. (more,
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:

No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:

Without *Licoris* there is no relief.

Though I should drink up *Hebers* Icie Streams,

Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery beams

Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,

Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

FINIS.

S Y L V Æ:
OR, THE
Second Part
OF
POETICAL
Miscellanies.

— Non deficit alter
Aureus; & simili frondescit virga metallo. Virg.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head
in Chancery-lane near Fleetstreet, 1685.

2 Y L V A

OL THE

Second Part

O F

POETICAL

Miscellanies

Printed for J. D. B. in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the Year 1794.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. D. B. in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the Year 1794.

PREFACE.

FOr this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the *History of the League*; the hot, (which succeeded them) in this *Volume of Verse Miscellanies*. The truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and im-

The Preface.

mediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the undertaking: But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscomon's Essay on translated Verse, whose made me uneasy till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withall, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no Dutch Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have
thought

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thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, wou'd not appear so shining in the English: And where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Criticks wou'd not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him: or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such, as he wou'd probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and

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another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say to their Faces by a botching Interpreter. What English Readers unacquainted with Greek or Latin will believe me or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogleby's have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good Wit, to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors

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thors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes; and in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men, take up some cry'd up English Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of

The Preface.

them too : He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own : So that to be a thorow Translatour, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence, in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers : For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few Translatours have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different : Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents ; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter,

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ter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sate to him. In such Translatours I can easily distinguish the hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this Volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd, the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd; for which reason he is so very Figurative, that he requires, (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the ve-

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ry thing in your Ears, whose sence it bears : Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader ; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they Write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification, and little variety of Claudian, is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour ; perpetually closing his sence at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call golden, or two Substantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and sound as he : He is always as it were upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verse runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalepha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word : So that minding only smoothness, he wants both Variety and Majesty. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that

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that he seems rather to disdain it. Frequently makes use of Synalepha's, and concludes his sence in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles : He maintains Majesty in the midst of plainness ; he shines , but glares not ; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him : For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him ; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause ; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil, I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character ; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close , no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the Æneids ; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse , he commonly allows

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two Lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sence. Tasso tells us in his Letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian Wit, who was his Contemporary, observ'd of Virgil and Tully; that the Latin Oratour, endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of Homer the Greek Poet; and that the Latine Poet, made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes the Greek Oratour. Virgil therefore being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct Language, than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, (which by reason of its Monosyllables is far the most compendious of them) Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin Hexameter, has more Feet than the English Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Translatour has not; he is confin'd by the sence of the Inven-

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tor to those expressions, which are the nearest to it: So that Virgil studying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, cou'd bring those words into a narrow compass; which a Translatour cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short they who have call'd him the torture of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the plague of Translatours; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that endeavouring to turn his Nilus and Euryalus as close as I was able; I have perform'd that Episode too literally; that giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that Version which has more of the Majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both, better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So, that methinks I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better;

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ter; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excells all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord Roscomon justly observes approaches nearest to the Roman in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgils words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied, and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language, and the hastiness of my performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sence; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular

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particular Lines in Mezentius and Lausus, I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely ally'd to Virgil's sence; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid; and were Printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them: The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

---When Lausus dy'd, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the expression is too bold, that Virgil wou'd not have said it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines which are more according to the Author,

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

Having

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Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have Translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easie task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his excellencies: for the method of the Georgicks is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine *Aeneids*. The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which Lucretius has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of

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of Lucretius; (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by Lucretius; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal bonâ fide with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbs, who cou'd not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists; Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were

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assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to despise an invisible power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concern-

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cerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot if I wou'd believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural Arguments; at least to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a Man, who resolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unsupportable to a vertuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider that vertue is generally unhappy in this World, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead! if he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sence of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their interest,

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and that not always when a passion is predominant ; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into English,) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things ; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures ; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others ; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful

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cessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review, of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the Fourth Book of Lucretius: And I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which reasons I Translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious English, (for I will not give it a worse word:) instead of an answer, I wou'd

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ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound when I Translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfi'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freedom of thought and words, being thus cashier'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which to avoid prophaness I do not name: But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable: If I shou'd say otherwise, I shou'd have two great authorities against me: The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which, my Lord Roscomon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: The other is no less than our admir'd

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mir'd Cowley; who says the same thing in other words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;

Much less can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The Author blush, there where the Reader
must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay; for he asserts plainly that obscenity has no place in Wit; the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case: For in the first place, I am only the Translator, not the Inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me: in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words; but the cleanliest Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted. There is one mistake of mine which I

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will not lay to the Printers charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings: 'tis in the word Viper: I wou'd have the Verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be
bruise'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip; though Horace wou'd instruct them better in true Criticism: Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura. True judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of
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what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translator of Lucretius; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done; which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I joyn with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and
looks

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looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions; and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in Courts. But Theocritus and Tasso, have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *Mai esce del Bosco*: That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said, of our Theocritus;

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tus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdes in her Country Russet, talking in a Yorkshire Tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavour'd it in his Shepherds Calendar; but neither will it succeed in English, for which reason I forbore to attempt it, For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrist, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch Commentatours say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms (which are
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the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, if to laugh and rally, is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes: These are also of several sorts; some of them are Panegyricall, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his Master. But Horace is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or, (to speak English) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgils; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which

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which in Petronius is call'd Curiosa Felicitas, and which I suppose he had from the Feliciter audere of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character, seems to me, to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And those I have chiefly endeavour'd to Coppy; his other Excellencies, I confess are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse: 'tis that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small Testimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latine, and I have taken some pains to make it my Master-Piece in English: For which reason, I took this kind of Verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it, has made it spread; but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible

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ble in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of English, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write. Miltons *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent;

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lent ; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyrick Poets ; let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers shou'd for the most part be Lyrical : For variety, or rather where the Majesty of the thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English Heroick of five Feet, and to the French Alexandrine of Six. But the ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers : Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat ; the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next ; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows ; without leaping from one extream into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood, but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject ; but to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied, by almost all the rest: A musical eare, and a great genius, if another
Mr.

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Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another age may bring
it to perfection. In the mean time,

-----Fungar vice cotis acutum (di-
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secan.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: Others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable, but in part of recompence, let me assure the Reader, that in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an Authors present sence, which cooler thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

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IN the Table: Ode the 9th. Book the 1st. of Horace; for translated by an unknown hand, read translated by Mr. Dryden. Preface, pag. 2. lin. 7. for whose, read which. pref. pag. 13. lin. 4. for no part, read any part. In the Book it self pag. 2. lin. 7. for wing read wings. pag. 11. lin. 12. for disdain, read disclaim, Ibid lin. 15. for I cou'd think, read I cou'd not think. pag. 31. lin. 9. for foundations, read foundation. pag. 42. lin. 1. for and yet live, read and yet I live. pag. 100. lin. the last, for which, read with. pag. 103. lin. the last, for Soul, read Souls. pag. 128. lin. 8. for heat, read hearth. pag. 147. lin. 3. for when, read whence. pag. 150. lin. 6. for usual, read unusual. pag. 408. lin. 3. for all beings, read their beings. pag. 460. in the latine verses, betwixt the fourth and fifth line insert these two following verses.

*Tum verò, astate in mediâ, stabula alta relinquunt,
Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas, &c.*

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
January 10, 1890.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 1, 1889.
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The entire *Episode* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, translated from the 5th. and 9th. Books of *Virgil's Æneids*.

Connection of the First Part of the *Episode* in the fifth Book, with the rest of the foregoing Poem.

Æneas having buried his Father Anchises in Sicily ; and setting sail from thence in search of Italy, is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed : After a years wandring, he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend Acestes, King of that part of the Island, who was born of Trojan Parentage : He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with divine honours ; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race ; in which Nysus and Euryalus were engag'd amongst other Trojans and Sicilians.

From thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a grassy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding wood;
Full in the midst of this fair Valley, stood
A native Theater, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o're look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend in solemn state;
High on the new rais'd Turfe their Leader fate.
Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
Desire of honour, and the Prize invite :
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled stand,
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the formost of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus for friendship to the Boy renown'd.
Diores next of *Priam's* Regal Race,
Then *Salius*, joyn'd with *Patron*, took his place :
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.

Then

Then two *Sicilian* Youths ; the name of this
Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes* :

Two jolly Huntsmen in the Forest bred,
And owning old *Acestes* for their Head.

With many others of obscurer name,
Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame :

To these *Aeneas* in the midst arose,
And pleasingly did thus his mind expose.

Not one of you shall unrewarded go ;
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears bestow,

Pointed with polish'd Steel ; a Battle-ax too,
With Silver studded ; these in common share,

The formost three shall Olive Garlands wear :

The Victor, who shall first the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well breath'd Courser gain,

Adorn'd with Trappings ; to the next in fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd :
The third this *Grecian* Helmet must content.

He said : to their appointed Base they went.

With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Station leave.

Spread out, as on the Wing of Winds they flew,
And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager view :

Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'r past,
Not stormes, nor thunder equal half his haste :

The next, but tho the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came *Salus*, then, a distant space behind
Euryalus the third.

Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almost side by side ;
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space,
Had won, or left at least a doubtful Race.

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,
Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
Moist with the blood of Oxen lately slain ;
The careless Victor had not mark'd his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor,
He fell besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Nor mindless then *Euryalus* of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate Rival to oppose,
And caught the foot of *Salius* as he rose ;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain ;
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
And cuts the Crowd ; applauding peals attend
The Conquer'or to the Goal, who conquer'd thro
his friend,

Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came,
By two misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Justice, deafens and disturbs the Crowd :
Urges his cause may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd,
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim :
Besides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,
If the first Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
Then thus the Prince ; let no disputes arise ;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave, her Errours to amend,
At least to pity a deserving friend.
Thus having said,

A Lions Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with bristles, and with paws of gold,
He gave the Youth, which *Nisus* greiv'd to veiw:
If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
Said he, and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame!
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Wou'd fortune make me fall as happily.
With this he pointed to his face, and shew'd
His hands and body all besmear'd with blood:
Th' indulgent Father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd a massie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long since from *Neptunes* bars in triumph brought;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratifi'd;
Then the remaining presents did d'vide.

Connection of the remaining part of the
Episode, translated out of the 9th. Book
of *Virgil's Æneids*, with the fore-
going part of the Story.

*The War being now broken out betwixt the
Trojans and Latines; and Æneas being
overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies,
who were ayded by King Turnus, he forti-
fies his Camp, and leaves in it his young
Son Ascanius, under the direction of his
chief Counsellours and Captains; while
he goes in person, to beg Succours from
King Evander and the Tuscans. Tur-
nus takes advantage of his absence, and
assaults his Camp: The Trojans in it,
are reduc'd to great extremities; which
gives the Poet the occasion of continu-
ing this admirable Episode, wherein he
describes the friendship, the generosity,
the adventures, and the death of Nisus
and Euryalus.*

The

THe *Trojan* Camp the common danger shar'd ;
By turns they watch'd the Walls ; and
kept the Nightly Guard :

To Warlike *Nisus* fell the Gate by Lot,

(Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntress *Ida* got :

And sent to Sea *Æneas* to attend,)

Well cou'd he dart the Spear, and shafts unerring
send.

Beside him stood *Euryalus*, his ever Faithful friend.

No Youth in all the *Trojan* Host was seen

More beautiful in arms, or of a Nobler meen ;

Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun ;

One was their Friendship, their desire was one :

With minds united in the Field they warr'd,

And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.

Then *Nisus* thus :

Or do the Gods this Warlike warmth inspire,

Or makes Each Man a God of his desire ?

A Noble Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Rest;
That urges me to Fight, or undertake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
Thou seest the Foe secure: How faintly shine
Their scatter'd Fires, the most in Sleep supine;
Dissolv'd in Ease, and drunk with Victory:
The few awake the fuming Flaggon Ply;
All hush'd around: Now hear what I revolve,
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
resolve.

Our absent Lord both Camp and Council mourn;
By Message both wou'd hasten his return:
The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my Passage guide.

Eurialus

Euryalus stood Listening while he spoke,
 With Love of praise, and Noble envy strook ;
 Then to his ardent Friend, expos'd his mind :
 All this alone, and leaving me behind !
 Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be joyn'd,
 Think'st thou my Share of honour I will yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the Field ?
 Not so my Father taught my Childhood Armes,
 Born in a Siege, and bred amongst Alarms :
 Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
 Or of the Heav'n-born *Heroe* I attend.
 The thing call'd Life with ease I can disdain ;
 And think it oversold to purchase Fame.
 To whom his Friend ;
 I cou'd think, alas, thy Tender years
 Wou'd minister new matter to my Fears :
 Nor is it just thou shouldst thy Wish obtain ;
 So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again ;

To

To those dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if some one, as many sure there are,
Of adverse accidents in doubtful War,
If one shou'd reach my Head there let it fall,
And spare thy life, I wou'd not perish all :
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date ;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lovers fate ;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard Fortune shall my Corps deny
Those dues, with empty Marble to supply.
O let not me the Widows tears renew,
Let not a Mothers curse my name pursue ;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the Fair Coast of fruitful *Sicily* ;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* staid behind.

To

To this *Euryalus*, thou pleadst in vain,
And but delayst the cause thou canst not gain:
No more, 'tis loss of time : with that he wakes
The nodding Watch ; each to his Office takes !
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, share:
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council fate
And call'd their Chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty business of th' indanger'd State.
What next was to be done, who to be sent
T' inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midst of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council ; each sustains a Shield
Which his o'relabour'd Arm can hardly rear ;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.

Now

Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in;
Then thus, commanded, *Nisus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
The Foes securely drench'd in Sleep and wine
Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly shine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the plain, and Clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the spaces we have mark'd a way,
Close by the Gate and Coasting by the Sea;
This Passage undisturb'd, and unespied
Our Steps will safely to *Æneas* guide,
Expect each hour to see him back again
Loaded with spoils of Foes, in Battle slain:

Snatch

Snatch we the Lucky Minute while we may,
Nor can we be mistaken in the way :
For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have seen
The rising Turrets with the stream between :
And know its winding Course, with every foord:
He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the Word.
Our Country Gods in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the *Trojan* race ;
While we behold such springing worth appear,
In youth so brave, and breasts so void of fear.
(With this he took the hand of either Boy,
Embrac'd them closely both, and wept for joy :)
Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
What recompence for such desert, decree !
The greatest sure and best you can receive,
The Gods, your vertue and your fame will give :
The Rest, our grateful General will bestow ;
And young *Ascanius*, till his Manhood, owe.

And

And I whose welfare in my Father lies,
(*Ascanius* adds,) by all the Deities
By our great Country, and our household Gods,
By Hoary *Vesta's* rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune stands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his safe return,
(For I No other loss but only his can mourn,)
Nisus your gift shall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high embost : which when old *Priam* reign'd
My conquering Sire, at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more two Tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great Tallents of the finest Gold.
Besides a Boul which *Tyrian* Art did grave ;
The Present that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in Conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors shall obtain,

Thou

Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest ;
That, and his golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
And Sheild, from lot exempted, thou shalt share ;
With these, twelve captive Dam'sels young and fair ;
Male Slaves as many ; well appointed all
With Vests and Arms, shall to thy portion fall :
And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
The large demenes the *Latian* King posselt.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee O wondrous Youth : be ever mine,
Take full possession, all my Soul is thine :
My lifes Companion, and my bosom Friend ;
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend.
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy Conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd ;
What ever fortune, good or bad, betide,

The same shall be my Age, as now my Youth ;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your bounty let me gain ;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain :)
Of *Priams* Royal Race my Mother came,
And sure the best that ever bore the name :
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing ; but o're spent and old,
My fate she follow'd ; ignorant of this
What ever danger : Neither parting kiss,
Nor pious Blessing taken, her I leave :
And in this only Act of all my life deceive.
By this your hand and conscious Night I swear,
My youth so sad a farewell cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron fill my vacant place ;
(Permit me to presume so great a grace ;)
Support her Age forsaken and distrest ;
That hope alone will fortifie my breast,

Against

Against the worst of fortunes and of fears :

He said ; th' Assistants shed presaging tears.

But above all, *Ascanius* mov'd to see

That image of paternal piety.

Then thus reply'd.——

So great beginnings in so green an Age

Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage ;

Thy Mother all the privilege shall claim

Crensa had ; and only want the name.

Whate'r event thy enterprise shall have,

'Tis Merit to have born a Son so brave.

By this my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear,

(My Father us'd it) what returning, here

Crown'd with success, I for thy self prepare,

Thy Parent and thy Family shall share :

He said ; and weeping while he spoke the word,

From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,

Magnificent with Gold ; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the Blade.
This was his Gift : while *Mnestheus* did provide
For *Nisus* Arms; a grisley Lions Hide; (per try'd.
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of tem-
Thus arm'd they went : the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Pray'rs and Vows above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far above his years.
And Messages committed to their care ;
Which all in Winds were lost, and empty air.
The Trenches first they pass'd ; then took their
way,
Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'r themselves were slain :
The careless Host dispers'd upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine supinely snore:
Unharness'd Chariots stand upon the shore ;

Midst

Midst wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medley of Debauch and War they lie:
Observing *Nisus* shew'd his friend the fight;
Then thus: behold a Conquest without fight.
Occasion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
Our way lies there, stand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I securely go
To cut an ample passage through the *Foe*.
Softly he spoke; then stalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamneslay*,
His head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.
Three sleeping Slaves he soon subdues: then spies
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies:
His Armour Bearer first, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,

And his lov'd Horfes ; laſt invades their Lord, /
Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword :
The Gasping head flies off : a purple floud,
Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the bloud ;
Which by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around
The bed, beſprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus* and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The night : oppreſt with wine and ſlumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play ;
More lucky had it been protracted till the day.
The famiſh'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O're leaps the fences of the nightly fold,
The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws ;
Wrapt up in ſilent fear, they lie and pant beneath
his paws.

Nor with leſs rage *Euryalus* employs
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer foes deſtroyes ;

But

But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew ;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhetus* flew,
With *Abaris* ; in sleep the rest did fall ;
But *Rhetus* waking, and observing all :
Behind a mighty Jar he flunk for fear ;
The sharp edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there :
Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side ;
The cruel Sword return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
Pours out ; the purple Soul comes floating in the
floud.

Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive ;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive ;
The warlike Horses ty'd in order fed ;
Nisus the discipline observ'd, and fed,
Our eagerness of blood may both betray :
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,

Foe to these nightly thefts : No more my, friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution End ;
A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made:
The bold *Euryalus*, though loath, obey'd :
Rich Arms and Arras which they scatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of Gaudy spoils, the Boy wou'd stay
To make the proud Caparisons his prey,
Which deck'd a Neigh'bring steed.——
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The Girdle studded o're with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore: This present long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* bestow,
And absent joyn'd in hospitable Tyes.
He dying to his Heir bequeath'd the prize :
Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppress'd
He fell, and they the glorious gift possess.

These

These gaudy spoils *Eurialus* now bears ;
And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears :
Messapus Helm, he found amongst the dead,
Garnish'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
They leave the Camp and take the safest road ;
Mean time a Squadron of their foes abroad,
Three hundred Horse with Bucklers arm'd, they
spy'd,

Whom *Volscens* by the Kings command did guide :
To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
Approaching near their utmost lines they draw ;
When bending tow'rd the left, their Captain saw
The faithful pair ; for through the doubtful shade
His glitt'ring Helm *Eurialus* betray'd ;
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volscens* from the crowd)
These Men go there, then rais'd his voice aloud :

Stand

Stand, stand! why thus in Arms? And whether bent
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
Silent they make away ; and hast their flight
To Neighb'ring Woods ; and trust themselves to
night.

The speedy horsemen spur their Steeds to get
'Twixt them and home ; and every path beset,
And all the windings of the well known Wood ;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
With fern all horrid, and perplexing thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had scarce a passage worn.
The darkness of the shades ; his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way :
But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier hast,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger past,
And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba's* name so call'd ;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen Stall'd.

Till turning at the length he stood his ground,
And vainly cast his longing eyes around
For his lost friend !

Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind.
Where shall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find !
Or what way take! again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Thro the wild wood : at last he hears the Noise
Of trampling Horses, and the riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and suddainly he view'd
His Foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd,
Fore laid, and taken, while he strove in vain
The Covert of the Neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What shou'd he next attempt, what arms employ
With fruitless force to free the Captive Boy ?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword ;
And die by him whom living he ador'd ?

Resolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he shook,
And casting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, said he, who dost in woods delight,
Grace of the Stars, and Goddess of the Night;
Be present, and direct my Dart aright.
If e're my pious Father for my sake,
Did on thy Altars grateful offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with successful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with savage Spoils,
Through the brown shadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poyzing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided shades the deadly Javelin
flew;

On *Sulmo's* back it splits; the double dart,
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He staggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with short Sobbs, he gasps away his breath.

All

All stand amaz'd ; a second Javelin flies
From his stretch'd arm, and hisses through the Skies :
The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way ;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volsens* foams with rage ; and gazing round ,
Descry'd no Author of the Fatal wound,
Nor where to fix revenge : But thou he cries,
Shalt pay for both ; and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword : Then, struck with deep
despair ,
That fatal fight the Lover cou'd not bear ;
But from his Covert rusht in open view ;
And sent his voice before him as he flew ;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone :
The crime confes'd ; the fact was all my own.
He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witness to the Truth ;

His

His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy friend.
Too late alas, he speaks ;
The Sword, which unrelenting fury guides
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender sides ;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Gush'd out a Crimson stream and stain'd the ground:
His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppress'd,
By the keen Share : for Poppy on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Nisus* headlong on the Hostile Crow'd ;
Volsens he seeks, at him alone he bends ;
Born back, and push'd by his surrounding friends,
He still press'd on ; and kept him still in sight ;
Then whirld aloft his Sword with all his might ;

Th' unerring Weapon flew ; and wing'd with
death,
Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his breath.
Dying he flew : and stagg'ring on the plain,
Sought for the Body of his Lover slain :
Then quietly on his dear Breast he fell ;
Content in death to be reveng'd so well.
O happy pair ! for if my verse can give
Eternity ; your fame shall ever live :
Fix'd as the Capitols Foundations lies,
And spread where e're the *Roman* Eagle flies.

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius*
and *Lausus*, translated out of the
10th. Book of *Virgil's Æneids*

Connection of the *Episode*, with
the foregoing Story.

Mezentius was King of Etruria, or Tuscany; from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus banish'd he applies himself to King Turnus, in whose Court he, and his Son Lausus take Sanctuary. Turnus for the Love of Lavinia making War with Æneas, Mezentius engages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted Æneas out of hatred to him. Mezentius is every where describ'd by Virgil as an Atheist; his Son Lausus is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Vertue: And the death of those two is the subject of this Noble Episode.

What

THus equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns
advance :

Victors and vanquish'd in the various field ;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yeild :
The Gods from Heav'n, survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of humane life.

Above the rest two Goddeffes appear
Concern'd for each : Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.

Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Ate* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.

Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain :

Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks, he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o'r the flood :

When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves ;
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a Mountain Ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth ; in clouds he hides his head.

Thus arm'd, he took the field : —

The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from a far ;

With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.

Collected in himself, and like a Rock

Poiz'd on his base ; *Mezentius* stood the shock

Of his great Foe : then measuring with his eyes

The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries :

My own right hand and Sword assist my stroke ;

(Those only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)

His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,

Shall by my *Lausus* be in triumph worn.

He said ; and straight with all his force he threw

The massie Spear ; which, hissing as it flew,

Reach'd the celestial Shield ; that stop'd the course :

But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force,

Took

Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
Till, tir'd with toyls, fair *Italy* he chose;
And in *Evander's* Palace, sought repose:
Now falling by anothers wound, his eyes
He casts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin sent;
The Sheild gave way, thro' trebble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linnen trebbly rowld,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler
fold:
All these it past with unresisted course,
Transpeirc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force:
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson floud:
The *Trojan* glad with sight of hostile bloud,

His Fauchion drew, to cloſſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſt.
His Fathers danger *Laufus* view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which peirc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The liſted ſword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſheild ;

All fir'd with Noble Emulation, strive ;
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive
 The *Trojan* chief, who held at bay, from far ,
 On his Vulcanian Orb sustain'd the War.
 As when thick Hail comes rattling in the wind ,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind
 For shelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in Hollow Caverns lie,
 But that o'reblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to Travel, and renew their toils :
Aeneas thus o'rewhelm'd ; on every side
 The Storm of darts undaunted did abide ;
 And thus to *Lausus* loud, with friendly threat-
 ning cri'd.

Why wilt thou rush to certain death ? and rage
 In rash attempts beyond thy tender age ?
 Betray'd by pious Love ? nor thus forborn
 The Youth desists, but with insulting scorn :

Pro-

Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whose patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.

For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;

And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,

Which full descending with a fearful sway,

Thro' Sheild & Cuirasse forc'd th' impetuous way,

And buried deep in his fair bosome lay.

The springing streams thro' the thin Armour strove

And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother

wove :

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,

Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

But when, with bloud and paleness all bespread,

The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead,

He griev'd, he wept : the sight an image brought

Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.

Then stretch'd his hand to raise him up, and said;

Poor hapless youth, what praises can be paid

To

To love so great ; to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more !
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford :
Untouch'd thy Arms ; untaken be thy Sword ;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolatè ; and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy Parents I bestow,
To please thy Ghost ; at least if shadows know 2
Or have a tast of humane things below.

There to thy fellow Ghosts, with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this he bids his distant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their fear ;
Himself assists to raise him from the ground,
His Locks deform'd with Blood, that well'd from
out his wound.

Mean time the Father, now no Father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by *Tyber's* yellow floud,

Opprest with anguish, panting, and o're spent,
His fainting Limbs against a tree he leant :
A bough his brazen Helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain :
Of Youth a chosen Troop around him stand,
His head hung down, and rested on his hand ;
His grizly Beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on *Lausus*, ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a message sent :
To warn him from the Field ; alas in vain
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain
On their broad shields ; still gush'd the gaping
wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries ; far off divin'd
The dire event with a forebodeing mind.

With dust he sprinkled first his Hoary head,
 Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he spread;
 Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he sed.
 What joys, alas, cou'd this frail being give!
 That I have been so covetous to live.
 To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
 His life a ranfome for preserving mine!
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost,
 How much too dear has that redemption cost.
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel,
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My guilt thy growing vertues did defame;
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.
 Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild.
 I ow'd my people these; and from their hate
 With less injustice cou'd have born my fate.

And

And yet live, and yet support the fight
Of hateful men, and of more hated Light !
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unapal'd
With pains or perils, for his Courser call'd:
Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did
dress
With daily care ; and mounted with success,
His Ayd in Arms ; his Ornament in peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle stroke,
The Horse seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.
O *Rhabus* we have liv'd too long for me ;
(If long and Life were terms that cou'd agree!)
This day, thou either shalt bring back the head,
And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead ;
This day, thou either shalt revenge my woe
For Murther'd *Lausus* on his cruell Foe,

Or

Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conquest, with thy Conquer'd Master die.
For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no Foreign reins, or *Trojan* load endure.
He said; and straight th' officious Courser kneels,
To take his wonted weight : His hands he fills
With pointed Javelins ; on his head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With crested Horsehair, nodding from afar,
Then spurr'd his thundring Steed, amidst the War.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief to madness
wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress;
Rowl'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name ;
The loud repeated voice to glad *Æneas* came.

Great *Jove* said he ; and the far shooting God,
Inspire thy mind, to make thy challenge good.
He said no more ; but hasten'd to appear,
And threatn'd with his long protended spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus ; thy vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lyes extended on the plain ;
He's lost ; thy conquest is already won :
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor fate I fear, but all the Gods defie !
Forbear thy threats ; my business is to die :
But first receive this parting Legacie.
He said ; and straight a whirling dart he sent ;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious Ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round , and thrice *Aeneas*
wheel'd :

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd, the Golden Orb withstood.
The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay ; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone ;
To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o're labour'd in unequal fight,
At last resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horse:
Betwixt the Temples pass'd th' unerring spear,
And piercing stood transfixt from ear to ear.
Seiz'd with the suddain pain, surpriz'd with fright,
The Courser bounds aloft and stands upright:
He beats his Hoofs a while in aire ; then prest
With anguish, Floundering falls the gen'rous
beast
And his cast rider, with his weight oppress.
From either Host the mingled shouts and cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutilians* rend the Skies.

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Aeneas

Aeneas half'ning wav'd his fatal Sword,
High o're his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty strain?
Strugling, and wildly staring on the Skies,
With scarce recover'd breath, he thus replies:
Why these insulting threats, this waste of breath,
To Souls undaunted, and secure of Death.
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die;
Nor came I hear with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lausus* fell, I was already slain:
Nor ask I life,
My dying Son contracted no such band:
Nor wou'd I take it from his Mud'ers hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
(If pity to a conquer'd foe be due)

Refuse

Refuse not that : But let my body have
The last retreat of humane kind ; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd peoples hate ;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate ;
This refuge for my poor remains provide ;
And lay my much lov'd *Lansus* by my side ;
He said ; and to the Sword his throat apply'd. }
The Crimson stream distain'd his Arms around ;
And the disdainful Soul came rushing through
the wound.

The

THE
S P E E C H
O F
VENUS
T O
VULCAN:

*Wherein she perswades him to make Arms
for her Son Æneas, then engag'd in a
War against the Latines, and King Tur-
nus : Translated out of the Eighth Book
of Virgils Æneids.*

Now Night with Sable wings the World
o're spread ;

But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with dread

Of

Of *Latian* arms, before the tempest breaks,
Her Husbands timely succour thus bespeaks,
Couch'd in his golden Bed: —
(And, that her pleasing Speech his mind may move,
Inspires it with diviner charms of Love :)
While adverse Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I begg'd no aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did thy succour, nor thy art implore;
Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,
To urge the labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priams* House, and more,
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore:
But now, by *Joves* command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble suit I ask thy needful art,
O still propitious Pow'r, O Sovereign of my heart,

A Mother stands a suppliant for a Son:
By silver footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the rosie Morn
Mov'd thee with Armes her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are these my tears, less pow'rful on thy mind?
Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
With fire and sword *My* people to destroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.
She said; and straight her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving Husband threw;
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire,
His bones and marrow suddain warmth inspire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rowling thunder flies,
Or streaks of lightning flash along the skyes.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful wiles,
And, conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.

Then

Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms :) (charms,

Why seek you reasons for a Cause so just,

Or your own beauty or my love distrust?

Long since had you requir'd my helpful hand,

You might the Artist, and his Art command

To arm your *Trojans* : nor did *Jove* or Fate,

Confine their Empire to so short a date :

And if you now desire new Wars to wage,

My care, my skill, my labour I engage,

Whatever melting Metals can conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,

I freely promise ; all your doubts remove,

And think no task is difficult to love.

He said ; and eager to enjoy her charms,

He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his arms ;

Till all infus'd in joy he lay possess'd

Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the First Book.

Delight of Humane kind, and Gods above;
 Parent of *Rome* ; Propitious Queen of
 Love ;

Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
 And breeds what e'r is born beneath the rowling
 For every kind, by thy prolificque might, (Skies:

Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light :

Thee, Goddess thee; the clouds and tempests fear,

And at thy pleasing presence disappear:

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,

For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy

breast;

And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer
 (light is blest.

For

For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
 When teeming Budds, and chearful greens appear,
 And Western gales unlock the lazy year,
 The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess:
 Then salvage Beasts bound o're their flighted food,
 Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:
 All Nature is thy Gift ; Earth, Air, and Sea :
 Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O're barren Mountains, o're the flow'ry Plain ,
 The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign.
 Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
 And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds
 of Love :

Since then the race of every living thing,
Obeys thy pow'r ; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear^d
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,
Be thou my ayd : My tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire ;
While all thy Province Nature, I survey,
And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy won-
d'rous pow'r display.

To *Memmius*, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather, then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing Verses worthy him and thee.
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord
cease,
And lull the listning world in universal peace.

To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy breast, supinely lies, (eyes:
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd
Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath, (death.
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love,
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary World restore.

L U C R E T I U S

The beginning of the Second Book.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore ^{(roar:}
 The rowling Ship ; and hear the Tempest
 Not that anothers pain is our delight ;
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving Legions mingled in the War :
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,
 To Vertues heights, with wisdom well supply'd, }
 And all the *Magazins* of Learning fortifi'd : }
 From thence to look below on humane kind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend
 For Wit and Pow'r ; their lost endeavours bend
 T'out-

T'outshine each other, waste their time and health,
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.

O wretched man! in what a mist of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noise strife,
He spends his little Span: And overfeeds

His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs:
For Nature wisely stints our appetite,

And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain;

A Soul serene, a body void of pain.

So little this corporeal frame requires;

So bounded are our natural desires,

That wanting all, and setting pain aside,

With bare privation, sense is satisf'd.

If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,

To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;

If the proud Palace shines not with the state

Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,

If

If well tun'd Harps; nor the more pleasing sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound,
Yet on the grass beneath a poplar shade
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd,
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is drest.
Nor will the raging Feavours fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State :
But the poor Patient will as soon be sound,
On the hard mattress, or the Mother ground.
Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortunes wealthy store,
Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind :
Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight
Cou'd with their sound, and terrible array
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death a-

(way;

But

But since the supposition vain appears,
 Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
 Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
 But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,
 Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
 Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;
 Why shou'd not we these pageantries despise;
 Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
 For life is all in wandring errors led;
 And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,
 And tremble in the dark, so riper years
 Ev'n in broad day light are possess'd with fears:
 And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
 As those which in the breasts of Children reign.
 These bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,
 No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
 But nature and right reason, must display
 Their beames abroad, and bring the darksome soul

Tran.

TRANSLATION
OF THE
Latter Part of the Third Book
OF
LUCRETIVS;

Against the Fear of Death.

What has this Bugbear death to frighten
Man,

If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?

For, as before our Birth we felt no pain

When Punique arms infested Land and Mayn,

When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd

For the debated Empire of the World,

Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,

Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd sway :

So,

So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,
 The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the mind,
 From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not Be.
 Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
 VVe shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
 The Soul cou'd feel in her divided state,
 VVhat's that to us, for we are only we
 VVhile Souls and bodies in one frame agree?
 Nay, tho' our Atoms shou'd revolve by chance,
 And matter leape into the former dance;
 Tho' time our Life and motion cou'd restore,
 And make our Bodies what they were before,
 VVhat gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring,
 The new made man wou'd be another thing;
 VVhen once an interrupting pause is made,
 That individual Being is decay'd.

We

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen :
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the fence
are fled.
For who so e're shall in misfortunes live
Must Be, when those misfortunes shall arrive ;

And

And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in death to fear?
 When once that pause of life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,
 That after death his mouldring limbs shall rot,
 Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
 Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.
 A secret Sting remains within his mind,
 The fool is to his own cast off's kind ;
 He boasts no sense can after death remain,
 Yet makes himself a part of life again:
 As if some other He could feel the pain.
 If, while he live, this thought molest his head,
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,

222

He

He waists his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man :
But thinks himself can still himself survive ;
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
Or on an ayery Mountains top to lie
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency,
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd
With Monumental Marble on thy breast ?
But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys
From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose

Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mothers haſt,
 Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure thro' thy Breſt,
 All theſe ſhall be no more : thy Friends oppreſt,
 Thy Care and Courage now no more ſhall free :
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'ſt, ah ! miſerable me,
 One woful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife,
 And all the brittle bleſſings of my life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt 'is true;
 Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too,
 Which well conſider'd were a quick relief,
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.
 For thou ſhalt ſleep and never wake again,
 And quitting life, ſhall quit thy living pain.
 But we thy friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind,
 No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from
 our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the Wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal it were death,
Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath
Are

Are moving near to sense, we do but shake
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
 Then death to us, and deaths anxiety
 Is less than nothing, if a less cou'd be.
 For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.
 And last, suppose Great Natures Voice shou'd call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
 For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous blessings I cou'd give
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Seive,

Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
feast

(thy rest?
Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise and take

But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,

If indigested joys pass'd thro' and wou'd not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?

If Life be grown a load, a real ill,

And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,

Lay down thy burden fool, and know thy friend.

To please thee I have empti'd all my store,

I can invent, and can supply no more;

But run the round again, the round I ran before.

Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,

Yet still the self same Scene of things appears,

And wou'd be ever, could'st thou ever live;

For life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.

What can we plead against so just a Bill?

We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.

But

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
 Be still thou Martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
 What thou (She cries) who hast outliv'd content!
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more!
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes thy vain desires at strife
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
 And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight (light.
 E're thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul, & fences with de-
 Now leave those joys unsuited to thy age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide,
Against

Against this ever changing Frames decay,
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 One Being worn, another Being makes;
 Chang'd but not lost; for Nature gives and takes;
 New Matter must be found for things to come,
 And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's
 All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot; (doom,
 And from each others ruin are begot;
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
 'Tis giv'n to all for use; to none for Property.
 Consider former Ages past and gone,
 Whose Circles ended long e're thine begun,
 Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou hast:
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past,
 What horreur seest thou in that quiet state,
 What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate?
 No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
 But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
 Are verifi'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,
 Or dreadsth'impending Rock to crush him from on ^{(high:}
 But fear of Chance on earth disturbs our easie hours:
 Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
 No *Titius* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
 Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver swell
 To that prodigious Mass for their eternal meal.
 Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd ore
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
 Nor tho' the Globe of earth had been the Gyants
 Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie; ^{(floor.}
 Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient food supply.
 But he's the *Titius*, who by Love oppress,
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,
 And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of rest.

The *Sisiphus* is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And sweats & toils in vain, to mount the sovereign
For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail, (Seat,
Ever to strive and never to prevail,
VVhat is it, but in reasons true account
To heave the Stone against the rising Mount ;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils & rolls impetuous down, and smoaks along
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind (the plain.
With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the VVolf within thee barks for more ;

This

This is the Fables moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.
 But here on Earth the guilty have in view
 The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due :
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th' avenging horror of a Conscious mind,
 Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
 And sees no end of Punishment and woe :
 But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath ;
 This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.

Mean

Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy
head ;

Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;

Ancus thy better far, was born to die,

And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many Monarchs with their mighty State,

Who rul'd the World, were overrul'd by fate.

That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,

And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves
restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,

While his proud Legions march'd upon their back :)

Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;

Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal
name.

The Roman chief, the *Carthaginian* dread,

Scipio the Thunder Bolt of War is dead,

And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.

The

The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
And Wits who made Eternity their boast;
Where now is *Homer* who possess'd the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's
gone.

Democritus perceiving age invade,
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a chearful face;
Made hast to welcom death, and met him half the
That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far
As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by Lazy sleep possess'd;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in
thy breast.

Eternal

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.

O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast,
Sure they wou'd change their course; nor live as
now;

Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasie both in Countrey and in Town,
They search a place to lay their burden down
One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open Air.

Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're works his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care:
Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Natures Laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;
That never changing state which all must keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Why

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife:
A Life which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Besides we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne're strike out; but beat the former ground;
And the same Mawkish Joyes in the same track are
found.

For still we think an absent blessing best;
Which cloyes, and is no blessing when possess'd;
A new arising wish expells it from the Breast.
The Feav'rish thirst of Life increases still;
We call for more and more and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to morrow we shall try,
VVhat dregs of life in the last draught may lie.
Nor, by the longest life we can attain;
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.

VVhen

VWhen once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
VWho dyes to day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

LUCRE.

LUCRETIVS

The Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love;

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THus therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart
 Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
 VWhether some beauteous Boys alluring face,
 Or Lovelyer Maid with unresisted Grace,
 From her each part the winged arrow sends,
 From whence he first was struck, he thither tends;
 Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
 And eager to inject the sprightly seed.
 For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
 And ardent Love assures approaching joy.

such

Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The Feaver of the Soul shot from the fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding care.
If absent, her Idea still appears ;
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears :
But strive those pleasing fantomes to remove,
And shun th' Aerial images of Love ;
That feed the flame : When one molests thy mind
Discharge thy loyns on all the leaky kind ;
For that's a wiser way than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves, that hoard of pain.
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd ;
The Viper Love must on the wound be bruis'd :
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other-way :

The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
Nor wants he all the bliss, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wandring joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he wou'd possess;
But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantique pains:
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shews his joyes imperfect, unsincere:
For stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the smart on that which gave
the wound.

But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his Foe to seek relief :
Which yet the nature of the thing denies ;
For Love, and Love alone of all our joyes
By full possession does but fan the fire,
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Nature for meat, and drink provides a space ;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place ;
Hence thirst and hunger may be satisf'd,
But this repletion is to Love deny'd :
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe're delight
Provokes the Lovers endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love :
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he who in a dream with drought is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst ,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly swills and labours in his sleep ;
So Love with fantomes cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies ;
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o're the lovely limbs in vain :
Nor when the Youthful pair more clossely joyn,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs
Just in the raging foam of full desire, (they twine
When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues
they dart,

As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart :
In vain ; they only cruze about the coast,
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost :
As sure they strive to be, when both engage,
In that tumultuous momentany rage,

So

So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
Till Man dissolves in that excess of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
And ebbing tydes the slacken'd nervs betray,
A pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil;
And then the same vain violence returns,
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
Agen they in each other wou'd be lost,
But still by adamantine bars are crost;
All ways they try, succeſſeleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of lingring love.
Besides —

They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtrife,
And to a Womans will enſlave their life;
Th' Eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made,
All Offices of frienſhip are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

Affyrian Oyntment from their temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands :
And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o're labour'd loyns.
Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French fashions, costly treats are their delight ;
The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.
In vain :——

For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First guilty Conscience does the mirrour bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,
And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious life.

Perhaps

Perhaps the fickle fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind;
And leavs a ranckling jealoufie behind.

Perhaps he watches clofs her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise;
And thinks he fees upon her cheeks the while,
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;
His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits
boyl.

This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs difastrous passions prove!
Innumerable Ills; difdain, despair,
With all the meager Family of Care:
Thus, as I faid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Difafe, and late repent:
Because to fhun th' allurements is not hard,
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:

But

But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the streights, and break th' invol-
ving Net.

Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain ;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find, }
Her plain defects of Body and of mind. }

For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity :
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name :
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And love can make a Slattern of a Slut :
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,
If freckled she's a party-colour'd Dove.

If little, then she's life and soul all o're:
An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.
She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lies,
If she sayes nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
Th' o're grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,
A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.
Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kisses.
The task were endless all the rest to trace:
Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her face,
And shape, yet others equal beauty share;
And time was you cou'd live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Then homelier women full as well can do.

Besides she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent:
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waites:
Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on th' obdurate door:
Who if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unsav'ry Whiff, betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone:
And calls himself a doating fool to serve,
Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.
Which well they understand like cunning Queans;
And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes.
From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,
But to a peircing eye, 'tis all in vain:

For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
And the false light discovers by the true:
Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor alwayes do they feign the sweets of Love,
When round the panting Youth their pliant limbs
they move;

And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss,
They often share, and more than share the bliss:
From every part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
They feel the trickling joyes, and run with vigour
to the Goal.

Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire
Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-
Because the throbbing Nature in their veins
Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:
The lusty leap th'expecting Female stands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual Bands.

They

Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor shouting boys, nor blows their union can divide;
At either end they strive the linck to loose;
In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the noose.
Which never wou'd those wretched Lovers do,
But that the common heats of Love they know;
The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common
too.

And when the Womans more prevailing juice
Sucks in the mans, the mixture will produce
The Mothers likeness; when the man prevails,
His own resemblance in the seed he Seals.
But when we see the new begotten race
Reflect the features of each Parents face,
Then of the Fathers and the Mothers blood,
The justly temper'd seed is understood:
When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion sent,

When

When neither party foils, when neither foild,
This gives the blended features of the Child.
Sometimes the Boy, the Grandfires image bears;
Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares;
Because the genial Atomes of the seed
Lie long conceal'd e're they exert the breed:
And after sundry Ages past, produce
The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
Hence Families such different figures take,
And represent their Ancestors in face and Hair,
and make.

Because of the same Seed, the voice, and hair,
And shape, and face, and other members are,
And the same antique mould the likeness does
prepare.

Thus oft the Fathers likeness does prevail
In Females, and the Mothers in the Male.

For since the seed is of a double kind.
From that where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame;
As many think, who stain with Victims Blood
The mournful Altars, and with incense load:
To bless the show'ry seed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magique numbers try:
For barrenness of Sexes will proceed.
Either from too Condens'd, or watry seed;
The watry juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay;

The

The too Condens'd, unfould, unwieldly mass
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place:
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their success,
Some men, with fruitful seed some Women bless;
And from some men some Women fruitful are;
Just as their constitutions joyn or jarr:
And many, seeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolifque men,
Have fill'd a Family with prating boyes:
And many not supply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to ease their smart,
And to perform the Sapless Husbands part.
So much it does import, that seed with seed
Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed:
And thick with thin, and thin with thick shou'd joyn,
So to produce and propagate the Line.

Of

Of such concernment too is Drink and food,
T'incrassate, or attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do :
For as the Females of the four foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind ;
So the good Wives, with loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands the fruitful stroke
may try :

For in that posture will they best conceive :
Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave ;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show ;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled
liquors flow.

Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd
ground.

But

But common Harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid's* dart,
That many a homely Woman takes the heart;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,
Such are the links of Love, and such a Love will
For what remains, long habitude, and use, (last.)
Will kindness in domestick Bands produce:
For Custom will a strong impression leave;
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

From *LUCRETIVS*

Book the Fifth.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THus like a Sayler by the Tempest hurl'd
A shore, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the
World :

Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that humane wants require:
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
From the first moment of his hapless Birth,
Straight with forebodeing cries he fills the Room;
(Too true presages of his future doom.)
But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

They

They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear
Nor change their habits with the changing year :
Nor, for their safety, Citadels prepare ;
Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hands supplies their common
wants.

Theocrit. Idyllinm the 18th.

THE
EPITHALAMIUM
 OF
HELEN and MENELAUS.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
 With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flow-
 ing hair ;

And to the pompous Palace did resort,
 Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.

There hand in hand a comely Quire they led ;
 To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
 Which curious Needles wrought, and painted
 flowers bespred.

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he :
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands and justly beat the
ground.

This was their song : Why happy Bridegroom, why
E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
E're twilight shades, or Evening dewes are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed ?
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowles of a more generous God ?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self and leave thy Bride alone :
Go leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, till the break of day :

Give

Give us this Evening ; thou hast Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth ! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud ;
And every lucky *Omen* sent before,
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canst boast alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son :
Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare ;
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare :
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line ;
But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,

When

When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost ;
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the Night, and Winter disappear,
The Purple morning rising with the year
Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies :
So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest :
As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,
Or as *Theffalian* Steeds the race adorn :
So Rosie colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside,
Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend :
With *Pallas* in the Loom she may contend.
But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute strings with Vocal Soul inspire,

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praise so well
As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand *Cupids* dwell.
O fair, O Gracefull yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to morrows Sun a Matron shall behold.
Yet e're to morrows Sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our Noblest Maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd in to a wreath.
This Monument thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worship *Helens Tree*;

Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around, (ground;
Shall all bedew the roots and scent the sacred
The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
But *Helens* name will keep it ever young.

Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, son in Law to *Jove* !
With fruitful joys, *Latona* bleſs your Love ;

Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,

Add vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires :

Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,

Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.

From generous Loyns a generous race will spring,

Each Girl, like her, a Queen ; each Boy, like you, a
King.

Now sleep if sleep you can ; but while you rest,

Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast.

Rise in the morn ; but oh before you rise,

Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.

We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd
Flock:

Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle
won.

Idyllium

Idyllium the 23d.

T H E

Despairing L O V E R.

With inauspicious love, a wretched Swain
Persu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his Gifts despis'd :
Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on humane hearts;
But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead,
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy :
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.

But

But as a hunted Panther casts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears to (scout,
So she, to shun his Toyls, her cares imploy'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd. (frown,
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
He eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :
Her fallow Cheeks her envious mind did show,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of
a Shrew.

Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,
His love still drest her in a pleasing shape:
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.

With

With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love ;
And any heart, but only hers wou'd move :
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood ;
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,
Thy Tygress heart belies thy Angel Face :
Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone ;
Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown :
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
But so my Love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,
Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome life ;
This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Fare.

Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to lose my long desires :
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my fires !
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans :
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;
What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
White Lillies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so ;
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of Love ; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate

Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request!
When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your Mantle o're my grizly Face ;
Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
Even you are not more pittiless than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.

Thrice

Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :

Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear ,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here:
Oh, Passengers *Amintas* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love ;
He heav'd with more than humane force, 'to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbour-
ring Beam :

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws ;
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.
The bounce burst ope the door ; the Scornful Fair
Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye, (in Air,
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by :

And

And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the
touch.

Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love :
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:
Nodding a while; and watchful of his blow ,
He fell; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
below :

Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;
Lovers farwell, revenge has reacht my scorn ;
Thus warn'd , be wise, and love for love return.

I DAPH-

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll. 27.*

Daphnis.

THe Shepheard *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free consent can boast a Bliss,
A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kiss.

Chloris Kisses are empty joyes and soon are o're.

Daph. A Kiss betwixt the lips is something more.

Chlo. I wipe my mouth, and where's your kissing
then?

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at
home;

I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom.

Daph. Tis

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;
But wisely use it e're you pass your prime.

Chlo. Blown Roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive shades are
near;

I fain wou'd whisper something in your ear.

Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret mischief you may
mean;

I doubt you'll play the Wag and kiss agen.

Daph. At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you'r dispos'd to hear.

Chlo. Play by your self, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang toge-
ther.

Daph. Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend:

Chlo. I shall have chaste *Diana* still to friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart ;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.

Daph. Nay, fie what mean you in this open place ;

Chlo. Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your face.

Daph. Let go for shame ; you make me mad for
spight ;

Chlo. My mouth's my own ; and if you kiss I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling Female tricks :

Chlo. What wou'd you scape the fate of all your
Sex ?

Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead till death,

And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

Daph. Nay mum for that ; but let me lay thee down ;

Better with me, than with some nauseous
Clown.

Chlo. I'de have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have bin wo'd by many a wealthy Hind ;
But never found a Husband to my mind.

Daph. But

Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here; }
 }
 }
 }
 }

Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
 And Marriage is a woful word to hear,

Daph. A scar Crow, set to frighten fools away;
 Marriage has joys; and you shall have a say.

Chlo. Sour sawce is often mix'd with our delight,
 You kick by day more than you kiss by
 night.

Daph. Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,
 A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.

Chlo. But Child-birth is they say, a deadly pain;
 It costs at least a Month to knit again,

Daph. *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made;
 Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.

Chlo. But I shall spoil my Beauty if I bear.

Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

Chlo. But there's a Civil question us'd of late?
 Where lies my jointure, where your own
 Estate?

Daph. My

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures take,

With Settlement as good as Law can make.

Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,

But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)

Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

Chlo. I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,

A house, and handsome Lodging for a guest.

Daph. A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a flock-bed I can shear my Sheep.

Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

Daph. I will make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.

Chlo. But

Chlo. But after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, e're I know your Name.
A pleasant sounding name's a pretty thing:

Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to sing;
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Syre,
Both sound as well as Woman can desire.
Nomea bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houfwife she.

Chlo. Your kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true,
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boasting am as good as he
Menelaus; and no Master goes before.

Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word
more;
But if you love me let me see your Living,
Your House and Home; for seeing is be-
lieving.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from
noon;)

Chlo. Browze on my goats; for I'll be with you
soon.

Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,) (bare?)
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosome

Daph. These pretty bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place :

My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soyling,
What do you think new Cloaths, were made
for spoyling?

Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy back:

Chlo. My Head Geer's off; what filthy work
you make!

Daph. To

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these offerings by ;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me ;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

Chlo. Y' are liberal now ; but when your turn is
sped,

You'll wish me choak'd with every crust of
Bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have
told ;

Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy handmaid (Huntress of the
wood,)

I see there's no resisting flesh and blood !

Daph. The

Daph. The noble deed is done ; my Herds I'll cull ;

Cupid, be thine a Calf ; & *Venus*, thine a Bull.

Cblo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,

But hence return, without my Virgin flour.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best ;

If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their sense ;
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest ;
And present at his own Mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed ;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play ,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat
away.

First rose the Maid and with a glowing Face,
Her down cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste :
The Bridgroom started from his Trance at last,
And piping homeward jocosundly he past.

Horas

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon,
on his intended Voyage to
I R E L A N D.*

SO may th'auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of Jove,)
And he, who rules the raging wind
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
As thou to whom the Muse commends,
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore:
And land him safely on the shore:

And

And save the better part of me,
 From perishing with him at Sea.
 Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
 In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
 Or his at least, in hollow wood,
 Who tempted first the briny Floud:
 Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore;
 Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
 What form of death cou'd him affright,
 Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,
 Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
 And monsters rolling in the deep?
 Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
 With Storms above, and Rocks below!

In vain did Natures wise command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main :
Th' eternal Fences over leap ;
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toyl, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seed of Fire :
A train of Ills, a ghastly crew,
The Robbers blazing track pursue ;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavours of the fiery Race,
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground :

And

And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes
Are safe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

Horace Lib. 1. Ode 9.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountains hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below :
And streams with Icy letters bound,
Benum'd and cramp't to solid ground.

II.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial heat with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To tofs and turn the World below ;
At his command the storms invade ;
The winds by his Commiffion blow ;
Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceafe,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the prefent hour,
And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,
To put them out of Fortunes pow'r :
Nor love, nor love's delights difdain,
What e're thou get'ft to day is gain.

K

Some

V.

Secure those golden early joyes,
That Youth unfowr'd with sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taste destroyes,
With sickness and unweildy years!
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be posselt;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd blifs,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kifs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coynefs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joyes the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3.

Paraphras'd in *Pindarique* Verse ;

A N D

*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
Lawrence Earl of Rochester.*

I.

DEscended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
The rose wreath is ready made ;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy hair.

K 2

When

II.

When the Wine sparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be Great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the Great :
Make haste and come :
Come and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome* ;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
(of the poor.
Some-

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty :
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious Room,
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from a far ;
And with his sultry breath infects the Sky ;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock, (fry.
Beneath the covert of a Rock ;

And

And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh :

The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,

Those very shades and streams, new shades and
streams require ;

And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the rage-
(ing fire.

IV.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,

And what the City Faction dare,

And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,

And what the Quiver bearing Foe,

Art anxiously inquisitive to know :

But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight

The dark decrees of future fate ;

And sown their seeds in depth of night ;

He laughs at all the giddy turns of State ;

When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour ;
And put it out of Fortunes pow'r :
The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And alwayes in extream.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle Bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :
And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown :
Both House and Homestead into Seas are borne,
And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd ho-
(nours mourr,

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own:
He, who secure within, can say
To morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has pow'r ;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her slave oppress,
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various and unconstant still ;
But with an inclination to be ill ;
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a Lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:

The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is 't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
If the Mast split and threaten wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.

While

For me secure from Fortunes blows,
(Secure of what I cannot lose,)
In my small Pinnacle I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my safety seek
Within some little winding Creek ;
And see the storm a shore.

From

FROM

H O R A C E,

Epod. 2d.

How happy in his low degree
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life!
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
'And from the gripeing Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War
Nor drums disturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

The

The clamours of contentious Law,

And Court and state he wisely shuns,

Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe

To servile Salutations runs :

But either to the clasping Vine

Does the supporting Poplar Wed,

Or with his pruning hook disjoyn

Unbearing Branches from their Head,

And grafts more happy in their stead :

Or climbing to a hilly Steep

He views his Herds in Vales afar

Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,

Or mead for cooling drink prepares,

Of Virgin honey in the Jars.

Or in the now declining year

When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,

He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,

And clustring Grapes with purple spread.

The

The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
 Or on the matted grafs he lies;
 No God of Sleep he need invoke,
 The stream that o're the pebbles flies
 With gentle slumber crows his Eyes.
 he Wind that Whistles through the Sprays
 Maintains the consort of the Song ;
 And hidden Birds with native layes
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked Woods he goes
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well mouth'd hounds and pointed Spear.
 Or

Or spreads his subtile Nets from sight

With twinckling glasse to betray

The Larkes that in the Meshes light,

Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.

Amidst his harmles eadie joys

No anxious care invades his health,

Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,

Nor wicked avarice of Wealth,

But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,

To ease the business of his Life,

Divides with him his household care,

Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,

Such as the swift *Apulians* Bride,

Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,

Will fire for Winter Nights provide,

And without noise will oversee,

His Children and his Family,

And order all things till he come,

Sweaty and overlabour'd, home ;

If she in pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy store,
With Wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My sober appetite wou'd wish,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
That rowling Tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleasing morsels wou'd afford
Than the fat Olives of my fields ;
Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the just Guardian of my ground,

Amidst

Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,

The jolly Shepheard smiles to see
His flock returning from the Plains ;

The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak,
Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke.

To look upon his menial Crew,

That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew

With wholesome Food and Couuntry Mirth.
This *Morecraft* said within himself;

Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Mony in :

But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
And put it out again.

Part of *Virgils* 4th. *Georgick*.

Aristeus, having lost his Bees, goes by his Mother's direction to Proteus to know why the Gods had sent this Plague ; Proteus tells him they sent it to revenge the injury he had done Orpheus, in being the cause of his Brides death, and so goes on with the Story of his Passion.

Now scorching *Sirius* burnt the thirsty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked shores ;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring supply'd his froud,
And mid-day Rays boyld up the streams to mud :
When *Proteus* coming to his usual Cave,
The Sea Calf following spouts the brackish waves
Spread o're the sand the scatter'd Monsters lay,
He (like a Shepherd at the close of day,

When Heifers seek their stalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke }
Sits midd'lt the Beach, and counts the scaly flock. }
Scarce was he laid, scarce sleep had seal'd his eyes,
When *Aristeus*, eager to surprise,
Invades and binds him : Strait he starts and roars,
And with shrill noises fills the ecchoing shores :
He flies to his old Arts and strives to 'scape,
By frequent change, and varying of his shape :
All monstrous forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Floud, a Lion, or a Bear :
When nought avail'd he turn'd himself again ;
And thus spoke with the accent of a Man :
By whose advice hast thou so rashly prest,
Bold Youth, on me ? And what dost thou request ?

(ply'd

You know, Great God, you know, the Swain re-
For who can cheat you ? who his wants can hide ?

But

But strive to change no more : I humbly come,
 And by the Gods commands, to know my doom :
 For what I'm punish'd, when these plagues arose,
 And by what means I may retrieve my loss :
 This said, the angry God with fury shook,
 His eyes shot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
 He gnash'd his teeth, and thus at last he spoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods pursue,
 Thou suffer'st what to thy great crimes is due ;
 At wretched *Orpheus* suit these plagues commence,
 Tho' (fate being kind) too small for thy offence.
 To Heavens strict Justice he his wrongs apply'd,
 And call'd down vengeance for his perish'd Bride :
 She, while she fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
 By heedless fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
 Ne'er saw the Snake glide o're the grassie ground,
 But e're she knew the foe, she felt the wound :

Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the soften'd *Rhodope* replies ;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* streams lament,
Forget their fury, and in grief consent :
While he to doleful tunes his strings does move,
And strove to solace his uneasie Love :
Thee, Thee, Dear Bride, on Desert shores alone
He mourn'd at rising, and at setting Sun :
His restless Love did natural fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He saw the Grove, where gloomy horrors spread,
The Ghosts and gasty Tyrant of the dead ;
With those rough Powers, that there severely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain :

He strook his Harp, and strait a numerous throng
Of Airy people fled to hear the Song,

[Thither

Thither vast troops of wretched Lovers came,
And shriekt at the remembrance of their flame ;
With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppress'd,
Meagre each shape, and wounds in every breast ;
(How deep, ah me! and wide must mine appear,
If so much Beauty can be so severe !)

Wives,
With these, mixt troops of Fathers, Husbands,
As thick as swarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening close, or when a Tempest drives :
With Ghosts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whose dying eyes their Mothers clos'd :
Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid, weeds, and mud
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels spread, confine :

The wondrous numbers soft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of Death ;

Snakes round the *Furies* heads did upward rear,
And seem'd to listen to the pleasing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder streams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel stood still, all tortures ceast,
And Hell amaz'd knew an usual rest.

All dangers past beyond the reach of fear,
Restor'd *Euridice* breath'd the upper air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his complaint
Hell added this condition to the grant)
When fury soon the heedless Lover seiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell cou'd be pleas'd)
Fornear the confines of *Ætherial* Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He stopt, look'd back, (what cannot love perswade ?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid:

Here all his Pains were lost, one greedy look
Defeats his hopes, and Hells conditions broke,
Thrice *Stix* refounded, thrice *Averne* shook:
A fatal Messenger from *Pluto* flew,
And snatch'd the forfeit from a second view:

Backward she fell ; ah me ! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both !
Death summons me again, cold fates surprise,
And Icy sleep spreads o're my nodding eyes:
Wrapt up in night I feel the *Stygian* shore,
And stretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no
(more!

This scarc'd pronounc'd, like smoke dispers'd in
So vanish'd the twice-lost unhappy Fair : (air
And left him catching at the flying shade ;
He stood distracted , much he would have said,

In vain ; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o're,
Once he had pass'd, and now must hope no more
What should he do ? where should he seek repose ?
Where flie the trouble of his second loss ?
In what soft numbers should the wretch complain ?
And beg his dear *Euridice* again ?
She now grew cold in *Charon's* boat beneath,
And sadly fail'd to the known seats of Death :
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd :
By freezing *Strymon's* unfrequented stream,
Euridice, his lost *Euridice*, his theme ;
And while he sang this sad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move :
With such soft Tunes, and such a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviht young,
Which some hard hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the easie prey ;

Restless

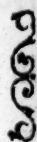
Restless they sit, renew their mournful strains,
And with sad Passion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
He fled the heinous thoughts of second Love :
In vain the *Thracians* woe'd, wit, wealth, esteem,
Those great Enticers, lost their force on him :
Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows ;
Thro' fields still white with frost, or beat with hail,
Constant to grief, and eager to bewail :
Euridice the Gods vain gift employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The slighted *Thracians* heat this scorn, increast,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* feast,
(For what so soon as wine makes fury burn ?
And what can wound a Maid so deep as scorn ?)

Full of their God they wretched *Orphens* tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore :
His head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along
/ *Eurydice* fell from his dying tongue.

His parting Soul, when flying thro' the wound,
Cry'd ah *Euridice*, the floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the banks resound.



The

The Sixth

E L E G Y

Of the First Book of

T I B U L L U S.

O Ft I by Wine have try'd to lull my cares,
But vexing grief turn'd all my wine to
Tears;

Each sprightly bottle did but still supply

Another Fountain for my weeping Eye :

I chang'd my Love, but midst the kind embrace

I think on her, and my attempt decays :

The Maid deluded from my feeble Arms (Charms :
Straight starts, and shriek's and much complains of

I know, says she, strong charms thy force restrain,
You us'd to prove yourself a greater Man ;
Go dull unactive Load, thy strength restore,
Then come prepar'd, and mock my hopes no more.
Ah me ! no Charms but her bewitching face,
Damps all my thoughts, and deadens my embrace :
Yet now a wealthy Fool and Bawd conspire,
A griping Bawd, to blast my just desire ;
And what can the poor Man securely hold
Against the force of Treachery and gold !
I faint, I die, yet e're I mount above,
I'll call down vengeance for my injur'd love ;
Let hatred blast her, and the publick scorn,
Who drew the fair One first to be forsworn.
Unpity'd, hated, let her range the Streets,
Worry'd by Dogs, and curst by all she meets :
At night let groaning Spectres round her wait,
And break her rest complaining of their Fate :

All this will come, I shall be pleas'd to see
The speedy punishment of Treachery :
No slow delay shall coming fate prolong ;
For *Venus* soon repents a Lovers wrong :
But take heed Fair one, be no longer aw'd,
But fly the cunning precepts of the Bawd ;
The Rich mans bribes, her greedy hope devours,
She pleads for her own profit, not for yours :
For tho the wealthy may present you more,
He cannot pay the service of the poor.
The poor is ready, he will ne're disdain
The meanest servile Office of thy Train ;
He'l bear thy Chair, of the preferment proud,
Or force a passage for you thro' the Crowd.
What ever friendships strictest ty's can crave,
Or utmost duty challenge from a Slave :
In vain, I sing, nor will my words command,
This Gate ne're opens to an empty hand :

But

But, happy Sir, who dost thy conquest boast
 And triumph in the spoils that I have lost,
 Take heed, I warn Thee, my approaches fear ;
 What you must suffer learn by what I bear :

OVID's *Dream.*

TWas Night and lazy sleep my Eyes confin'd,
 But left an open passage to my mind :
 These wondrous visions made a frightful train
 In too surprizing figures to be vain :
 At a large Mountains foot, a Grove arose,
 The shades lay thick and Birds beneath the boughs ;
 A Green spread wide the wandering Eye detains,
 Water'd with springs that murmur'd thro' the
 Plains :

Beneath the shade, methoughts, I careless lay,
 To cool the former fury of the day ;

Yet

Yet tho I found the outward warmth retreat,
I still was fire, and felt an inward heat.
When lo a Cow, that left the meaner Herd
For better Pastures, to my eyes appear'd ;
More white than falling snow to mortal view,
Or Milk just frothing from the burdened Ewe :
For common sight can make but small pretence
Compar'd to fancy unconfin'd by sense :
A Bull, the happy Confort of the Cow,
Lay by her side, lookt pleas'd, and seem'd to low.
But whilst he lay, and gently chew'd the Cud,
Feeding again upon his former Food,
Sleep weakning all his strength, he bent his head,
And lay extended on the grassy bed :
And as he slept a Pye fled nimbly down,
Chatter'd a while, drew near, then bolder grown
Peckt at the Cow ; then chatter'd once again,
The Cow appear'd uneasy at the Pain ;

Till

Till chattering on, he seem'd to please the Beast,
Then fled, but left a stain upon her breast.

The Cow look'd round upon her sleeping Mate,
As loath to leave him, and yet urg'd by fate ;
Thrice look'd, thrice low'd, but yet at last she fled
To other Bulls, and wantonly she fed :

Forgot the Pastures of the former Plain,
And never look'd upon her Mate again.

Heav'n! What's foreshew'd me by this strange por- (tent:
If 'tis not a meer fancy what is meant?

Tell sacred Augur, you are us'd to see
Events in Causes, and read Fates decree.

At this the Augur shook his reverend head,
And pondering all the circumstances, said :

The heat which you did to the shades remove
To cool but could not, was the Heat of Love :

The Cow, thy Mistress ; white before betray'd ;
White is the decent colour for a Maid :

The Bull thy self, tho' scorn'd and hated now,
The happy equal Confort of the Cow :
The Pye that peckt, the Bawd, whose treacherous
art
Prevail'd upon thy Mistriss easie heart,
And drew her to be false; what weak designs,
And small Temptations, win when Nature joyns !
The stain upon her Breast declares her sin ,
And shows the Scarlet faults that lurk within:
My Blood grew cold at this surprizeing fright,
I wak't, and all around stood deepest night.

M

A

A

PROLOGUE

Intended for the

DUKE and no *DUKE*.

A Pox! Who'd be a Poet in our days?
When every Coxcomb crowns his Head
with Bays,

And stands a saucy Candidate for Praise.

The surly Scriblers sturdy Vice ingage,

And draw their blunted *Satyr* on the Age.

Vainly they strive and weakly for renown.

So Spaniards first make War then lose the Town:

They fellow fools to their Tribunal call,

There's no spare Fop now left amongst you all.

They've

They've robb'd our Poet of you quite to day,
You were the standing Prologue to each Play.
The want of you may chance to spoil his treat,
A well dress'd Fop was the best dish of Meat :
But 'tis not civil you to entertain
With the chaw'd Fragments of your selves again.
To court the Ladies is in vain, I fear,
They're all bespoke by some small Sonniteer.
You cannot spie a Dam'sel in this throng
But's an elected *Phyllis* for a Song.
For our good natur'd Fools, of late incline,
In senseless Sonnets much to sigh and whine;
Thinking their Wit, and Passion to rehearse,
The Maudlin Blockheads love to weep in Verse.
But still the Poet is the Lovers Foe,
And makes the Nation merry with his Woe.
Who wou'd not laugh, tho' he is vex'd, to see
Nokes put to act the great *Marc-Antony*.

Heaven send us help in these Poetick times,
And free us from the Pestilence of Rhimes ;
There's not a word of sense remains, God knows,
When Songs are stripp'd of Rhime to Naked Prose.
Our Poet's at a loss to find a way
To recommend to you his Farce or Play,
He will not use the Painters surest Art
To win to day the Male and Female heart.
Course painting will delight your wanton eye
If in it naked Nature you descrie.

Adam and *Eve* must not their Fig leaves wear,
But they, good old Folks, too must both stand
bare.

He that will please our most Religious Age
Must bring a naked Muse upon the Stage ;
Leudness of Wit has been the single Test
And fulsome Baudy's your beloved Jest.

Our Poet fears that this will prove too chaste,
For you will see her stripp'd but to the Waste;
But if the modest Dam'sel you refuse,
Next Venture, Posture *Mall* shall be his Muse.

The

The Fourteenth Ode

Of the Second Book of

H O R A C E.

I.

A H! Friend, the passing years how fast they
Nor can the strictest Piety (fly?)

Defer incroaching Age,

Or Deaths resistless Rage,

If you each day

A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,

The smoaking Host cou'd not subdue

The Tyrant to be kind to you.

From *Geryons* Head he snatch'd the Triple Crown.

Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.

The

The Prince, and Pefant of this World muft be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

II

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeftuous Sea.

In vain they take fuch care
To fhield their bodies from Autumnal Air.
Difmal *Cocytus* they muft ferry o're,
Whofe languid ftream moves dully by the fhore.

And in their paffage we fhall fee
Of tortur'd Ghofts the various Mifery.

III.

Thy ftately Houfe, thy pleafing Wife
And Children, (blessings dear as Life,)

Muft

Must all be left nor shalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree ;
Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow thee,
The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold
Grave.

But the imprison'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir shall straight set free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the sparkling
Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.

THE
First IDYLLIUM
OF
THEOCRITUS,
Translated into *English*.

THYRSIS.

GOat-Herd, the Musick of yon whistling Pine,
Tho' sweet, yet is not half so sweet as thine,
Thou, when the sound of thy shrill Pipe is heard
Art next to our great Master *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unquestion'd Due:
If He a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to You.
And Kids you know, until the swelling Teat
Yeilds Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

Goat-Herd.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently rising Side
Pours the smooth Current of its easie Tide.
If a white Ew the *Muses* Off'ring be,
A Spotless Lamb shall be thy second Fee:
If there's a Lamb; the Ew's reserv'd for thee.

Thyrsis.

And wilt thou, *Goat-herd*, on yon rising ground,
With Streams refresh'd, & spreading Myrtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one sweet charming Song rehearse?
I'll feed thy Flock, and listen to thy Verse.

Goat-Herd.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground:
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the sound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to rest:
And 'tis an angry God when at the best.

But, *Thyrsis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
 And understand the Rural Numbers well.
 Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
 By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
 Where an old Seat stands rear'd upon the Green :
 Hard by *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* are seen.
 There if thou sing one of thy Noblest Lays,
 And thy loud voice in such sweet Accents raise,
 As when you baffled *Chrome*, and won the Bays;
 Thrice shalt thou milk my Goat ; come, prythee do:
 Two Pails she fills, although she suckles Two:
 Besides a brave large Goblet shall be thine ;
 New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine.
 Sweet wholsom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
 And two neat handles grace the well wrought sides.
 About the brim a creeping *Ivy* twines,
 Thro' whose brown leaves the brighter *Crocus* shines.

Within, a *Woman's* lovely Image stands :
(A noble Piece! not wrought by Mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes :
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By Her two blooming Youths by Turns complain,
Each striving who shall the blest Conquest gain :
Both eagerly contend , but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
And now on That a careless Smile bestows :
Whilst they their big swol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And silently accuse the Cruel Fair.
Next on a Cliff a Fisher-man you'll view,
Who eagerly does his Lov'd Sport pursue.
His gather'd Net just hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Cast on his half bended Knee.
You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, so fitted for the Throw.

His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears :
 Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
 Not far from hence a seeming *Vineyard* grows,
 The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows,
 Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs.
 And a *Young Lad* on a Tree's neighbo'ring Root
 Sits idly by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
 By him, two *Foxes* unregarded Steal :
 Each craftily designs a diff'rent Meal.
 One tow'rds the Vineyard casts a longing Eye ;
 Looks to, and fro ; and then creeps softly by :
 Whil'st t'other couch'd in a close Ambuscade
 To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
 Resolv's not first to quit the *destin'd* Prey,
 Till he has sent the *Younker* Supperless away.
 Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
 He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flyes.

With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Survey's it, and applaud's his own Designs :
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup besides a *Wood-bine* does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreath's it's leafy Train,
Admir'd and Envy'd by each gazing Swain !
I know , you'l say your self, 'tis strangely fine !
The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine !
I bought it, when I crost th' *Ætolian Seas*,
The price a dainty Kid , and a large New-milk
Unus'd it lyes, unfully'd, neat and trim : [Cheese ;
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim,
With This I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains,
Nor envy I thy Skill : No——envious Death
Too soon (alas !) will stop that charming Breath :
Come on then, Sing, *Dear Shepherd*, while you may,

Thyrsis.

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:

The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.

Where were the Nymphs? Where in that fatal day,

When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?

Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?

(For sure ye were not by *Anapus* side,

Nor *Ætna's* Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:

They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.

Lyons themselves, did uncouth Sorrows bear,

Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.

Close by his Feet the Bulls, and Heifers lay;

The Calves forgot their Feeding and their Play:

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift *Hermes* first came down to his Relief:

Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this foolish Grief?

What Nymph, what Goddess steals thy heart away?

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Next him the *Shepherds*, and the *Goat-herds* came:

All ask'd the Reason of so strange a Flame,

Priapus came too———

He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,

Why all this Grief? ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?

While the false Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,

Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,

Where e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way ;

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Ah! foolish and impatient of the Smart,

With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!

An* *Herdsmen* thou wert thought ; a *Goat-herd* sure

thou art. * Εἶσας μὲν ἔλεγον· νῦν δ' ἀπόλω ἀνδρὶ τοιῷ.

The Goat-herd when from some old craggy Rock
He views the sportful Pastimes of His Flock,
And sees 'em how they frisk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

And you too, when you see the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well order'd Dance,
And hear 'em how they talk ; and see 'em how they
smile ;

Are griev'd that you must stand neglected all the
while.

All this, without an Answer, heard the Swain ;
Still he went on, and nourish'd still the Pain.

He found his Love increase, and Life decay :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head :

Forc'd an insulting Smile, and thus she said.

You

You thought , fond Swain , that you could love
subdue :

But Love, it seems, at last has conquer'd you.

Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his sway :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

She spake—And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.

Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beside !

Ah! cruel Goddess! spare thy Taunts at last ;

Nor urge a Death, that's drawing on so fast.

Too well I know, my fatal hour is come,

My * Sun declining to its Western Home.

Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Hence *Cyprian Queen*, to *Ida's* Tops repair.

Anchises , lov'd *Anchises* waits you there.

There spreading Oaks will cover you around :

Here humble Shrubs scarce peep above the Ground ;

* Ἡ δὴ γὰρ φράσσει πάνθ' ἥλιον ἄμμι δεδύκειν.

And busy Bees are humming all the Day.
The noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Adonis too! — The Boy is lovely fair !

He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare ;

And boldly chafes ev'ry Beast of Prey :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

The Panthers, Lyons, and the Wolves adieu !

Who now shall travers the thick Woods with you ?

No more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue !

Hail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail ! [Vale!

Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber's* flowry

Farewel! — The Gods forbid my longer Stay :

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay:

Pan, Pan, where'er your wandring Footsteps move ;

Whether on *Lyce's* airy Tops you rove,

Or sporting in the vast *Mænalian* Grove :

Haste,

Haste, quickly haste; leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helick's* Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!
And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey:

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well joyn'd, and fit;
An useless Pipe to me! and I to it!

For Love and Fate have summon'd me away:

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And opening Roses blush on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dyes, what can be strange, or new?
Hounds now shall fly, and trembling Fawns pursue;
Schriech-Owls shall sing, and Thrushes yield the day:
Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* spake, and more he would have sung:
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

Fair *Venus* strove to raise her drooping Son ;
in vain she strove : for his last Thread was spun.
Black Stygian Waves surround the darling Boy
Of every Nymph, and every Muse's Joy.

Lifeless he lyes, and still as harden'd Clay,
Who was so Young, so Lovely, and so gay :

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuse:

I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muse.

All hail, ye Muses, that inspire my Tongue!

A better day shall have a better Song.

Goat-herd.

May dropping Combs on those sweet Lips distill,

And thy lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.

For much, much sweeter is thy Tuneful Voice,

Than, when on Sunny days with chearful noise,

The Vocal Insects of the Spring rejoice.

Here,

Here, take the promis'd Cup-How bright the look !
 How fine the Smell ! sure from some fragrant Brook,
 The bath of smiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took !
 Here * *Cissy*, hitherward, — Come, milk her now :
 My Kids, forbear to leap : for if you do,
 The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* *Kivas, Sa*, the Name of the Goat,

THE

The R E A P E R S.

T H E

Tenth I D Y L L I U M

O F

T H E O C R I T U S.

Englified by Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES*,
of *King's College in Cambridge*.

Milo. Battus.

A Re you grown lazy, or does some Disease,
Oh *Battus*, bind your hands, and sinews seize,
That like a Sheep prick't by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lagg at every Turn?
What in the Heat, and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter so?

Battus.

Battus.

Milo, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'st never yet an absent Friend bemoan?

Milo.

Who but such Fools as thou, the absent Mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

Battus.

Did Love ne'er yet thy Senses waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

Milo.

The Gods preserve me from that restless Care,
Oh *Reapers* all, the gilded Bait beware!

Battus.

But I nine days the Passion Love have felt,
With inward fires consume, and slowly melt.
See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

Milo.

Battus.

She who pip'd lately at *Hippocoon's* Feast;
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Guest:

Milo.

The God's for some old Sins have sent this Evil;
And shame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil,

Battus.

Beware, insulting *Cupid* has a Dart;
And it may one day reach thy stubborn Heart.

Milo.

Come, you're a Poet, sing some am'rous Song,
'Twill ease your toil, and make the day less long!

Battus.

Oh Muse! assist my Song, and make it flow,
For you fresh Charms on all you sing bestow.

Bombyce (Oh my dearest) do not frown,
They call thee Tawny; but I call thee Brown;

Yet blush not, Dear : Black is the *Violet*,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit.
Yet both are sweet , and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,
And, *Battus*, sweet *Bombyce* follows you.
Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Cræsus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple should our Statues stand,
Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy hand,
I in a Dancer's Posture, gay, new shod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is most soft and sweet,
But who can praise enough thy humour and thy fil-

Milo. [ver feet]

Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What Verse is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How just the Rhyme's how equally they meet,
The numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!

Ye

Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,

'Twas by immortal *Lyriæses* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres*! blest the Field,

May the full Ears a plenteous Harvest yield.

Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,

See how they're blown, and scatter'd by the Wind,

Haste! lest some jeering Passenger should say,

Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.

Reapers observe, and to the Southwest turn

Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and swell the Corn.

Threshers at Noon, and in the burning heat,

(Then the light Chaff flies out) should toil and sweat;

But Reapers should with the sweet Wood-Lark rise,

And sleep when *Phebus* mounts the Southern Skies.

Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!

They suck in Drink for Air, and proudly swell.

Oh niggard Bayliff ! we could dine on Beans,
And spare your windy Cabbage, and your Pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve ;
But thy sad Ditty , and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus* , I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her bed she lyes.

A I T H Σ.

O R T H E

Twelfth *IDYLLIUM*

O F

T H E O C R I T U S.

S Carce three whole days, my lovely Youth, ^{[past} had
Since thou and I met here, and parted last.

And yet, so sluggishly the Minutes flew,

I thought it Ages till we met anew.

Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,

Already envious Time began to shed

A snowy White around my drooping Head.

As to Spring's Bravery rugged Winter yields,

The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields;

As by the faithful Shepherd new-yea'n'd Lambs
Are much less valu'd than their fleecy Damms ;
As to wild Plumbs the Damson is preferr'd ;
As nimble Does out-strip the duller Herd ;
As Maids seem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Then those, who *Hymen's* Joys have often try'd ;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excells the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove:
So much dost thou all other Youths excell ,
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half so well!
Sweeter thy Face! more ravishing thy Charms!
No Guest so welcom' to my longing Arms !
When first I view'd those much lov'd Eyes of thine,
At distance and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th'expected Boy
With all the transports of unruly Joy.

Not with such eager haste, such fond Desires,
 The Traveller, when scorched by Syrian Fires,
 To some well-spreading Beache's shade retires.
 O! that some God would equal Flames impart!
 And spread a mutual warmth thro' either Heart!
 'Till men should quote our names for loving well;
 And age to age the pleasing Story tell. [tongue]
 Two men there were (cry's some well meaning
 Whose friendship equal on Love's Ballance hung:
 (*Esquilus* one, *Aites* t'other name,
 Both surely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
 Of honest ancient make and heav'nly mould,
 Such as in good King *Saturn's* dayes of old
 Flourish'd, and stamp'd the Age's name with Gold.
 Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a day,
 While we amidst th' *Elysian* Valleys stray,
 Some welcom Ghost may this glad Message say,

Your Loves, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
Ev'n now with lasting Praise are daily sung ;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain ! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
Whate'er I ask, can grant or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs shall praise,
Thee the glad matter of my tuneful lays : [raise.
Nor shall the well meant Verse a tell-tale Blister
Nay shou'd you chide, I'll catch the pleasing sound,
Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the wound.
Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa's* Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Success attend :
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours, and becoming Reverence pay,
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day.
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport :

And

And he, whose pointed Kiss is sweetest found,
Returns with Laurels, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away !
Happy, I grant : but O far happier they,
Who, from the Seats of their much envy'd Bliss,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiss!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To those which in the faithful Stone reside :
Whose touch apply'd, the Artist can explore
The baser Mettal from the shining Ore.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ:
 OR THE
 Nineteenth IDYLLIUM
 OF
 THEOCRITUS

C*U*pud, the flyest Rogue alive,
 One day was plundering of a Hive;
 But as with too too eager Haste
 He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy;
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.
 The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
 Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground;
 He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain !

The rubbing still increas'd the pain.

Straight to his Mothers Lap he hies,

With swelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.

Cry's she——What does my *Cupid* ail ?

When thus he told his mournful Tale.

A little Bird they call a Bee,

With yellow Wings ; see , Mother, see

How it has gor'd, and wounded me !

And are not you, reply'd his Mother,

For all the World just such another ?

Just such another angry thing,

Like in bulk and like in Sting.

For when you aim a poy's'nous Dart,

Against some poor unwary Heart,

How little is the Archer found !

And yet how wide, how deep the Wound !

THE
Complaint of ARIADNA.
 OUT OF
 CATULLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis, describes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of Theseus and Ariadna, and on that occasion makes a long Digression, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.

THere on th' extreamest Beach, and farthest
 Deserted Ariadna seem'd to stand, [Sand
 New wak'd, and raving with her Love she flew
 To the dire Shoar, from whence she might pursue
 With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
 The winged Bark o'er the tempestuous Main;

For

For bury'd in fallacious Sleep she lay
 While thro' the Waves false *Thesens* cut his way,
 Regardless of her Fate who sav'd his Youth;
 Winds bore away his Promise and his Truth.
 Like some wild *Bachanal* unmov'd she stood,
 And with fix'd Eyes survey'd the raging Floud.
 There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
 Nor less the tempests that distract her Soul;
 Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
 Rage in her Soul exprest, and wild Despair:
 Her rising Breasts with Indignation swell,
 And her loose Robes disdainfully repell.
 The shining Ornaments that drest her Head,
 When with the glorious Ravisher she fled,
 Now at their Mistress Feet neglected lay,
 Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
 But she nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
 Her snowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet,

On *Theſens* her loſt Senſes all attend,
And all the Paſſions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Senſe contend in vain,
She ſunk at laſt beneath the mighty pain :
With various ills beſet, and ſtupid grown,
She loſt the Pow'r thoſe ills ev'n to bemoan :
But when the firſt Affault, and fierce Surprize
Were paſt, and Grief had found a paſſage at her Eyes,
With cruel hands her ſnowy Breſt ſhe wounds,
Theſens, in vain, through all the Shoar reſounds.
Now urg'd by Love ſhe plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again :
Thrice ſhe repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
Thrice Fear and Cold her ſhivering Limbs invade.
Fainting at laſt ſhe hung her beauteous Head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, ſhe ſaid,
 Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou waſt all to me)

And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid;
 Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
 Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
 Betray'd to Mischiefs of which Death's the least,
 And plung'd in ills too great to be exprest.
 Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
 With Vengeance thy devoted Ship pursue,
 Overtake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breast,
 And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infect.
 But tho' no Pity thy stern Breast could move,
 Nor angry Gods, nor ill requited Love,
 Yet sence of Honour sure should touch thy Heart,
 And shame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
 With other Hopes my easy Faith you fed,
 A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed,
 But all those Joyes with thee alas! are fled.
 Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
 They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:

To

To compass their lewd ends the wretches swear,
Of Oaths profuse, nor Gods nor Temples spare;
But when enjoy'd——
Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.
But, O ye Women, warn'd by me, be wise,
Turn their false Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lyes,
Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear when you betray,
Defeat the Gamesters at their own foul Play.
Oh banisht faith! but now from certain Death
I snatcht the Wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd breath,
His Life with my own Brothers blood I bought,
And Love by such a cruel Service fought:
By *Me* preserv'd yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild Beasts expose an easie Prey!
Nor thou of Royal race, nor Humane stock [Rock;
Wast born, but nurs'd by Bears, and issu'd from a
Too plain thou dost thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'st, and Hate for Love.

Yet

Yet he securely fails! and I in vain
 Recall the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
 Unmov'd they stand; yet cou'd they see and hear,
 More Humane would than Cruel Man appear.
 But I———

Must the sad Pleasure of Compassion want,
 And dy unheard, and lose my last complaint:
 Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
 Had st thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
 Dissembl'd Sweetness in thy Look does shine,
 But ah! th'inhumane Monsters lurk within.

What now remains? or whom shall I implore
 In a wild Isle, on a deserted Shoar?

Shall I return, and beg my Father's aid?
 My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
 And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled?

But, *Theseus*, *Ariadna's*, Constant, Kind,
 Kind as the Seas, and Constant as the Wind.

See! wretched Maid, vast Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the resounding Shoar,
Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,
No Ship appears to bless thy Longing Sight
The dismal Isle no Humane Footstep bears,
But a sad Silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the strife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e'er I dye, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curse him first, and then contented fall.
Ascend ye Furies then, ascend, and hear
My last Complaints, and grant my dying Prayer,
Which Grief and Rage for ill rewarded Love,
And the deep sense of his Injustice move :
Oh suffer not my latest Words to fly
Like common Air, and unregarded dye !

With

With Vengeance his dire Treachery pursue,
For Vengeance, Goddesses, attends on you,
Terroure with you, Despair and Death appear,
And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.

May his proud Ship by furious Billows tost
On Rocks, or some wild Shoar like this be lost ;
There may he fall, or late returning see,
(If so the Gods, and so the Fates decree)

A mournful House, polluted by the Dead,
And Furies ever wait on his * Incestuous Bed.

Jove heard, and did the just Request approve;
And nodding shook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
Lights above.

* He carried away her Sister *Phœdra*.

THE
Twentieth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

PRoud *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kifs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips such as these, and such a Mouth prophane?
No: To prevent your rustick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with such as you:
But your soft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fist,
All charming, and all suing to be kist,
Your matted Hair, and your smooth Chin invite,
Conspire to make you Lovely to the sight:

Oh

Oh how you look, how prettily you play, [say!
How soft your Words, and what fine things you
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gon,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vanish, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He smells of the rank Goats from which he came!

This said, with Indignation thrice she spit,
Survey'd me with Disdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce Rage, and conscious Beauty seen
In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.

She pray'd, as if she some Contagion fear'd,
Cast a disdainful Smile, and disappear'd.

My boyling Blood sprang with my Rage, and spread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red;
So Roses blush, when night her kindly dew has shed.

I rage, I curse the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Person, and my comely Beard.

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God cast my old Form anew?
How am I chang'd? for once a matchless Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'er grow,
And my long Hair in untaught Curles did flow,
My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
My sparkling Eyes shot forth a radiant Light;
In sweetest Words did my soft Language flow,
As Honey sweet, and soft as falling Snow;
When with loud Notes I the shrill Pipe inspir'd,
The list'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
They praise my Beauty, and my flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, because a Swain,
(How nice these Town-bred Women are, how
Gay *Eunica* rejected with Disdain. [vain!])

And

And she, it seems, has never heard, or read
 How *Bacchus*, now a God, a flock once fed.
Venus her self did the Profession grace,
 By Love transform'd into a Countrey Lase,
 The *Phrygian* fields and woods her flames can tell,
 And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
 How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon descend
 From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* friend,
 And absent from the Sky whole Nights with him
 did spend?
 To shining in her Orb prefer her Love,
 Stoop and desert her glorious Seat above?
 And was not he a Shepherd? sure he was,
 Yet did not she disdain his low Embrace.
 The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
 Their Majesty laid by, could Shepherds love:
 The *Phrygian* Groves, and conscious *Ida* know
 What She for *Atys*, he for *Ganymed* could do.

But prouder *Eunica* disdains alone
 What Gods, and greatest Goddeffes have done;
 Fairer it seems by much, and greater she,
 Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
 Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
 Worthy your Love, in Countrey, or in Town,
 But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

T O
 L E S B I A.
 O U T O F
 C A T U L L U S.

L Et's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
 The little time that Nature lends improve;
 In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the day,
 Nor care a farthing what old Dotards say;

The Suns may rise again that once are set,
Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat,
But when our Day's once turn'd have lost their Light,
We must sleep on one long Eternal Night:
A thousand Kisses, Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor:
Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm:
And when repeated thousands numerous grow
We'll kiss out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
And kiss a long Eternity away.

TO LESBIA.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her
True, this she swears by all the Powers above, [Bed;
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing faith Defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

TO LESBIA.

A Petition to be freed from LOVE.

IF Pleasure follows when we think upon
 The good and pious Deeds that we have done :
 That we ne'er broke our Oaths, ne'er strove to cheat,
 Nor Heav'n abus'd to credit a Deceit ;
Catullus, thou art safe, and sure to prove
 Long happy years from this uneasy Love :
 What could be done, or what devoutly said
 You said and did, the utmost Duty paid,
 But all was lost on the ungrateful Maid.
 Then why wilt thou continu'd Pains endure ?
 And when thou may'st enjoy, defer the Cure ?
 Assert thy Freedom, and thy self restore,
 Though Heaven denys, yet be a Wretch no more:

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess ;

'Tis hard, but you may do it if you please.

In this thy Safety doth consist alone,

Or possible , or not , it must be done.

Great Gods, if Pity doth belong to you,

If you can save the man whom Fates pursue;

Look down, if he a Pious Life hath liv'd

From Love let good *Catullus* be repriev'd :

Which like cold numness hath my thoughts confin'd,

And banish'd Mirth and Humour from my Mind:

I do not beg She should be Kind at last,

Or, what Her Nature will not bear, be Chast.

But grant me Freedom, and my Health restore,

Gods, thus reward my Goodness, and I ask no more.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

Lib. 2. Eleg. 12

TRiumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
 I'm Victor now, my dear *Corinna's* mine.

As she was hard to get, a careful Spy,

A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye

Long time preserv'd her troublefom Chastity.

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,

And won my Prey without a drop of Blood.

'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Barrs,

Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars ;

No 'twas a *Whore*, a lovely Whore I took,

I won her by a Song, and by a Look.

When ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name

Atrides got ? how small a share of Fame ?

But none pretends a Part in that I won,

The Vict'ry's mine, the Glory all my own.

I in

I in this Conquest was the General,
The Soldier, Ensign, Horse, and Foot, and all;
Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
For *Helen Europe*, and all *Asia*, strove :
The *Centaur*s rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore :
The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy :
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.
For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls ingage,
Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their Rage
E'en I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
As most Men are, must be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloody Conquerour shall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

LIB. II. ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Mistress into the Countrey.

I 'Me now at——where my Eyes can view
Their old Delights, but what I want in you :
Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleasing Bowers,
Adorn my Banks, and raise my drooping Flowers :
Here Trees with bending Fruit in order stand,
Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand ;
But half the Pleasure of Enjoyment's gone,
Since I must pluck them single and alone :
Why could not Nature's Kindness first contrive
That faithful Lovers should like Spirits live,
Mixt in one point, and yet divided ly
Enjoying an united Liberty ?
But since we must thro' distant Regions go,
Why was not the same way design'd for two ?

One single Care determin'd still for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then should I think it pleasant way to go
O'er *Alpine* Frost, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then should I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the Desarts of the *Lybian* Shoars;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and see *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatning Wave:
Fearless thro' all I'de steer my feeble Barge,
Secure and safe with the Celestial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholly Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gardner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flowry Beds.
Tho' Poplars rise, and spread a shady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And spend my Minutes 'twixt a Muse and Love.

Yet these contribute little to my Ease,
 For without you they lose the Power to please :
 I seem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
 Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*.
 Where frightful Spectres and pale Shades appear,
 And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear :
 Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
 First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs :
 The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove ?
 Then why should I be parted from my Love ?
 And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
 By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore ;
 That all my Bus'ness you would make your own,
 And never suffer me to be alone ;
 But faithless Woman naturally deceives,
 Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
 Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
 Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more :

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve,
Be kind, and I can easily forgive ;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
Drive fiercely on , and lash the lazy Horſe ;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the power of Verſe to ſmooth your Way:
Sink down ye Mountains, ſink ye lofty Hills,
Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
'Tis *Love* that drives, and all muſt yield to *Love*.

LIB. III. ELEGY IX.

NOW *Ceres* Feaſt is come, the Trees are blown;
And my *Corinna* now muſt lye alone.
And why, Good *Ceres*, muſt thy Feaſt deſtroy,
Man's chief Delight, and why diſturb his Joy?

The World esteems you Bountiful and Good
 You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
 And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholsom food.
 Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed ;
 Oaks gave Him Meat, and flowry fields a Bed.
 First *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barley grow,
 And taught us how to Plow and how to Mow :
 Who then can think that she designs to prove
 Our Piety, by Coldness in our Love ?
 Or make poor Lovers sigh, Lament, and groan,
 Or charge her Votaries to lye alone ?
 For *Ceres* , tho' she loves the fruitful fields,
 Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields :
 This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not alwayes lyes,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his infant Cryes,
 There He was suckled that now rules the Skyes.
 That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
 Will raise her faue, and make her be believ'd :

Nay she her self will never strive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd :
She saw young *Jasus* in the *Cretan* Grove
Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd, when first she felt the fire,
On this side Modesty, on that Desire ;
Desire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The Farmer lost his Crop, and knew not why ;
When he had toyl'd, manur'd his Grounds, & plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and sow'd,
No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wishes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wandred in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves :
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where e'er the Goddess came, a Harvest grew.
Ida was grey with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store :

The *Cretans* wish'd that such all years would prove,
They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to ly
All night alone, why at your Feast must I?
Why must I mourn when you rejoyce to know
Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below?
'Tis Holy day, and calls for Wine and Love,
Come let's the heighth of Mirth and Humour prove,
These Gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.

OF
NATURES CHANGES.
FROM
LUCRETIVS.
LIB. V.

By a Person of Quality.

SInce *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Natures Parts appear ;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought,
Why of the World may not the like be thought ?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the Whole is true :

And

And therefore when you see, spring up and fall,
 Natures great Parts, conclude the like of all :
 Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
 In time they both began, in time shall end.
 But *Memmius*, not t' assume what some deny ;
 The Proof, on plain Experience shall rely :
 I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone ;
 Rise in new Shapes, continue long in none.

Then first of *Earth* ; conclude that all must fail,
 Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale :
 Much the reflected Rays extract from thence ;
 And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
 The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
 Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air.
 Some parts dissolve, and flow away in Rain,
 And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
 A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes ;
 Which new Existence gives, to other Shapes :

Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth* :
Then since from this, all Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth*'s Supply, with Waters to abound ;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round.
Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail ;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds assail :
Vast Shoals of Atoms, thence away they bear,
And raising them aloft , transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in subterranean Channels run :
In *Earth* it first, excessive Saltness spends ;
Then to our Springs, and River heads ascends :

These

These in the fruitful Valleys turn and Wind, }
And still to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air* ; which in its vast extent,
In Changes infinite , each hour, is spent :
For *Air*'s wide Ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluvia, should it not restore
The perish'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long since, had all things, been dissolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loss, its Being it receives ;
To these again its changing Substance leaves :
So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows ;
And one Part perishing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Instead of vanish'd Light , new Light displays.
The Brightness of the flying Minute past,
Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does hast. [near,
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw
And banish'd Sun-shine, strait does disappear,

The

The Earth's o'er shadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Vision would cease, (so soon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.

In our inferiour and sulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chasing shades of Night,
Continu'd fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the same
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it strange
That they are not secure from final Change.

When what so late did smile, this instant dyes,
And new born Light still shines to mortal Eyes.

Thus we observe hard Rocks in time decay'd ;

The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,

And stately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.

Do Gods their Images from Age secure ?

Or force their Temples alwayes to endure ?

Thus

Thus when you see old Rocks from Mountains fall,
 By this conclude their sure Original ;
 For were they from Eternity so plac'd,
 No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waft.
 Next raise your eyes to Earth surrounding *Sphæars*,
 From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
 To which at last their vanish'd Parts ascend ;
 These as they're form'd to Dissolution tend :
 For all things must in such proportion cease,
 As they to othet Beings give Increase.

But then if no Beginning do's appear,
 Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were ;
 Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
 Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
 Why did not far more ancient Poets sing
 What Revolutions elder times did bring?
 Such Men, such Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
 As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?

No

No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this seems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science else, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did steer:
No such harmonious Musick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages past
Was brought to Light, retarded for the last.
And these Discoveries ordain'd by Fate
To forraign Climes, I with the first translate.

But still if no Beginning you believe,
And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive,
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Humane Race devour:
Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increase,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time must cease.

For

For when such dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then escap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cause increas'd, and 't will not fail,
As did the less, o'er all things to prevail.

What shews we cannot endless Life enjoy,
But sence of Ills which others did destroy?

If you the Worlds Duration, would extend
To all Eternity, you must defend,
Its solid Substance is so firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:

(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confess'd are so,
But not the Compound which from these did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you must prove,
And what no forcing Agent can remove:
Or else you must all ambient Space deny
To which it may dissolv'd, and ruin'd fly:

(Thus, Universal claims Eternal's place
Because it ne'er can pass t' External space)

But

But neither is this various Globe so fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning Pow'r of Penetration free ;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundless ambient space,
This present state of Nature may deface :
With dreadful Huricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made ;
Or by some other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
Nor wants there space beyond the Spheres of Heav'n
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driv'n :
When e'er these Elements their Mansions leave,
That vast Abyſs lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always so protected.
That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal Ages should defy ?

Then

Then since the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foresee their Strife so long depending,
At last in general Subversion ending.
Rivers and Seas consum'd, fierce Fires may burn
Till all their Ashes meet in Earth's great Urn.
Even now they strive the Victory to gain ;
But still the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
And swell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the rest, and sole in Triumph ride.
This to prevent, the swift exhausting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainst liquid Force are joyn'd.
Thus equal in appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At last the Fire, 'tis said, did win the Field :
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.

Long

Long since when *Phaeton*, led by vain Desire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aspire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-strong force the winged Horses flew ;
O'er Earth and Heav'n, the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not dismounted, by swift Lightning's stroke,
And so at once the flaming Progress broke ?
Thus *Phaeton* slain was falling to the ground,
And furious Horses dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reassum'd the Chair ;
Restor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air ;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this hour in annual course proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound ;
To waking men, like wandring dreams they sound :

But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from East to West advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if some stronger Agent not restrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will n'ere be quench'd till all in Ruines lye.
The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
In Ages past, to such proportion swell,
That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd :
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd ;
But that some greater Being, soon arose,
From inf'nite Space, t'o'ercome th'invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd
[shows,
And falling Floods, proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

HORACE,

ODE 7th, BOOK 4th.

By an unknown HAND.

Winter's dissolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!
 How graſs the ground, how leaves their branches [grace.
 That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-share [yeild,
 Is ſofter now and eaſie to be till'd.
 And frozen ſtreams thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
 With whiſpring murmurs in their channels run :
 The naked Nymphs and Graces dance a round,
 And ore the flowry meadows nimbly bound.
 The Months that run on times immortal wheels,
 The ſeaſons treading on each others heels.

The

The winged hours that swiftly pass away,
 And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
 Tell us, that all things must with them decay. }
 The year rows round us in a constant ring,
 And sultry Summer waits the milder Spring:
 Whose hot Meridian quickly overpast,
 Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haſt
 Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddainly is croſt,
 Cold Winter nips his Vintage, with a froſt.
 The Moon renews its Orb to ſhine more bright ; }
 But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light,
 With us alas 'tis ever ever Night !
 With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
 And the brave Souls of vaniſh'd *Heroes* ſee.
 Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
 Will ſuffer thee to live another day ?
 Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care,
 To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
 And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,
 Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all,
 That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
 Her chaste *Hippolitus* from *Lethe's* Lake.
Perithous bound in fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

H O R A C E,

The 2d BOOK, ODE the 10th.

Rectius vives Licini, &c

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
 But how to do it very few can tell ;
 He sure doth best who a true mean can keep,
 Nor boldly fails too far into the deep,

Nor

Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
 And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
 Who to that happy *medium* can attain,
 "Who neither seeks for nor dispises gain,
 "Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
 He shuns th' unwholsom Ills of Poverty ;
 And is secure from envy which attends
 A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
 Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,
 To the rude blasts of every Wind that blows.
 And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
 Are near their ruine as they're near the Sky ;
 And when they fall, what was their pride before,
 Serves only then t' increase their fall the more,
 Who wisely governs and directs his mind,
 Never dispairs, though fortune be unkind ;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently and hopes again,

And if at last a kinder fate conspires,
To heap upon him more than he desires;
He then suspects the kindness he enjoy's,
Takes it with thanks, but with such care employ's,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
He finds Mans life, by an Eternal skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's fears;
And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
That this shall that alternately succeed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise,
And bear its ills without the least surprise.
The more you are oppress'd bear up the more,
Weather the Tempest till its rage be o're,
But if too prosperous and too strong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,

Lessen it, and let it take but so much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the course design'd ;
“For 'tis the greatest part of humane skill,
“To use good fortune and to bear our ill.

H O R A C E,

18th Epistle, the 1st BOOK

Si bene te novi, &c.

Dear Friend, for surely I may call him so,
Who doth so well the Law's of Friendship ^{[know ;}
I'm sure you mean the kindness you profess,
And to be loved by you's a happiness ;
Not like him who with Eloquence and pains,
The specious title of a Friend obtains ;

And the next day to please some Man of sence,
Break's jests at his deluded Friends expence ;
As Jilts who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.

There is an other failing of the mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind,
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which some have got of using all Men ill ;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of freedom and a virtuous innocence ;
Who 'cause they cannot fawn, betray nor cheat,
Think they may push and juttle all they meet,
And blame what e're they see, complain, and brawl,
And think their virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their virtuous nastiness a grace ;
When as true virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a vice,

Others

Others there are who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own;
Applauding whatsoe're they hear or see,
By a too nauseous civility;
And if a Man of Title or Estate,
Doth some strange story, true or false, relate;
Obsequiously they cringe and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Masters say,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.

Some Men there are so full of their own Sence,
They take the least dispute for an offence.
And if some wiser Friend their heat restrains,
And says the subject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, what I have said is true,
And I'll defend it against him and you;
And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he say's a lye.

Now

Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's prest,
S—— or W—— plead's his Cause the best:
Or if to *Windsor* he most minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains*;
Who spends his Wealth in Pleasure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought necessitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himself perhaps hath many more:
Or tells him wisely, Cousin have a care
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a small Estate,
Your pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.

I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Cousin, my wealth supports my vanity.
But they, who 've Wit and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t'affect equality,
Forget you 've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to punish those,
Who, though below him, he believed his foes;
And more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bully's of the Town;
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the last their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their fortune changed their appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their Folly's to reclaim.

They

They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their pleasures at a cheaper rate ;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden secrets of anothers mind,
For when you 've torn one secret from his Breast,
You run great risque of loosing all the rest ;
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret thoughts, and trust you with his Heart ,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride or lust,
Ever invite you to betray the trust.
First never praise your own designs, and then
Ne're lessen the designs of other Men ;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To sett a Partridge, or to chase a Hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the day.

So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no pleasure's but his own ;
Was forced to give his Brothers friendship o're,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more ;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self same end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend ;
And when he leads his Dogs into the plain,
Quit your untimely labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal pleasure on the prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable sport,
Loved in the Country, and esteem'd at Court ;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility :
Who see you love the pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire ;

Such

Such condescension will more Friendship gain,
Than the best rules, which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all mankind, who will expect the same.
Shun all inquisitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
And Words like th' moving Air of which they're [fram'd,
When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd.
Where you've access to a rich powerful Man,
Govern your mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your foolish lust betray'd,
To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid:
Least with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family ally'd;

He gives you either, with which bounty blest,
You must quit all pretensions to the rest;
Or least incens'd at your attempt, and grieved,
You should abuse the kindness you received;
He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
Till you at last choose rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more, and so
Loose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
Next have a care, what Men you recommend,
To th' service or esteem of your rich Friend;
Least for his service or esteem unfit,
They load you with the faults, which they commit.
But as the wisest Men with all their skill
May be deceived, and place their Friendship ill:
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own crimes accuse.
But if through envy of malicious Men,
They be accused, you must protect them then,
And

And plead their Cause your self, for when you see
Him you commend, attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbours House is set on fire,
You must his safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden fires though in the Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who do n't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich powerful Friend;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they but make a Leg amongst the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours, and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, least with their time and pain,
They loose more pleasure, than they hoped to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under Sail,
You make your best advantage of the Gale;

Least

Least the Wind changes, and some stormy rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again:

You must endeavour to dispose your mind
To please all humours of a different kind;
Whose temper's serious, and their humour sad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whose humour's free,
Abhor a sad and serious gravity;
They who are slow and heavy can't admit,
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the busie active Men,
And are detested by the same again.

They who's free humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day;
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuse,
Though his untimely virtue to excuse;
He swears that one such merry drinking Feast,
Would make him sick for a whole Week at least.

Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow;
The modest Men are thought obscure and low;
And they, who an affected silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, sower and deep.
Amongst all other things do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the conversation of the Wise,
In what true happiness and pleasure lies;
Which are the safest rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all fortunes please,
Least through the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of losing what you gain'd before:
Your poor unsatisfied misguided mind,
To needy wishes, and false joys confin'd;
Puts its free boundless searching thoughts in chains,
And where it sought its pleasure find's it pains;
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by nature, or obtain'd by Art,

What

What lessens cares, the minds uneasie pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again;
Which doth the truest happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate;
Or a safe private quiet, which betrays
It self to ease, and cheats away the days.
When I am at _____ where my kind fate
Hath placed my little moderate Estate,
Where natur's care hath equally employ'd,
Its inward Treasures, and its outward Pride;
What thoughts d'ye think those easie Joy's inspire?
What do you think I covet and desire?
'Tis, that I may but undisturb'd possess,
The littl' I have, and if Heaven pleases, less;
That I to Nature and my self may give,
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Book's in which I some new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my mind;

Some Horſes, which may help me to partake
 The lawful pleaſures which the ſeaſons make;
 An eaſie plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
 The frugal pains of a Domeſtick care;
 A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
 Who can love ſuch an idle life, and me;
 Then Heav'n, give me but life and health, I'll find
 A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

H O R A C E,

Saty. 2. Lib. 1.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at firſt, a piece of Figtree wood,
 And long an honeſt Joyner, pondring ſtood,

Whether

Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Jointstool ;
Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God ;
As a *Priapus* hence I grew adord,
The fear of every Thief, and every bird.

The Raskals from their pilfring tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my fist.
The Reeds stuck in my cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight, }
And dare not touch a Pippin in my sight.

When any of the rabble did decease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in peace,
Unnoisom here the snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common grave for all the rout,
Loose *Nomentanus* left his riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer,

Nor in these pit-holes might they put a bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a dunghil of it's own.

But now the ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly fight.

While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poyf'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrifie,
But every Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their shriekes & groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and humane Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sugana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling ground.

A paleness, casting horror round the place,
Sat dead, and terrible on eithers Face.
Their impious trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
A coleblack Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore :
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And answers to their wilde demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax; and Wool,
The Waxed was a little puling fool :
A chidden Image ready still to skip,
When'ere the woollen one but snapt his whip.
On *Hecate* allou'd this beldam calls,
Tisiphone as lou'd the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents his'd upon the ground,
And Hell-hounds compas'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs to shun the horrid sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
 Aim at my Crown as often as they flye :
 And never miss a dabbe tho n'ere so high,
 May villain *Julius*, and his raskal crew,
 Use me with jnst such Ceremony too.

But how much time and patience wou'd it cost,
 To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
 Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
 And hides the Beards of Wolves, & Teeth of Snakes.
 While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
 My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
 My Figtree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
 Mad for revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
 And bounc'd like fifty bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the noise they scudd away to Town,
 While *Sagana's* false hair comes dropping down:

Canidia tumbles o're, for want of breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

OVID. *Amorum.*

Lib. 2. El. 4.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

ALL blots I cannot from my manners wipe,
Nor say I walk uprightly when I slip,
Press'd with my faults I to confession fall,
In pain, and mad till I lay open all.
I sin, and I repent ; rub off the score,
And then, like wild, I dip agen for more.
I cannot rule my self, like Pinnacle toft
In Storms, the Rudder gone, and Compass lost.

No certain shape or features that my mind,
I still for love a thousand reasons find.
Here one commends my verse, in equity
If I please her, she surely pleases me:
But if malicious witty things she said,
I think how she wou'd repartee in bed.
If artless she, my Heart on Nature doats;
If learn'd, I long to be conferring notes.
If no great sense or parts the Damself show,
Still I conclude she wants it not below.
Do looks demure the inward spark conceal?
She deals by *Great* that can dissemble well.
Or is she Free and forward to engage,
I hate fatigue, I am not for a siege.
The meek and mild my sure affections keep,
Yet love a shrew, because she is no Sheep.
Does she look pale? I fancy whence it came;
Is she a Rose? As sure am I a flame.

That

That living Snow my passion strangely warms,
And straight I with her melting in mine Arms.
The tall appears Heroick to the Eye,
Yet n'er so small she were enough for me.
If little, then I think how quick she moves,
If large, who wou'd not roul in what he loves?
Lean Skeleton my fancy never snubs;
But is she plump? 'Tis then my pretty fubs.
And doubtless one may find convenient sport,
With either fat or lean, or long or short.
I like the mincing gate; and yet if wide
She steps, O then I love her for her stride.
That waddle was a grace in Montespan,
These drowfie Eyes are perfect C———
With yellow curles *Aurora* pleas'd her fop,
And *Leda* (*Jove* well saw) was black a — top;
The black or yellow to my mind agree,
My love will sute with every History.

Widow,

Widow, or Wife, I'm for a pad that's way'd;
 If Virgin, Oh! who wou'd not love a Maid?
 If she be young, I take her in the nick;
 If she has age, she helps it with a trick.
 If nothing charms me in her wit or face,
 She has her fiddle in some other place.
 Come every fort and fize, the great or small,
 My love will find a tally for 'um all,

ELEGY (11.) Lib. 5. De Trist.

*Ovid complains of his three years
 Banishment.*

Condemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
 Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native soil,
 Thrice has the frozen *Ister* stood, and thrice
 The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o're with ice.

Ten tedious years of Seige the *Trojans* bore,
 But count my sorrow I have suffer'd more :
 For me alone old *Chronus* stops his glass,
 For years like ages slowly seem to pass :
 Long days diminish not my nightly care,
 Both Night and Day their equal portion share.
 The course of nature sure is chang'd with me,
 And all is endless, as my misery.
 Do time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
 Or are the Fates, that spin my thred, a sleep?
 In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
 How good the Name! but oh how bad the place!
 The people round about us threaten War,
 Who live by spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are :
 No living thing can here protection have,
 Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
 For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
 That swiftly snatch unseen the Limbs away.

Dart

Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Must arm himself as if he went to War.
The Shepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muse,
One Foe the Shepherd and his Sheep pursues.
The Castle which the safest place shou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Gracians* fight.
In one abode amongst a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they please they thrust me out:
My hatred to these Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beasts whose skins they wear.
Ev'n those who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themselves up in Rugs and *Persian* Frize;

They

They easily each other understand;
 But I alas am forc'd to speak by hand!
 Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
 Who neither what is, right or reason know
 a Barbarian am; hard fate to see
 When I speak Latine how they laugh at me!
 Perhaps they fall'y add to my disgrace,
 Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
 Besides the cruel Sword 'gainst Natures Laws,
 Cuts off the Innocent without a cause.
 The Market-place by lawless Arms possess'd,
 Has slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
 Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to stop my breath,
 And shorten my misfortunes by my death.
 How hard my sentence is to live among
 A cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly throng;

But

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder doom,
 Though banish'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
 Alas I left it where I cannot come!
 To be forbid the City, I confess,
 That were but just, my crime deserves no less.
 A place so distant from my native Air,
 Is more than I deserve, or long can bear.
 Why do I mourn? The fate I here attend
 Is a less grief than *Cesar* to offend!

A N
O D E.

*Sung before the KING on
New-Years-Day.*

A Rise Great Monarch, see the joyful day,
Drest in the glories of the East,
Presumes to interrupt your Sacred rest.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New born Year.

II.

Blest be that Sun who in times fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embassie design'd,

Gg

To

To Head the Golden Troops of days to come,
Nor lag'd ingloriously behind,
Ignobly in the last years Throng to rise and set.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a day.

Chorus.

*Oh may the happy days encrease,
With spoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
Till time and age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity.
May Charles n'ere quit his sacred Throne,
Himself succeed himself alone.
And to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That so each World a Charles may know,
Father above and Son below.*

III.

Heark the Jocund Sphears renew
Their cheerful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy days in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on,
Finish your Courſe ſo well begun ;
Let no ill omen dare prophane
Your beautious and harmonious train,
Or Jealouſies or fooliſh fears diſturb you as you run.

IV.

See mighty *Charles*, how all the minutes preſs,
Each longing which ſhall firſt appear,
Since in this renowned year,
Not one but feels a ſecret happineſs,
As big with new events and ſome unheard ſucceſs:

See how our troubles vanish, see
 How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
 Propitious Winds bear all our griefs away,
 And Peace clears up the Troubled day.
 Not a wrinkle, not a Scar
 Of faction or dishonest War,
 But Poms and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

Upon the late Ingenious Translation
 of PERE SIMON'S *Critical History*, By H. D. Lsq;

OF all Heavens Judgments that was sure the
 [worst,
 When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curst:
 Man, to whose race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
 Natures lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
 Whose

Whole pow'ful voice the subject World obey'd,
And God's were pleas'd with the discourse he made,
He who before did ev'ry form excel,
Beneath the most ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile beast thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the sence invites, declare his love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the race;
And one short Language serves for ev'ry place:
But, such a price did that presumption cost,
That half our lives in trifling words are lost.
Nor can their utmost force and power, express
The Soul's Ideas in their Native dress.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the mind,
To the small spot, where it is born's confin'd.
But He, brave Youth, the toylsom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd pen mysterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues descend;
And Heav'n's Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And 'twas but just that all th'astonish'd throng
Shou'd understand the *Galileans* Tongue.
Gods sacred Law was for all *Israel* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe display'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine commands:
But scarce they were so much in pieces broke
When *Moses* wrath the people did provoke,
As has the sacred cowl been torn and rent,
T'explain what the Alwise Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the Joyful doom.
From the worst slavery at last we'ar free'd,
And shall no more, with stripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task subdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bless'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in aw;

And

And bleſſ'd be He that taught us to invoke
 God's awful Name, as God to *Moses* spoke.
 Nor do's he merit leſs, who cou'd ſo well
 From foreign Language his great dictates tell:
 In our cold clime the pregnant Soul lay hid ;
 No virtual power mov'd the prolyſtick feed,
 Till his kind genial heat preſerv'd it warm ;
 And to perfection wrought the noble form.
 Never did yet arive ſo vaſt a ſtore
 Of ſolid Learning on the *Britiſh* ſhore :
 T' export it thence has been the greateſt Trade ;
 But He, at laſt, a full return has made.
 Raiſe up, ye tuneful Bards, your voices raiſe,
 And crown his Head with never dying praiſe :
 And all ye *Nimrods* mighty Sons rejoice,
 While ev'ry Workman knows the builders voice.
 In *Shinar's* plain, the lofty Tow'r may riſe,
 Till its vaſt Head ſuſtain the bending ſkies :

In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great design;
So dark a veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Best, ended where they first began:
But now at last we'ar brought so near her Throne,
At the next step the glorious Crown's our own!

Horti ARLINGTONIANI.

A D

Clarissimum Dominum, *Henricum,*
Comitem *Arlingtoniæ, &c.*

Magnificos propter saltus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aule,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt coctilibus succincta palatia muris :
Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,
Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutat.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulgusq;, Procuresq; : caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat ;
Fœlicemq; vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aule inconcussa procellis.

Et

*Et quamvis procul hand absint, tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,
Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis;
Hic placidè regnant; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositiq; tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namq; ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Damae,
Atq; piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.*

*Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui duleis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâq; Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe*

Exuperant

*Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.*

*Areaq; in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum
Latificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:*

*Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniqua
Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.*

Non illic violæ, neq; candida lilia desunt :

Parva loquor : quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,

Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis

Latior Hesperii educit germen in arvis.

Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido

Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore ;

Te solam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche

Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis !

Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma;

Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo

Et brumas indocta pati nimbosq; ruentes,

Nec

*Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus :
 Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis
 Spirantesq; premunt animas, ne poma caduca
 Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos :
 Inq; novos soles audent se credere, molles
 Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.*

*Nec Te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
 Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
 Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
 Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
 Ab nimis infelix per fila sequentia virgo !
 Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;
 Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper
 Deficiente die accendit ; sed longius ipsam
 Hic secum placide cupiunt consumere noctem :
 Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,
 Dulce melos iterat, tenerosq; invitat amores.*

*Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto
 Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat
 Floribus*

*Floribus, ac letas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Augustus, Procereſque caput ſupereminet omnes;
Atque pedem properans graditur, veſtigia volvens
Grandia, nec ſeræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et ſincera quies operum, rerumque niteſcit
Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.*

*Nec non hic ſolus placidi ſuper ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ſerenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ; animuſque recedit
In loca ſacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Deſpicere unde queas miſeros, paſſimque videre
Mortales, vitæ ſubeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter ſe niſi præſtante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas ſumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.*

Dum

Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,

Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus :

Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes

Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras quæis fibula dives

Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes :

Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalìa rivo

Lucida, magnificam neque lumen niçat ad anlam.

Inter Purpureos, Regi gratissime Patres,

O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis

Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !

Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,

Traducens faciles, sed non inglorios annos ;

Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis Oti !

Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,

Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,

Vel struere insidias Canis. Tibi libera transis

Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad anlãm.

O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,

Spes

Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido ;

Nec miserè insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes !

At securâ quies, animæ divina voluptas,

Mitiaeque emeritam solantur fata senectam.

Unica Regali connubit filia stirpi,

Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.

Quæ poscis meliora Deos ? quæ pondere vasto

Corruit ista domus, flammæ securâ minacis

Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis !

Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta

Nube Venus ; circum divini colla Mariti

Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,

Sic Divum alloquitur : Nostros delectat ocellos

Pulchra domus, sævis olim consumpta favillis :

En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Hæres

Herois divina, & me dignissima cura !

Pallas & hoc poscit ; (proprio favet illa Ministro,)

Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.

Vincitur

*Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine lato
Stare diu, longosque domum superesse per annos.*

A New
SONG.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she quest
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breast;
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close;
By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah

II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without aid !
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close!

By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,

H h

Then

Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their fighting & kissing so close;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And fighting and kissing;
And fighting and kissing so close.

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SONG

To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
 The youngest Labour of his fertile mind.
 Here ancient Kings the *Brittish* Scepter sway'd,
 And all Kings since have always been obey'd.
 Rebellion here cou'd ne're erect a Throne,
 For *Charles* that Blessing was reserv'd alone.
 Let not the stately Fabrick you decree,
 An Immature, abortive Pallace be,
 But may it grow the Mistress of your Heart,
 And the full Heir of *WRens* stupendous Art.
 The happy spot on which its Sovereign dwells,
 With a just pride above the Citty swells,
 That like a Loyal Subject chose to ly
 Beneath his Feet with humble modesty.
 Fast by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
 And pays due homage to the best of Kings.
 Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
 He's scituated Head of Church, and State.

The

The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious toil of former Piety)
Has vanquish'd envious times devouring rage,
And, like Religion, stronger grows by Age.
It stems the Torrent of the flowing years,
Yet gay as Youth the Sacred Pile appears.
Of its great Rise we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The Monumental Marbles us assure,
It gave the *Danish* Monarks Sepulture.
Here Death himself inthrones the Crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muse, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of applauses joyn,
Of your great *Wiccam*,
Wiccam whose Name can mighty thoughts infuse,
But naught can ease the travail of my Muse,
Press'd with her Load, her feeble strength decays,
And she's deliver'd of abortive praise.

Here

Here he for Youth erects a Nursery*
 The great Coheirefs of his Piety ;
 Where they through various Tongues coy knowledg [trace,
 This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
 From which they start, and all along the way
 They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray,
 And from their Infancies are taught t'obey. }
 Oh ! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
 And turn Apostates to their Education.
 When with these objects *Charles* has fill'd his sight,
 Still fresh provoke his seeing 'Appetite.
 A healthy Country opening to his view,
 The cheerful Pleasures of his Eyes renew.
 On neighbouring Plains the Coursers wing'd with [speed,
 Contend for Plate the glorious Victors Meed.
 Over the Course they rather fly than run,
 In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.

The Coll. near Winchester and new Coll. in Oxon.

Then

Then fresh delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Coursers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal hast pursue,
And seize the Quarry in their Masters view.

Till like my Muse, tir'd with the Game they've [found,
They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the Ground.

F I N I S.

THE
E P I S O D E
Of the Death of
C A M I L L A

Translated out of the Eleventh Book
of *Virgils Æneids*;

By Mr. S T A F F O R D.

O N Death and wounds *Camilla* looks with
joy,

Freed from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.

Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts she flings;

The two edg'd Axe now on their Helmets rings.

Her shoulders bore *Diana's* arms and bow :
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a foe,
Her shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the rash ; who durst pursue the fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her side.
These above all *Camilla's* breast did share ;
For Faith in peace, and gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* bands,
When first they dy'd with blood *Thermidoons* sands.
Such Troops *Hippolita* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female shouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams shot bright, from Maiden shields.

Who gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain ?
What gasping numbers strew'd upon the Plain ?

Thy

Thy Spear first through *Enmenius* passage found ;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his mouth and wound ;
VVith gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then hapless *Pagafus*, and *Lyrus* bleed :
The latter reining up his fainting Steed ;
The first as to his aid he stretch'd his hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the sand.
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.
Of all her Quiver not a shaft was lost,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghost.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battle, an *Apulian* courser bore.
His brawny back wrapt in a Bullocks skin,
Upon his head a VVolf did fiercely grin,

Above the rest his mighty Shoulders show,
And he looks down upon the Troops below :
Him (and 'twas easie, while his fellows fled)
She struck along, and thus she triumph'd while he
bled.

Some Coward Game thou didst believe to chace,
But, Hunter, see a Woman stops thy race.
Yet to requireing Ghosts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla's* Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her lance,
(While Breast to breast the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his armours joynts it rung
While on his Arm his useles Target hung.

Then from *Orfiochus*, in Circle runs,
And follows the pursuer, while she thuns.

For still with craft a narrow ring she wheels,
And brings herself up to the Chafers heels.
Her Axe regardless of his Prayers and groans,
She crashes thro' his Armour, and his bones.
Redoubled strokes the vanquish'd Foe sustains,
His reeking face bespatter'd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aamus* to the place:
Who stopping short, star'd wildly in her face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* fraud imparts,
While fate allow'd that fraud, he was of subtlest
Arts;
Who, when he saw he cou'd not shun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin, by his flight.
And crys aloud, what courage can you shew,
By cunning horsemanship, to cheat a foe?
Forego your horse and strive not to betray,
But dare to combat a more equal way.

'Tis thus we see who merits glory best.
So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breast,
Dismounted from her horse, in open field,
Now, first she draws her sword, and lifts her Shield,
He, thinking that his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his speed,
His golden rowel's hidden in his sides:
When thus his useless fraud the Maid derides :
Poor Wretch, that swell'd with a deluding pride,
In vain thy Countries little Arts are try'd.
No more the Coward shall behold his Sire,
Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,
And up before his horses head she strains ;
When, seizing, with a furious hand, his reins,
She wreaks her fury on his spouting veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
And in a Cloud with ease o'retakes a Dove.

His pounces to the grappled foe assail ;
And Blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

Now *Jove*, to whom mankind is still in fight,
With more than usual care beholds the fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires
The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
He spurs through slaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
He shouts his name in every Souldier's ears :
Reviling thus the spirits, which he cheares,

Ye sham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this terrour, and your Soul's so base ?
When tender Virgins triumph in the field,
Let every brawny arm, let fall his shield,
And break the Coward sword he dare not wield.

Not thus you flie the daring she by night ;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken throats invite.
This is your choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it
Thus having said, ——— (calls.
He Spurs, with headlong rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his life to lose.
And meeting *Venulus* his arms he clasps ;
The armour dints beneath the furious grasps.
High from his Horse the sprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Coursers neck the prize he bears.
The *Trojans* shout, the *Latines* turn their eyes ;
While swift as lightning airy *Tarckon* flies.
Who breaks his lance, and veiws his armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly wound ;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the horse,
And to defend his throat opposes force to force.

As when an Eagle high his course does take,
And in his gripeing talions, bears a Snake,
A thousand folds the Serpent casts and high (skie,
Setting his speckled Scales, goes whistling thro' the
The fearless Bird, but deeper goars his prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy way,
So from the midst of all his enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* snatch'd and bore his prize.
The Troops, that shrunk, with emulation, press
To reach his danger now, to reach at his success.

Then *Aruns* doom'd, in spite of all his art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his dart.
And, slyly watching for his time, would try
To joyn his safety with his treachery.
Where e're her rage the bold *Camilla* sends,
There creeping *Aruns* silently attends.

When,

When tir'd with conquering, she retires from fight,
He steals about his horse, and keeps her in his sight.
In all her rounds from him she cannot part,
Who shakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart'

Chlorens, the Priest of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whose hanches case,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and brass.
He clad in foreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* arrows from a *Lycian* bow.
Gold was that bow, and Gold his Helmet too :
Gay were his upper Robes, which loosely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o're with something rare,
And as he fought he glister'd every where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or else to shine her self in *Trojan* Gold :

Him

Him the fierce Maid pursues thro' all her Foes ;
 Regardless of the life she did expose :

Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind,
 And Manly force employs, to please a Virgins (mind.

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his ambush, throws;
 And thus to Heav'n he sends his coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greatest Deity !
 Patron of blest *Soractis*, and of me;
 (For we are all thy own, whole Woods of pine
 We heap in Piles, which to thy glory shine.
 And when we trample on the fire, our soles ,
 By thee preserv'd, condemn the glowing coals ;))
 My mighty Patron make me wipe away
 The shame of this dishonorable day.
 Nor spoils nor triumph from the deed I claim
 But trust my future actions with my fame.

This

This rageing Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home,

Apollo heard, to half his pray'r inclin'd:
The rest he mingles with the fleeting wind.
He gives *Camilla's* ruin to his pray'r:
To see his Country, that was lost in Air.
As singing o're the field, the Javelin flies,
Upon the *Queen* the army turn their eyes,
But she, intent upon her golden prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hissing way,
Till in her side it takes its deadly rest:
And drinks the Virgin purple of her breast.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her aid,
And in their arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,
And feels a Terrour mingled with his joys.

He

He trusts no more his safety to his Spear ;
Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs a Wolf smear'd with some Shepherds
blood,

And strives to gain the shelter of a Wood,
Before the Darts his panting sides assail,
And claps between his Leggs his shivering Tail,
Conscious of the Audacions bloody deed,
As *Aruns* seeks his Troops stretch'd on his speed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his friends.

She strives to draw the Dart but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the wound the Weapon clung ;
Then fainting roules in death her closing eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful beauty flies.

To *Acca* thus she breaths her last of breath :
Acca that shar'd with her in all, but death :
Ah Friend ! you once have seen me draw the bow ;
But fate and darkness hover round me now.
Make haste to *Turnus*, bid him bring with speed
His fresh Reserves, and to my charge succeed ;
Cover the City, and repel the foe :
Thus having said, her hands the reins forego ;
Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies,
In a cold sweat, and by degrees she dyes :
Her drooping neck declines upon her breast ;
Her swimming head with slumber is oppress'd ;
The lingring soul th' unwelcom doom receives,
And murm'ring with disdain, the beauteous Body
leaves.

F I N I S,

